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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1981 $2.75

PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

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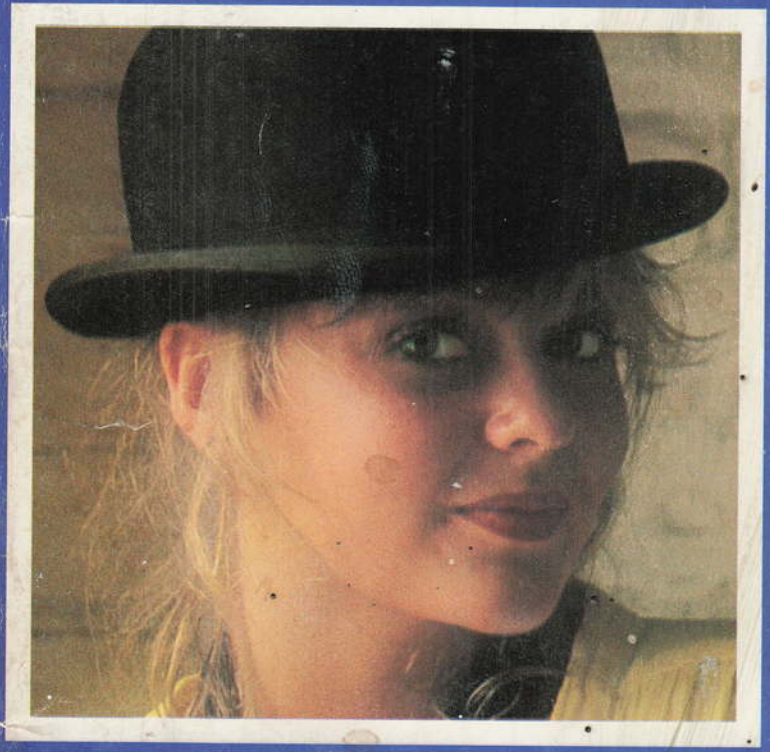

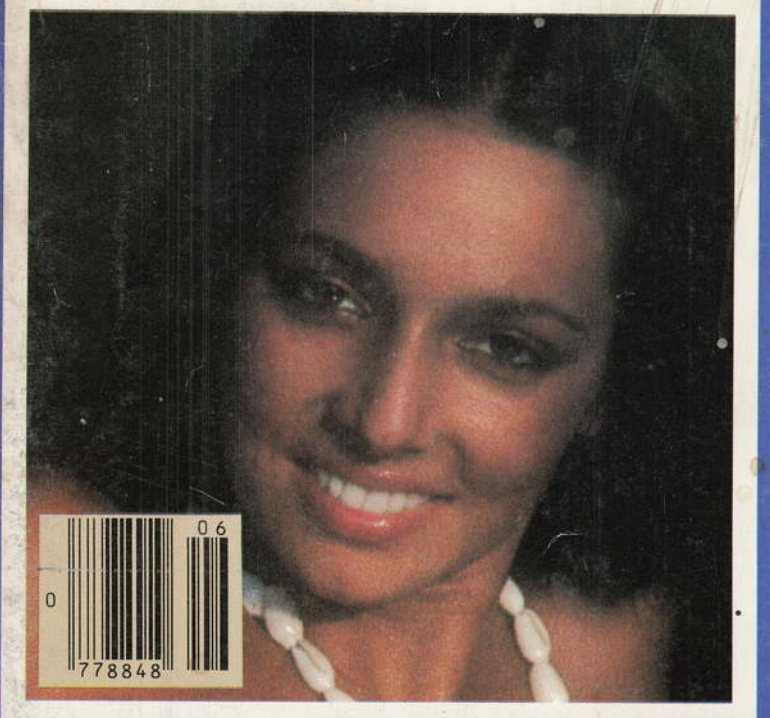

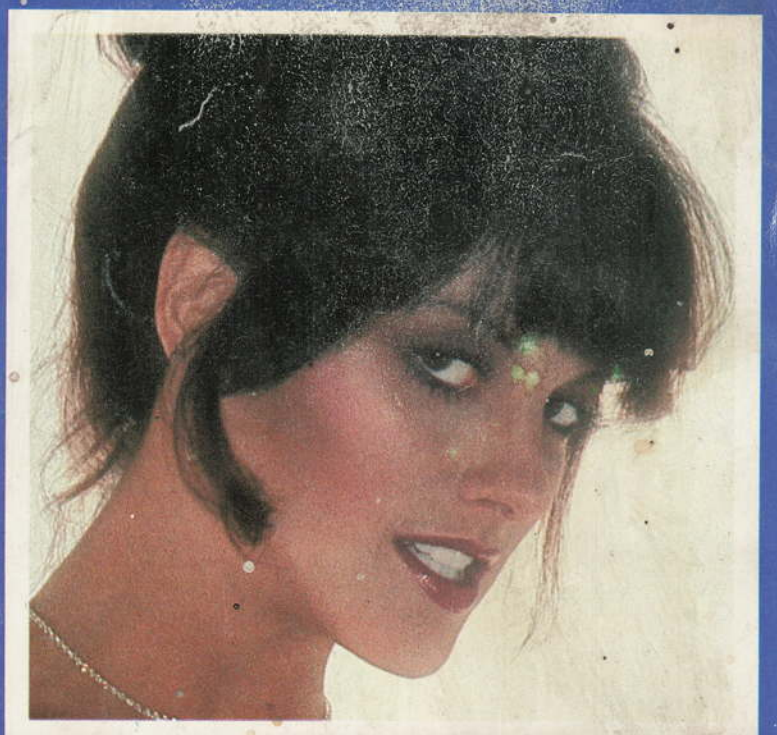

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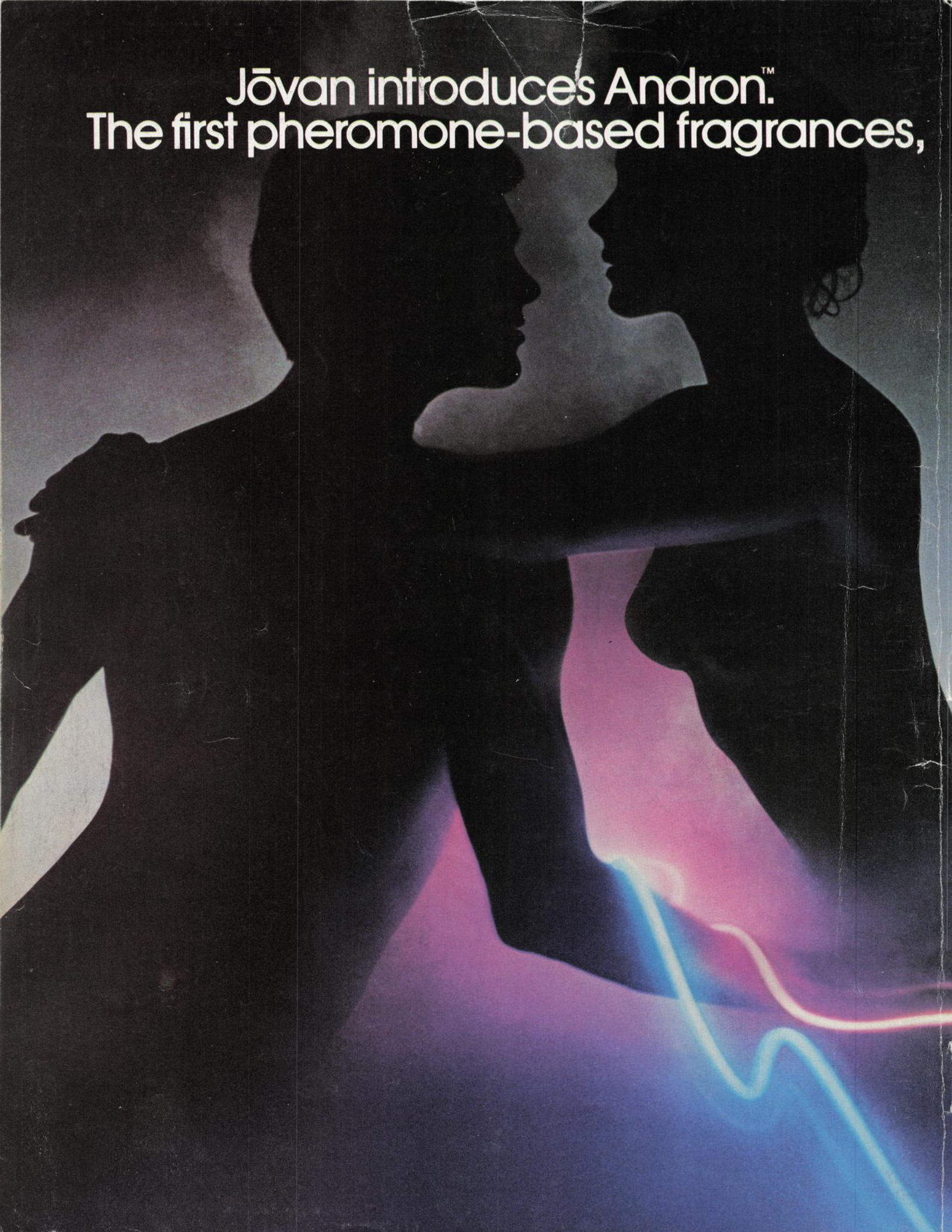
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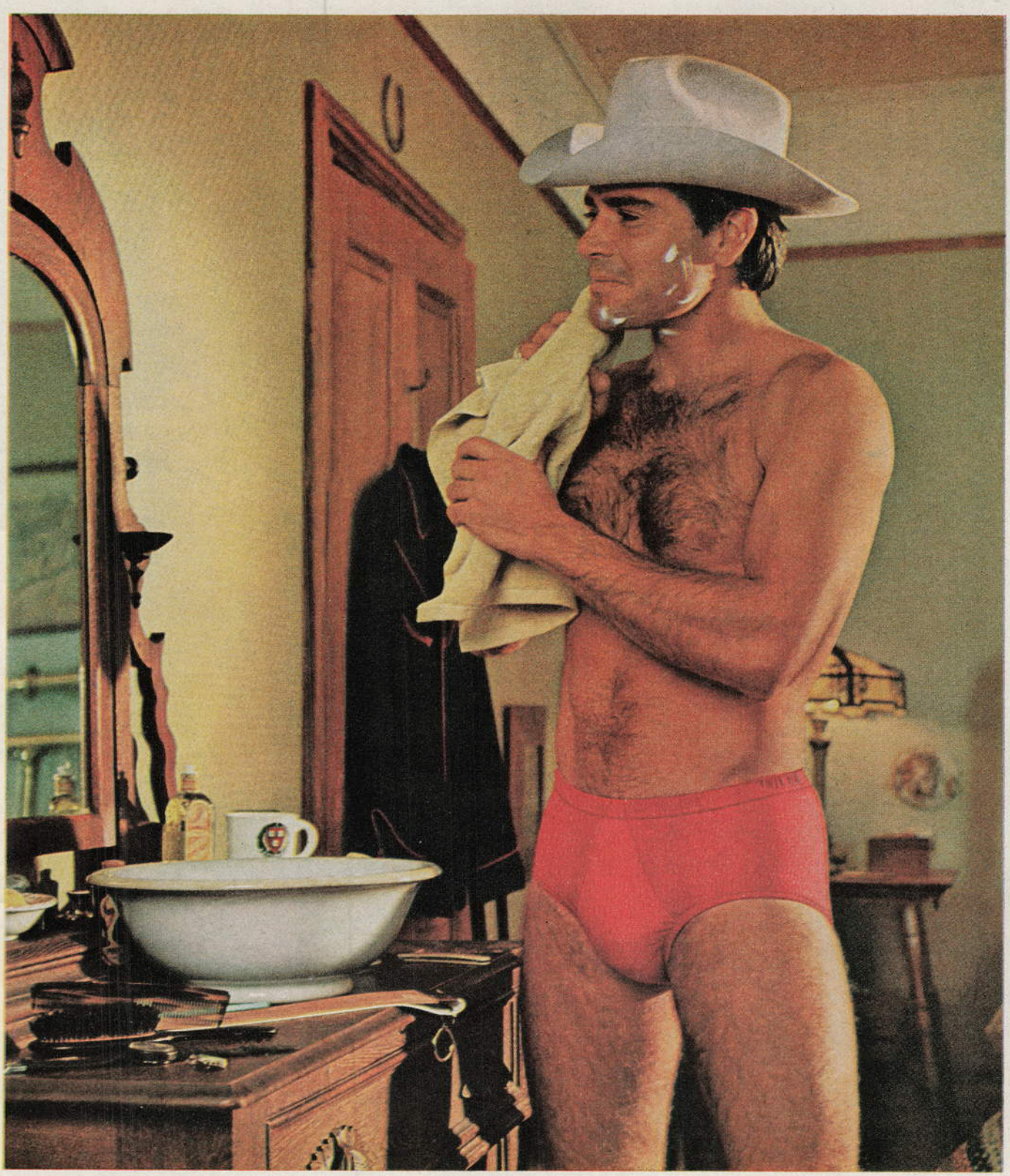

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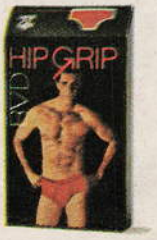

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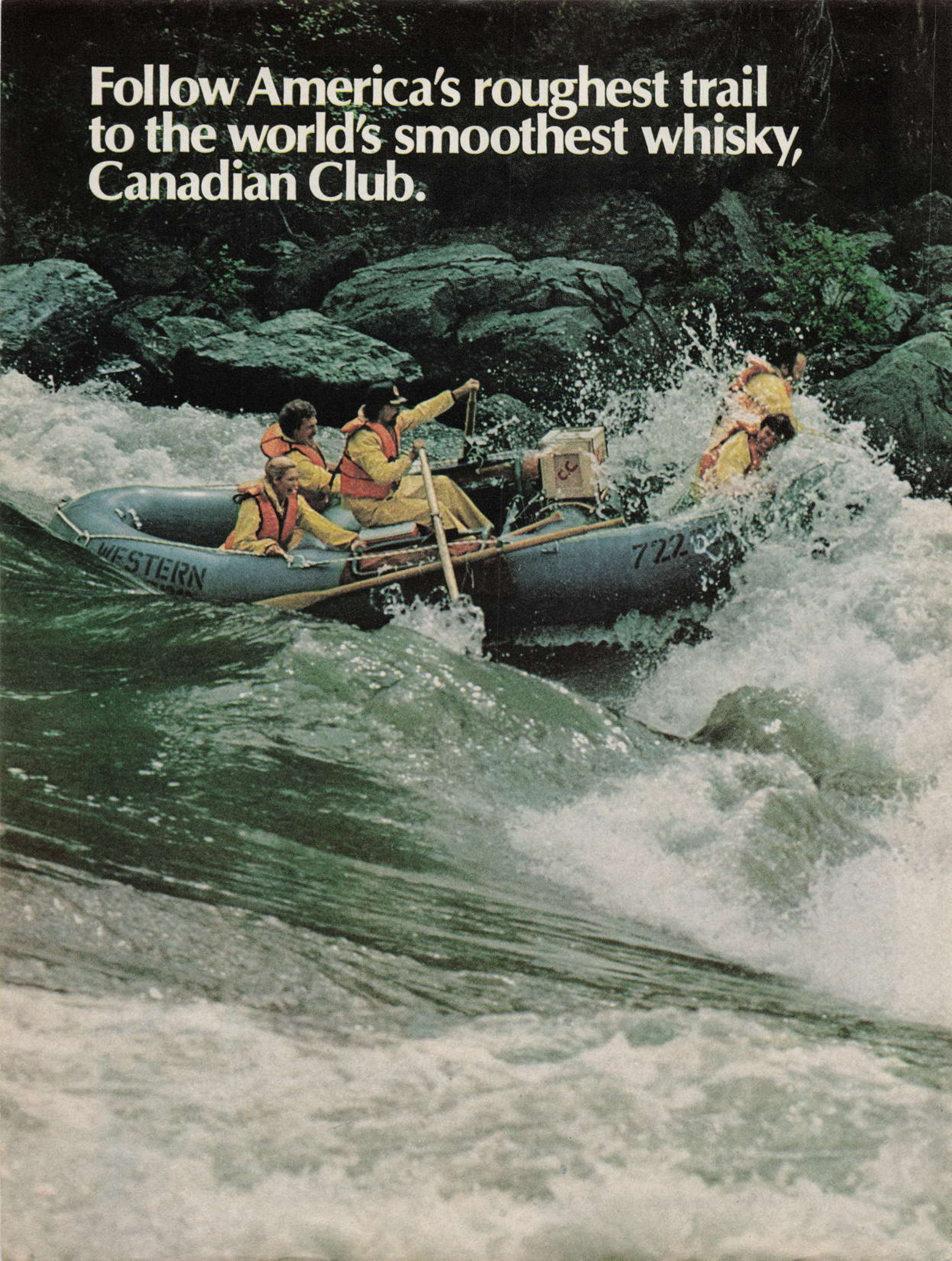

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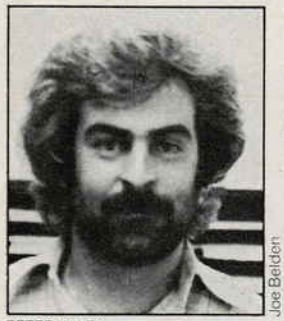

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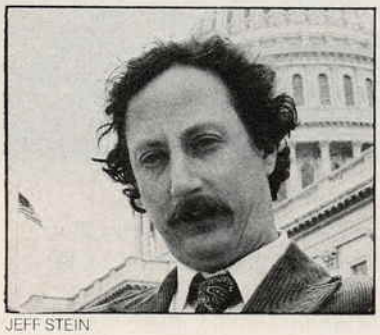

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HOUSECALL

"The thing I'll remember best is when I looked out the window at the compound, just before we were taken, and I thought, 'That's a bunch of crazy people.' There were all those Iranians running all over the compound, helter-skelter, with clubs in their hands. I thought the country must be nuts." It was November 4, 1979, and Marine Sgt. **Paul Lewis**, 22, from the tiny heartland America town of Homer, Ill., had just arrived the night before after volunteering to help guard the American Embassy in Tehran, the capital of the dangerous and hysterically unstable government of revolutionary Iran. "Somebody's got to do it," Lewis had told his father before he left. And after 14½ months in nightmare captivity, Lewis repeated those words: "Well, somebody *did* have to do it. . . . Took a bit longer than I expected, but I'd do it again."

Lewis's extraordinary story of his 444 days as an Iranian hostage is recounted in this month's exclusive *Penthouse* interview (page 124). **Arnold Abrams**, a national staff correspondent for *Newsday*, had befriended and increasingly grown to admire Lewis's family during the long months that he was covering the hostage story, and his feelings of friendship had become mutual. With the hostages released and at the center of an unbelievable media firestorm, Paul agreed to take several precious hours out of his homecoming celebration to sit down with Abrams and discuss Iran–and America. "I think people needed something to focus on," Lewis told Abrams when reflecting on the incredible flood of emotion that broke loose when the hostages returned. "In the past decade or so, America has been in a state of apathy and has lost a sense of direction. . . . The people out there had cared about what happened to us, and there was nothing controversial about it, no politics. . . . Maybe we got some of the old-fashioned feeling back. . . . If our being there united the country and brought a new sense of patriotism into it, it was more than worth it."

The landslide election of Ronald Reagan last November was seen by many commentators as a manifestation of just such a new sense of patriotism and old-fashioned feeling. And while it is certainly too early to tell whether Reagan's performance will justify those expectations, many of his top advisers are beginning to give the country an eerie sense that the worst days of Richard Nixon may be returning. In the first of his series of articles on "The President's Men" (page 52), Washington investigative journalist **Jeff Stein** profiles the men who will be in charge of our foreign policy and national security: Secretary of State **Alexander Haig** and National Security Adviser **Richard Allen**. Haig, reports Stein, has been involved "in some of the country's most ignominious episodes": the overthrow of the government of Chile, the secret bombing of Cambodia, wiretapping American citizens, the Watergate cover-up, and the Nixon pardon. And Allen, who had to resign from Reagan's election campaign when he was publicly accused of influence peddling, successfully avoided a serious investigation of these charges because his job does not involve Senate confirmation. But, writes Stein about Allen, "the pattern is obvious. If he is not shaken loose soon, we should have no objection to Robert Vesco's appointment as chief of protocol."

The Wallace family–**Irving, Amy**, and **Sylvia Wallace**, and **David Wallechinsky**–have written, both singly and together, a huge percentage of America's best-sellers. This month we are proud to publish an exclusive excerpt from their latest, *The Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People* (page 76), coming soon from Delacorte Press. This sexual cornucopia overflows with an abundance of sizzling facts–more than enough to fuel the best-seller list for years to come.

Although the young man called Stewart doesn't really qualify as a "famous person," to the Los Angeles women who pay him $100 an hour ($200 overnight), he's the answer to Burt Reynolds and Cary Grant. In "California Hustler" (page 155), West Coast reporter **Alan Cartnal** describes the life of this "perfect male toy." Stewart, writes Cartnal in a sensational excerpt from his forthcoming book, *California Crazy* (Houghton Mifflin), "had prostitution down to a science. . . . He was like a surgeon with the clients. Quick, incisive gestures–aimed at bringing them to a climax. He fit into Beverly Hills life like a fancy caterer."

The "Fast Women" profiled by contributing editor **William Neely** on page 114 do not live life in the California fast lane, but in their own down-to-earth fashion they have revolutionized the world of racing, which, according to Neely, "has been traditionally a *man's* sport, perhaps the last bastion of masculine superiority." But the ten women featured in his article give that myth the lie by proving they have what it takes. As Neely says, "We just can't call it 'balls' anymore."

It will certainly take more than a bit of courage, and quite a lot of keen critical perception, but it's time once again to cast your votes in the annual Pet of the Year Play-off election (page 132), which promises to be closer this year than ever before. And other items of more than usual interest this month include: "Cultural Genocide" (page 80), an investigative article by **Jon Stewart** and **Peter Wiley** on the struggle between the Mormon church and the American Indian; the latest installment in the breathtaking adventures of **Bob Guccione**'s and **Ron Embleton**'s intrepid heroine Sweet Chastity (page 180); and, of course, an assortment of deliciously delectable Pets, all of whom–like the month of June–are just bustin' out all over, awaiting your pleasure.

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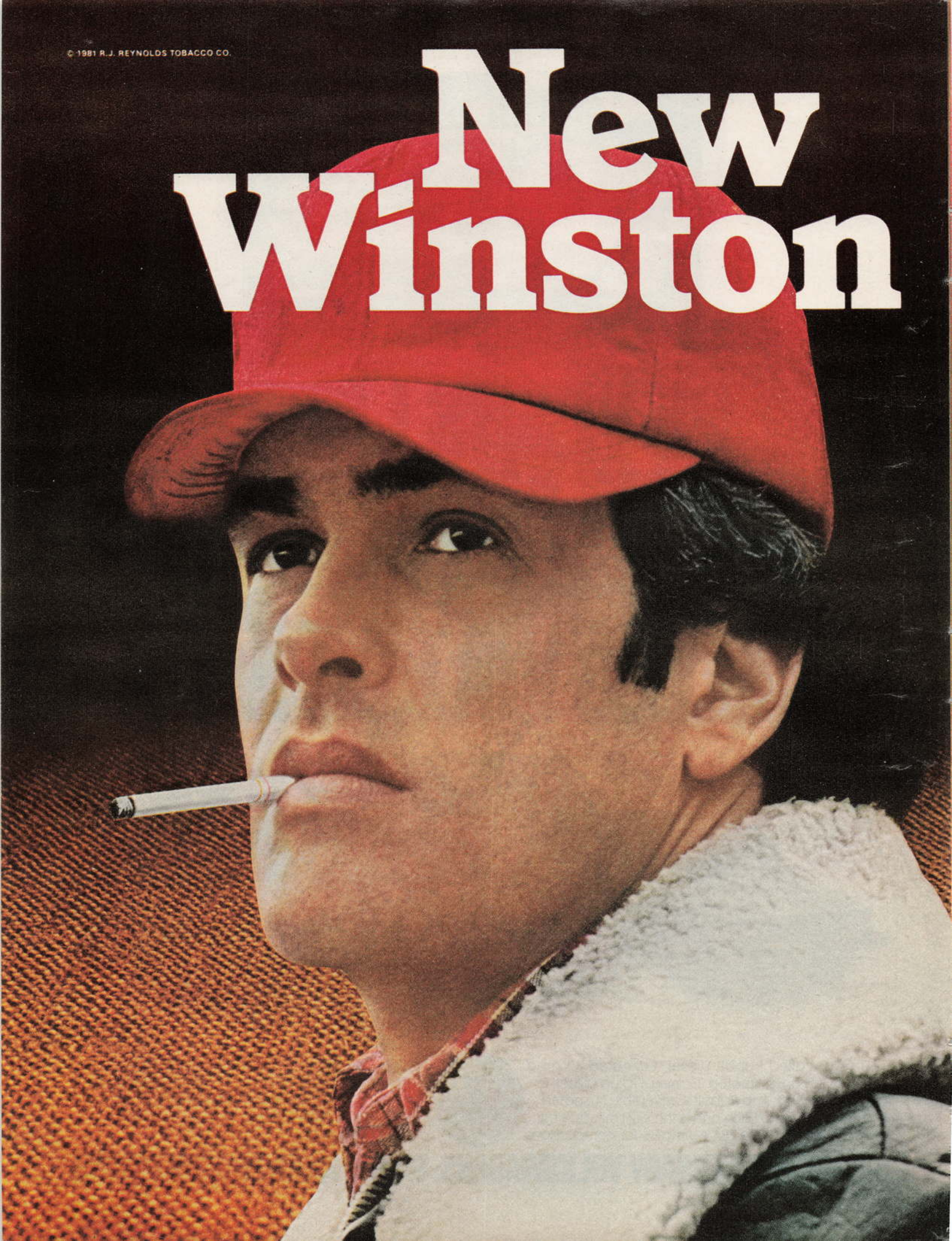

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JUNE

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Coming out of her shell

I've noticed many of your letters are about young men and women who "come out of their shell" sexually. In that regard it seemed to me you might be interested in the following account.

The first weekend of my sophomore year, I returned from a Saturday morning class to my dormitory room. I found, to my amazement, my roommate, Stan, drinking beer with a young woman. Both women and alcohol were taboo in the male dorms at this university.

Stan introduced her as Carol, a freshman who, the night before, had found her boyfriend in bed with another girl. Stan had met her in the cafeteria and, finding her despondent, had offered her beer and conversation to cheer her. She was a very beautiful girl. Tall and slender, with full breasts and flowing blonde hair. Her distinctive blue eyes seemed reddened as if from crying. I immediately cursed her foolish boyfriend for harming this beautiful creature's heart.

Accepting a beer, I settled back on one of the two dorm beds and the three of us chatted about football, college life, etc. Our guest was shy and seemed naive about many things. As the beer made us loose, we all talked more freely. Discussing her relationship with her boyfriend, we found she had never dated anyone else, and finding him the night before had crushed her. But I sensed her heartbreak was turning into bitterness.

About this time the door burst open, and in popped Charles, our neighbor, who was as surprised as I had been at our beautiful guest. He joined us eagerly. After about a half hour of just talking, someone asked Charles how he had received on his leg several small scars, which were visible below his cutoffs. Stan and I then displayed any scars we had as if they were signs of macho.

The room became silent very quickly when Carol said she had only one small scar. We were all very anxious to know where it might be. She was surprised at the attention she was receiving, but at our insistence dutifully pointed to a place above her right breast where she said she had had a minor operation several years ago. Of course we eagerly demanded to see the minor flaw but really did not expect to actually see it.

Embarrassed but excited by the attention she was receiving, she opened one button on her white blouse and slipped the material over her right shoulder. We watched in amazement as she lowered the material, saying, "It's lower than I thought," She arrived at the edge of her bra and began pushing it down. Finally, at what must have been only a fraction above her nipple, a small white scar became visible, and she stopped.

The three of us had our tongues surely to the floor, and we could only stare. She looked at us and asked, "What's wrong?" We replied almost in unison that it was beautiful. She giggled, started moving her bra up and down, showing and not showing the little scar. "Do you like this?" she said. We could only stammer.

Then someting even more amazing happened. Her nipple popped out. "Oops," she said and quickly covered it. But not before a cheer went up from the three of us. It was then I realized our friend was becoming drunk or taking out her bitterness at her boyfriend with us benefiting from it. "Did you enjoy that?" she giggled. "Did it make your peters tingle?"

Now it was we who were embarrassed. But we laughed with her. Then Stan asked if she might have another scar on "the other one." She responded by saying, "If I do, and if I show you, can I see your peters?" Our young lass was unceasing in her ability to amaze us. Not knowing what to say, someone finally suggested strip poker. She readily agreed, and we sat on the floor in a circle.

The first few rounds sent shoes and socks flying, and our guest really got into the act by cheering the loss of any male article. It didn't take long for us to realize how time-consuming actual poker was, so we simply dealt one card each, the loser being the low card. It also did not take long to realize we were soon to be in for a treat as Carol would soon remove her blouse. Prior to that event Stan lost his pants, and Carol stared intently at the erection under his shorts. But with the next hand she was the loser and with feigned reluctance removed her blouse. Her breasts were pushing out over her bra as she presented them to us. She watched us stare and seemed more proud than embarrassed.

Stan lost again and with great fanfare pulled his shorts off, making his cock spring out. Carol oohed and aahed. Now that one of us was entirely nude, I suggested we change the rules so the loser of each hand, if still wearing clothing, would remove one article, but the winner would be given *one wish*. The next hand Carol lost and removed her jeans but sat on her knees and kept her legs very close together. Her white bikini panties barely covered her pubic area. I *won* the hand and asked

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The answer to the $20,000 question can be found on the labels of any Johnnie Walker Red bottle. The answer to the $5,000 bonus question is on the special greeting card gift boxes you'll find at most liquor stores that sell Johnnie Walker Red.

So make your toll-free call to Johnnie Walker Red. And clip out the entry form from this ad or get one from your local participating restaurant or liquor store.

It could add up to $25,000 for you.

Look for our unique Greeting Card Gift Boxes.

"Call Johnnie Walker Red Contest" —Official Rules

1. To enter, fill in official entry form or, on a 3" x 5" plain piece of paper, clearly print your name, address and the answer to the official contest question. The question can be obtained by dialing the Johnnie Walker Red national toll-free number, 1-800-223-0353. New York State residents dial toll-free 1-800-522-5630. Dial any time, day or night, seven days a week, from April 20th to June 30th, 1981, or if you wish to have the question mailed to you, write Johnnie Walker Red Contest Question, P.O. Box 85, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please print your name, address, city, state and zip code. The information needed to answer the question may be found by looking at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may also be obtained by requesting same from: Labels, P.O. Box 34, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please print your name, address, city, state and zip code. To qualify for the Bonus Prize, print the year in which the Johnnie Walker Red Greeting Card Gift Box was copyrighted. You'll find that year on the box, or send to Johnnie Walker Red Bonus, P.O. Box 6, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576 for Bonus Greeting Copy from which you may deduce the answer. **2.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope no larger than 4-1/8"x9-1/2." Mail to Johnnie Walker Red Contest, P.O. Box 8014, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842. Entries must be postmarked by July 3, 1981. **3.** Winner will be determined in a random drawing, from among all correctly answered and eligible entries, conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decision is final, and will be notified by mail. **4.** Grand Prize: $20,000 in cash. Bonus Prize: $5,000 in cash. Winner will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winner's name and photos in its publicity. **5.** Bonus Prize will be awarded if Grand Prize winner correctly answers Bonus question. Both prizes (total value $25,000) will be awarded if Bonus question is answered correctly. If not, $20,000 will be awarded. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the winner. **6.** Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., Norton Simon, Inc. and its operating companies, their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **7.** ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE. **8.** To learn winner's name, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winner's Name, P.O. Box 202, Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. **9.** Entry forms mechanically reproduced not acceptable. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED.

Official Entry Form "Call Johnnie Walker® Red Contest"

First Prize $20,000.
Bonus Prize $5,000.

To enter the "Call Johnnie Walker® Red Contest" you must answer the contest question. To obtain the contest question dial toll-free 1-800-223-0353 (New York State residents dial toll-free 1-800-522-5630). Then look at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch and print your answer below.

ANSWER _____

BONUS ANSWER _____

Mail your completed entry form to: "Call Johnnie Walker Red Contest" P.O. Box 8014, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842

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As part of an advertising campaign to promote the sale of gold jewelry we will give to each reader of Penthouse Magazine who sees and returns this printed notice before Midnight, Aug. 31, a 7-inch solid 14K gold chain bracelet for the sum of $7 plus $1 shipping and handling. There is no further monetary requirement. [Each chain bracelet is composed entirely of solid 14K gold including the clasp and will be accompanied by our Certificate of Authenticity to that effect.] This advertising notice is being placed simultaneously in other publications. If you see it in more than one publication, please let us know, as this information is helpful to us. Should you wish to return your chain bracelet you may do so at any time to the address below and receive a full refund. There is a limit of one (1) chain bracelet per address, but if your request is postmarked before Aug. 22, you may request a second chain bracelet by enclosing an additional $7 plus $1 shipping and handling. No request will be accepted past the dates noted above; your uncashed check will be returned if postmarked later than those dates. Please enclose this *original* notice with your request; photocopies will not be accepted. Send your name and address (please print) on a sheet of paper together with the appropriate sum to: CHRYSTIE & SPRYNGHE, LTD., **Gold Chain Bracelet Campaign, Dept. 746-4, Box 1900, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.** (S83370)

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for a kiss. The one I received was not the one I expected. She put her arms around me and explored my mouth with her tongue.

Soon the stack of cards had Stan naked and me down to my shorts and everyone thoroughly kissed by Carol. She lost the next hand and became very sober when she realized it was either the bra or panties. She pleaded to reveal only one breast at a time, and we complied. Pushing the strap over her shoulder, she slowly revealed the breast we'd seen a glimpse of before. She cupped it with her hand as she pulled her arm through the strap. As she removed the hand, the breast came into full view for us. It was lovely. Pure white in contrast to her dark tan body. A very large brown nipple stood out in obvious excitement.

We'd almost forgotten Stan had *won* the hand until he said he wished to see the other. She protested, but we said it was the rule, so she repeated the procedure and gave us both tits. They jiggled in front of her whenever she moved. Someone asked what size they were. She held them with her hands and said they were 36 D's but, looking down at them, said they were getting pinched in her bra, so she might have to go to a bigger size.

Then she said again, "Do they make your peters tingle?" We all said yes. Then I lost my shorts and sat with my cock pointed toward the ceiling. She lost and slowly rolled her panties off, never opening her legs. The next hand Charlie lost and became the last to be nude. Stan won and asked for a better view of Carol. This startled her. She was sitting on her knees with only the upper part of her pubic hair visible. She asked why he wanted to see between her legs. He said because he knew it would be lovely. "My vagina? Won't it be gross?" she said. We assured her it would not. She then moved her legs apart, making her cunt visible to all. The lips were puckered tightly shut.

My cock was straining and aching to sport. By habit I stroked its length several times. "What are you doing?" she asked. I made a joke about priming the pump or something. Then she asked what would happen if I would do that again. I started to make a joke again when she said, "Will it spurt?" I said, "It would, due to your charms."

We were sitting, three guys and one beautiful girl, all nude, with the girl's legs spread open, and she was wondering if I could make my cock spurt. Our little friend was truly naive. We talked about sex freely for a while, and she admitted she'd had sex often with her boyfriend but never, ever, in the light. They had never watched themselves make love. She had never actually *seen* a cock. Nor, she said, had anyone ever seen her vagina. She looked at it and gently pulled one lip away from the other for us. It glistened pink. "Do you like that?" she said.

She won the next hand and hesitantly wished to see me "finish what you started earlier." Meaning I should jack off. I said I would but only if she masturbated also. "Will you watch me?" she said. We said of course. With that, she lay on her back, keeping her knees up and spread apart. As she rubbed two fingers in her cunt, Stan put a desk lamp on the floor directed at her pink lips. Within moments she moaned and stopped her fingering.

Then it was my turn. I started pumping, knowing it would not take long. To my amazement, she cupped her hand at the end of my cock. In a moment, as expected, I filled her palm with creamy-white fluid. Then she dipped a finger in it, tasted it, and made a face of astonishment. After that she slapped my come on her chest and rubbed it on her tits. Seeing her tits glistening and bouncing made my cock stiffen again.

After that anything was fair to wish for. Stan wished to eat her out, and she complied but only if "everyone helps." So Charlie and I each pulled her lips apart for Stan to move his tongue in. She held the lamp from above so everyone could see. Our little darling truly loved the attention her cunt was getting. Previously she had thought the space between her legs was "gross" and only good for being pumped in the dark by an invisible cock, or "peter." Soon Charlie wished for a blowjob, which she did valiantly with our tutelage. She sucked on the head of his cock while pumping it furiously with her hand. She did this while spreading her legs wide with the lamp lighting her cunt for us.

As the afternoon became night, we played with her cunt. We trimmed it as close as possible with scissors. We licked it, watching the lips open to us, then placed wet towels against it to see it pucker again. We put things in it—nothing very dangerous, of course—culminating with a small, brown handle covered with a condom. She pushed it in to her satisfaction; then we measured her "depth." Finally we ran out of ideas for her cunt when someone mentioned there were three things which had not been put in yet. "What?" she asked eagerly. "Our cocks." She complied, saying she thought we'd never ask. One at a time we fucked her on the bed. After each, her cunt was examined to look for change.

Afterward, while we helped her pee into a beer can, she commented that she wished her boyfriend could see her now. Then her eyes lit up. "Does anyone have a camera?" We did, and we agreed to her scheme only if our faces would not be in the shots. She acted as director for the shots. First was a series of her sitting on Charlie's thighs, his cock pointing up to her navel. The second showed her putting the head at the entrance of her cunt. The third, her sitting all the way down, proving how much cock she had inside her. Another photo showed her looking into the camera while my balls were in her mouth

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and my dong pointed out past her nose. The final photo had her squatting on Stan's chest with the fingers of both her hands pulling her cunt open. You could see only the back of his head and would know he was looking up into her pussy.

So ended our afternoon with this now liberated free spirit. The next and last time I saw her was very unexpectedly at a wet-T-shirt contest. She was in a three-way tie for first place in a local bar. Soon all three were topless, playing to the crowd. Carol's tits were large, but another girl's were even larger. They took turns shaking their tits for crowd approval. Then our friend dropped her shorts, revealing the bush I helped trim only several weeks before. At this time one girl dropped out, but the other dropped hers, too. The crowd roared equally for the two finalists.

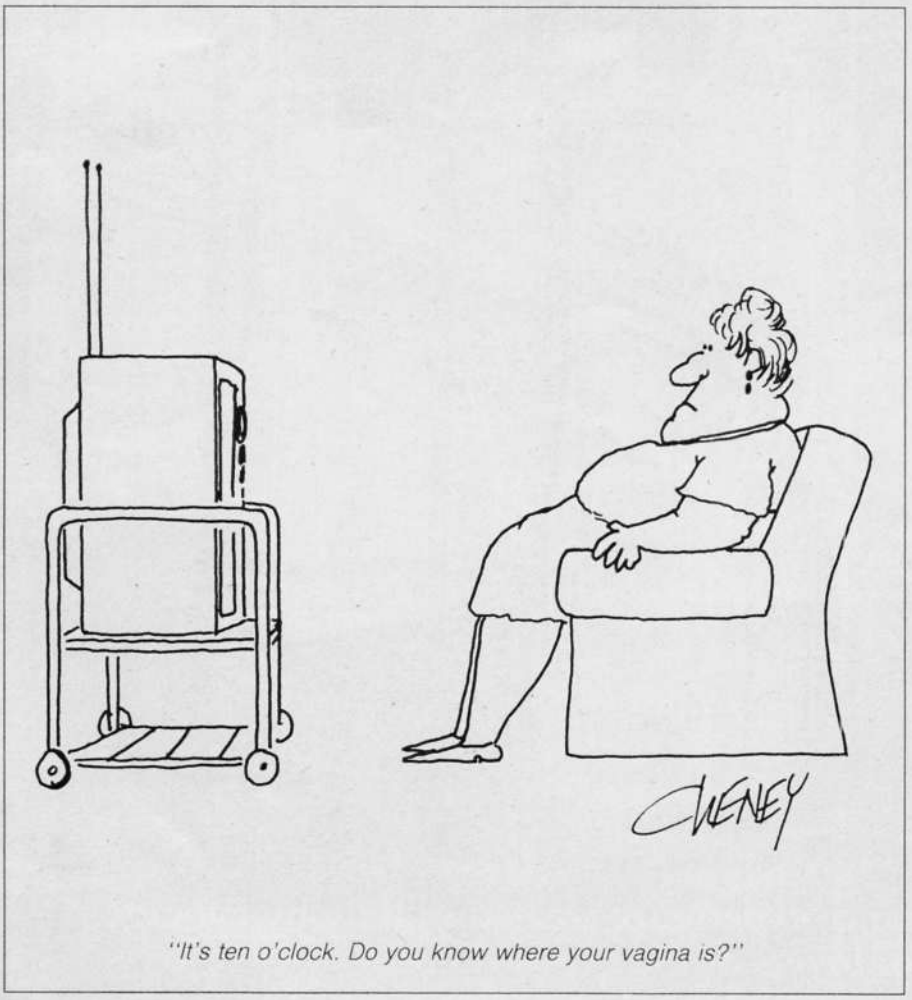
But our Carol won the crowd and the contest when she bowed her legs and spread her cunt lips for all to see inside her. The crowd went crazy at her display. Stan, Charlie, and myself all had fallen in love with our little friend, but we knew she had a lot of time to make up for before she would slow down. More power to our little lass!—*Name and address withheld*

"In lust again"

Since reading Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* a couple of years ago, I have occasionally entertained the fantasy of the ultimate "zipless fuck"—totally anonymous sex. This fantasy has produced many a self-inflicted orgasm in the dark confines of my bedroom. However, at last year's Grand Prix in Long Beach, my fantasy became a reality and fulfilled my wildest dreams of what an encounter like this would be like.

It began late in the race as I was standing, camera in hand, at the low wall separating the pit area from the spectators and waiting patiently for a shot of one of the cars making a pit stop. I was totally engrossed in the action on the track when I felt something soft brush against my arm. Glancing to the side, I was greeted by the sight of the back of an obviously feminine, dishwater-blonde head. My eyes traveled further and traced the outline of her tight-fitting T-shirt and snug Levi's. I estimated her figure to be about 35-22-37. I remember thinking something along the lines of "Good grief, I'm in lust again."

I'm pretty shy about first encounters, so I didn't pursue the matter further. Instead, I returned to leaning against the wall and watching for the photograph I had been waiting for. It wasn't long before I sensed the girl beside me shift position and then felt her bare arm come to rest against mine. I didn't think much of it, figuring that it must have been accidental, but that opinion soon changed when her arm did not move away. I could feel a subtle stirring in my crotch as my heart began to race and a little voice inside me urged me to take a chance.



"It's ten o'clock. Do you know where your vagina is?"

Leaning slightly to my left, I increased the pressure between our arms and brought our hips into contact. By this time the subtle stirrings between my legs had become the beginnings of a full-blown erection. As if on cue, I looked over toward her as she turned her head to look at me and my eyes met the loveliest pair of blue eyes I had ever encountered. She was a walking fantasy. She had the kind of face that portrait photographers dream about: large blue eyes, high cheekbones, a cute, turned-up nose, and perfectly proportioned sensual lips. I guessed her age to be about 19 or 20. I remember thinking that she was a perfect 11. For a moment she remained expressionless, and then her soft lips parted into a slight, seductive smile. If I had had any doubts before about her intentions, they were gone at that point. My secret fantasy was going to become a reality. Someone had to take the initiative to carry this further, so I decided to make the move.

I broke eye contact with her and bent down to place my camera in the camera bag at my feet—my eyes traveling slowly down her body as I bent to the ground. She was not wearing a bra, which revealed the hint of small, upturned nipples through the tightly stretched material of her blue T-shirt. I lingered for a moment, taking in the sight of her covered tits, and then moved down to the tight-fitting jeans which were stretched into her crotch, revealing her mound and cunt opening. I guess I must have been pretty obvious about looking her over, because when I finally stood up and shouldered the camera bag, her smile had widened into a knowing and approving grin. I smiled back in the most seductive way I could muster, and taking her hand, I led her down the sidewalk and into an underground parking garage nearby.

The garage was deserted, much to my relief, and we quickly walked to the far corner amidst the parked cars, where it was unlikely that we would be disturbed. Placing my camera bag on the ground in front of a shiny, black Firebird, I turned to her and she slipped into my arms, pressing her soft, pink lips against mine in a lingering, passionate kiss. The kisses rapidly increased in intensity as our tongues met and I pulled the tail of her T-shirt from the waist band of the Levi's and slowly slid my hand up her firm waist to cup her soft, round tit. She moaned deep in her throat and clutched the back of my head tightly as our lips separated and I bent to kiss and tongue the side of her neck and ear lobes. Her hot breath on the side of my neck aroused me even more, and I removed my hand from her breast and quickly removed her shirt and laid her back over the hood of the Firebird.

Her legs spread and wrapped around my hips, our crotches pressed tightly together. I stood looking down at her perfectly formed naked breast as I removed my own shirt. I remember thinking that the sight I beheld then would make a dynamite

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picture, even though photography should have been furthest from my mind.

She whimpered and clutched at my hair as I bent forward and began kissing and sucking her nipples, which were now fully a half inch long and extremely hard. I am not that experienced a lover, but this girl was absolutely the most passionate woman I had ever encountered. As I gently allowed my teeth to play over her areola and nipple, she began grinding her hips against mine, causing my six-inch, bone-hard erection to throb almost painfully. I couldn't take much more of this, I thought, and quickly stepped back and unfastened the snap and zipper of her pants, slipping them over her hips, down her smooth shapely legs, all the way down to the floor. I was kneeling at her feet at this point, so beginning at her ankle, I slowly kissed and tongued my way up her calf, past her knee, and pausing briefly at her inner thigh, playfully sank my teeth gently into the soft flesh there and proceeded upward to the object of my intense desire.

For the next 15 or 20 minutes, I worked my way around her cunt, kissing, sucking, and gently pulling at her downy bush with my lips until I had her writhing and moaning for more. When I finally felt that the time was right and that she was close to coming, I sank my tongue as far as I could into her steaming cunt. Her body stiffened immediately, and she drenched my face with her juices as he came. As she orgasmed, she cried out so loudly I thought sure that someone must have heard but at that point I could not have cared less. I continued tonguing her cunt and clit as she twisted and writhed atop the Firebird until she had come twice more and I had reached the point where I had to get relief or go crazy.

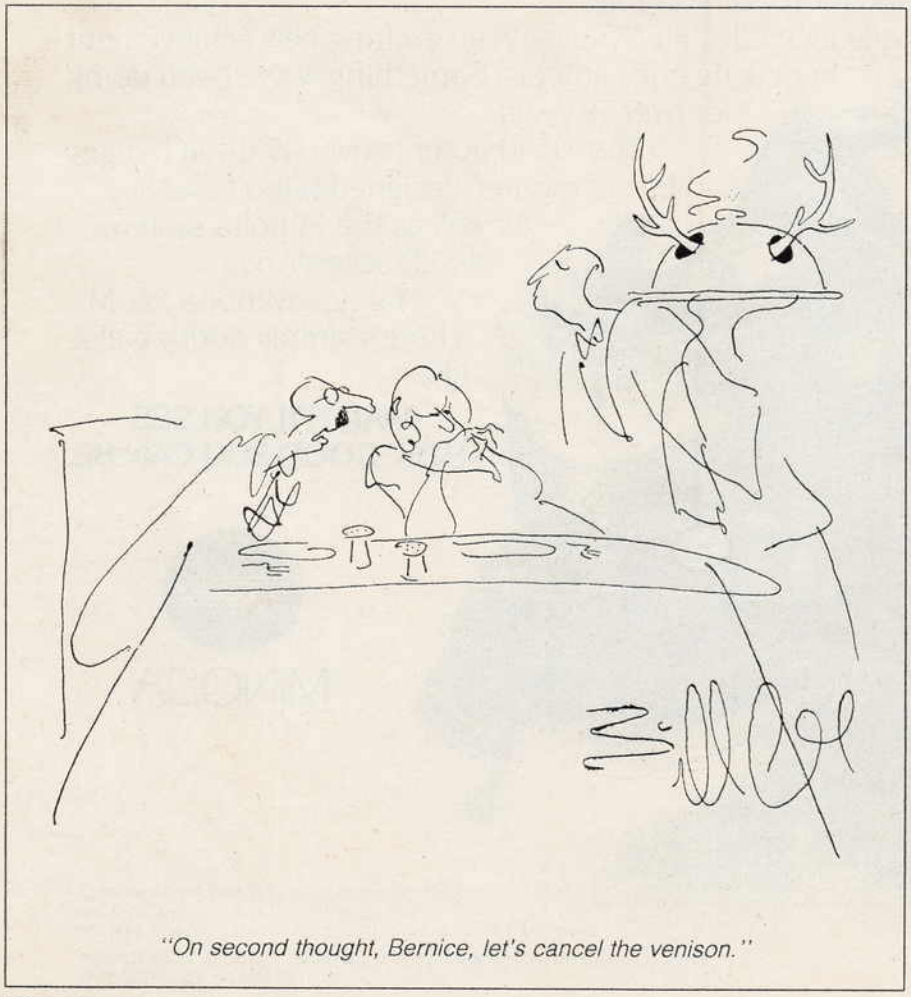
Stepping back and standing up swiftly, I doffed my shoes and then my jeans, freeing my throbbing manhood. As I stepped forward, ready to sink my cock into her steaming pussy, she sat up and placed her hand on my chest, pushing me away from her as she slipped slowly off the hood of the car and knelt before me. Taking my cock in her hand, she leaned forward and let her tongue play slowly around the head and across the tip. She then very slowly allowed her tongue to trace up the vein under my prick and, leaning still farther forward, managed to tongue her way to my balls and then take them both into her mouth.

At this I was sure that I wouldn't be able to hold back any longer, and I strained to keep from coming. She knew what she was doing, however, and at the point where I felt that I couldn't possibly hold out any more, she released my balls and removed her hand from my swollen organ. Her hands then gripped my ass as she kissed slowly down the front of both my thighs and then up and across my stomach, allowing me the chance to recover for a minute or two before she slipped the head of my cock into her mouth. Now, I've paid good money on occasion for professional blowjobs, but absolutely nothing I've ever experienced could compare with what this girl was doing to me. As she took the full length of my prick into her mouth, she squeezed with her throat and her lips met my pubic hair. As she withdrew to the point where just the tip remained in contact with her lips, her tongue pressed firmly against the underside. I actually felt disappointed when my orgasm began. It started at my toes and moved swiftly up until my whole body arched and spasmed in absolute ecstasy. When she felt me coming, she moved her hand from where it had been clutching my ass and gripped my balls as my come filled her throat.

She wasn't through with me yet, however, as she continued sucking and tonguing my cock back to attention. She then stood up and stepped back, resuming her original position atop the hood of the car. It wasn't necessary for her to present me with an engraved invitation. I moved forward, resting my knees on the bumper of the car, and with a little help from her soft, obliging hand, sank my prick to the hilt into the warmest, wettest, and snuggest pussy I'd ever imagined. She got into the spirit of things immediately and locked her ankles around my waist. She and I and the Firebird's suspension system set up a fantastic erotic-rhythm. Imitating the previous head session I had just experienced, I pushed my cock into her steaming cunt all the way to the balls and pulled it out until just the head remained concealed within her. This chick was unreal. Her writhing ecstasy was beyond anything I had ever fantasized. I couldn't resist reaching carefully into my camera bag at this point and, withdrawing my Nikon with a wide-angle lens, raised it to my eye. I really don't think she was aware that I took that picture.

We fucked that way for at least 45 minutes before I had one more ball-busting orgasm. She had come four more times during our fucking session, and both of us were physically exhausted. I bent over her and kissed her breasts gently and gave her lips one more lingering kiss. Then, standing, I stepped back and let my eyes take in the beauty of her sensuous form. She then stood up, smiling sweetly into my eyes, and put on her Levi's, shoes, and T-shirt. After she tucked in her shirt and fastened the snap at the top of her pants, she stepped toward me, placed her arms around my neck, and once more pressed her firm, sexy body against mine and gave me one last lingering kiss. With that she turned quickly, half walking and half running across the garage floor and out the door. It wasn't until that moment that I realized that I was standing there naked.

I dressed quickly and let my eyes survey the place where I had just experienced the most beautiful lovemaking of my life. The hood of the Firebird was a mess of mixed body oils, sweat, cunt juices, and come dripping down the front, and I noticed that one of the windshield



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wiper arms had been torn loose from its concealed spot in front of the windshield. Probably done by my phantom love in her wild gyrations. I smiled to myself, wondering what the owner of the Firebird would think when he discovered the mess.

I still fantasize about my mystery lover sometimes. A 16-by-20-inch blowup of a photograph of a lovely, blonde young lady writhing in sexual passion, with a gold-outlined black Firebird as her bed, has the place of honor on my bedroom wall. We never spoke a word, but I am so in love with my mystery lady that since then I haven't come anywhere near the joy of that afternoon in my subsequent sexual encounters.—*Name and address withheld*

Cross-country fuck and suck

I know most letters sent to "Forum" usually begin with "I never believed your stories until . . . ," but I've always believed them, because I've had a few unique sexual encounters myself. Now I would like to relate one of my experiences to all of your sex-hungry "Forum" readers.

Let me begin by explaining the circumstances leading up to my adventure. Last spring my partner, Mark, and I decided to drive out west and visit some of our old friends from school. We spent a month having fun in that warm California sun and decided to drive back east before Memorial Day to avoid any gas shortages.

As we were leaving a rest stop on Route 80 east somewhere in Utah, I noticed a VW, loaded with luggage, camping gear, and two pretty girls, that also was leaving. Back on the highway, I slowed down to let the VW catch up. As it passed, I could see only the driver, and she didn't even give us a second look. So Mark and I figured that maybe a little enticement would help the situation. So we laid out a few lines of vintage "blow" we had picked up on the coast. As we pulled alongside again, Mark held the mirror up and snorted a line so the driver in the VW could see him.

Now she took notice, as did her friend, who had been sleeping in the backseat. They both seemed very interested, so we motioned for them to follow us. We stopped at the next rest stop and introduced ourselves. The girls' names were, well, I'll just call them Sue and Jackie. They were in the mood to party, so we smoked a few joints and snorted a few lines. They said they had been traveling and camping for about a month and were headed for Indianapolis for the "500." We decided that since we were all traveling in the same direction, we should pair up and enjoy some new company. Sue came with me in my MGB, and Mark went with Jackie in the VW, and we were back on the road again, this time with new partners.

Now I'm not the kind of person to rush into anything. I usually take the slow and subtle approach, and since we had some 1,500 miles of driving together, I knew I had plenty of time. After driving and talking a few hours, I noticed that Sue was stretching her neck as if it were sore. I reached over with my free hand and began to massage the back of her neck. She said it felt good. I told her that I didn't mind and that I enjoyed making other people feel good. After a few minutes she began to moan softly, and I dropped my hand down to her thigh. I slowly eased my hand up her leg until it was wedged between her upper thighs and I was massaging her pussy through her jeans. I could tell she was getting very horny, and so was I, but suddenly we were interrupted by the flashing high beams of the VW behind us. We pulled over and after a short rest decided we would spend the night in Denver, which was only a few miles ahead.

As we looked for a motel, Sue said she would like to sleep with me and I almost went crazy when we couldn't find an open motel with a vacancy. Finally, at 3:00 A.M., we found a motel with two vacancies, and we settled in for the night.

Sue and I couldn't wait to get in our room and lock the door. Immediately we locked the door and lay on the bed. I took the initiative and began to slowly undress her, beginning with her top and bra while I kissed her passionately, burying my tongue in her throat. My mouth slowly worked its way to her ear, and as I nibbled on her earlobe, I fondled her luscious, firm tits. My tongue traveled down her neck and across her chest until it found her hard, erect nipples. She began to moan, and her body trembled as I unsnapped her jeans and pulled them off.

While still sucking and nibbling on her wonderful nipples, I slipped my hand into her panties and found her warm, moist pussy lips. I eased my middle and index fingers slowly into her cunt while slowly massaging her clit with my thumb. Her low moans turned to screams of ecstasy, and her whole body began to convulse uncontrollably. I decided to slow the pace a little and removed my fingers from her pussy. I slowly kissed and licked my way across her stomach as I slid her panties off.

Her body was still quivering as I wrapped my arms around her thighs and slowly sank my lips, tongue, and nose into her pulsating pussy. I began to rub the bridge of my nose against her clit as I sucked the love juice she was oozing. I remember hoping the rooms were soundproof as she screamed for me to stop while pulling my hair and crushing my head with her thighs. But I just kept sucking and flicking my tongue over her swollen clit until she dragged us both across the bed and I had to release my "pussy-lock" to keep us from falling onto the floor. I sat on the side of the bed and took off my clothes, releasing my hard and throbbing cock, which had been trapped inside my pants throughout the whole ordeal.

Sue was paralyzed from her multiple orgasms, so I picked her up and placed her in the middle of the bed. I buried my throb-

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bing cock in her pulsating pussy and made long, sweet love to her, after which we fell asleep just as the sun was beginning to peek through the curtains.

Mark and Jackie had not enjoyed the same type of relationship that Sue and I had, so they had gotten plenty of sleep in separate beds and were eager to get back on the road at ten that morning. Sue and I reluctantly got up and showered together. As she soaped up and washed my satisfied cock, she told me that she had never before had a man go down on her quite the way that I had. I admitted to her that I had never been with any woman as responsive as she had been, and I told her that her loss of self-control had really turned me on.

We started the day in the VW with Sue driving, and although in the next 24 hours we changed cars and drivers a lot, we never changed partners, much to Mark's disappointment. As we began traveling over miles and miles of deserted highway, I just couldn't resist the temptation to fool around. I pulled Sue's shirt up over her delicious tits and began to suck her succulent nipples while managing to pull her pants down to her knees. Although I tried, it was impossible for me to reach her pussy with my tongue when she was driving. So I had to be content with using my fingers in her pussy as I kissed and I licked her hardened nipples and quivering stomach. Once, while I had my middle finger buried in her juicy cunt and was gently rubbing her clit between my thumb and forefinger, I noticed her breathing was coming in short hot breaths, and as she came, her back arched up off the seat. As she screamed in pleasure, I looked to see the expression on her face and noticed her eyes were tightly shut. I quickly glanced at the road ahead and grabbed the wheel just seconds before we would have been in a deep drainage ditch off the side of the road. After that we decided one of us should keep an eye on the road.

While I was driving, Sue would pull my pants down to my calves and alternately suck, lick, and stroke my rock-hard cock at my command. I could feel my whole body going numb as she fondled my balls with her free hand, and just before I came, she would insert just the tip of her moistened finger into my ass hole and leave it there until she sucked me dry.

One of the most erotic moments for me came when we were driving through Oklahoma City. Night had fallen, and Sue had taken off her clothes. She said being naked in the car made her feel very sexy. I was driving and playing with her pussy with my free hand. Suddenly we drove past a huge, brightly lit sports stadium with thousands of people in the stands. Seeing Sue's nude body silhouetted against the bright lights and all those people gave me an indescribable feeling of horniness that I shall never forget.

We drove through the night and arrived outside Indianapolis around noon the next day. We stopped at a donut shop and said

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good-bye over a cup of coffee. I kissed her lightly on the lips, and we just smiled at each other for a few seconds, knowing we would never see each other again, but we would never forget our trip.

As Mark and I drove off, he asked me how I made out. I just smiled and said, "Let's do this again next year!"—*Name and address withheld*

Wonder women

As a proud New Yorker, I thought I'd really miss the excitement of big-city living when my husband was transferred to a small town in the Midwest. But shortly after our move, Bill took me on my very first camping trip. And I found that being out in the woods awakened sexual needs I never knew existed and the kind of excitement even New York City never offered.

I've always felt sexy because of my looks, which many people compare to Linda Carter's—television's Wonder Woman. But being secluded out in the lush green forests got me hornier than I've ever been in only about a half hour. Bill wasn't helping matters, sporting faded blue cutoffs that highlighted his beautiful bulge.

We awkwardly pitched our rented tent, then rested with a couple of beers at the picnic table. It appeared that we were the only ones in this isolated part of the park, which was the most beautiful outdoor spot I'd ever seen. While lightly running a finger across his sweaty, muscular chest, I confessed to him how the quiet surroundings made me feel strangely seductive. "That *is* strange," he said, reaching back to undo my loose halter top, "because I was just thinking how you look like you want a good, hard fucking." (He knows it tears me apart to hear him talk like that.)

We kissed deeply as my halter fell forward and the warm country air swept over my large, free-swinging tits. Bill mashed one of them tightly against my chest, then ordered me to march my ass into the tent. "What's the matter?" I teased. "Don't you have the balls to fuck me out here in the open?" With that he practically tore off my satin shorts, then bent the top half of me over the table. Seconds later, I felt his long dick bobbing between the globes of my jutting ass. He felt harder than the goddamn table my boobs were squished against. His hands held me down firmly as his pole filled my pussy with one, long push. I felt like an animal, getting screwed like that out in the wild. Bill thrashed my cunt for about five minutes while I screamed and wiggled and gushed on his cock. When he grunted like a bear, I knew what was coming, so I squeezed with all I was worth. He shot with a force that was unbelievable, and we collapsed together against the table.

Hot and sweaty, we relaxed for a minute. Then Bill suggested we walk to the nearby stream to take a cooling dip. I slipped into a string bikini just in case we ran into someone. It's his favorite, because the top barely controls the weight of my boobs, allowing them to sway and

jiggle when I walk. Bill donned his own brief, clingy suit, and we were off. As we walked down to the stream, I couldn't help but get horny again. I felt such a part of the natural surroundings. And the sight of Bill's big dong bouncing within his tiny shorts made me want it even worse. We kissed and grabbed at each other all the way until we reached the bank.

I had just wiggled out of my top, once again setting my proud knockers free, when Bill said, "Shhh, listen, Anne!" We heard voices coming from around the bend downstream, so Bill led me quietly in that direction. Squatting behind a small bush, we caught the most incredible view! There in the water, only a few yards away, a naked, busty young girl was giving head to a guy who sat on a rock in the middle of the stream! The sight was fantastic as she sucked in his length, which puffed out her cheeks to the max.

Bill's hands were all over my tits as he knelt behind me, so I pulled down my panties, reached back, and located his hard cock. My drenched pussy took it in easily, and soon we were fucking in time to the girl's bobbing head. Just then, the guy screamed and shot a load so big the girl couldn't handle it all. With come covering her face, she milked his shiny dick more. The sight was so erotic that I came and cried out loudly while Bill kept hammering away. The sound of the stream couldn't muffle my voice enough, and the girl heard me and saw what we were doing. She and the guy hesitated, then swam toward us. "Now it's our turn to watch!" she smiled, standing waist deep in the stream. Bill pulled me up on all fours, then really let me have it. "Look at the size of *those* tits!" beamed the guy to his girl, so I swung them around even harder. Bill's action peaked, and we orgasmed together like two wild dogs. The couple applauded and cheered.

We swam naked together and shared small talk about the beautiful setting for sex, then joined them on the bank to smoke a couple of joints. Jeff told Bill how envious he was of him because my boobs were so big, and Lisa said she was envious, too. I told her she should be proud of her own, which were large and firm, capped with silver-dollar-size nipples. Jeff and Bill began to get hard at all this sexy talk. I was shocked to hear Jeff boldly ask Bill if he could fuck me and even more shocked to hear Bill say yes! Lisa didn't seem to mind, as she moved close to Bill and lowered her head. I was so hot that I didn't really notice the size of Jeff's enormous dick until he placed it between my breasts. "Tit-fuck me, Anne," Jeff commanded, so I squeezed my boobs around his long, swollen cock. Looking down, I saw his plum-sized head was just inches from my face, slowly sliding through my cleavage. I couldn't resist stretching out my tongue to lick off the salty jism that immediately started seeping out. Fingering myself, I felt him grow harder and whined, "Please, put it in me . . . *please!*"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196

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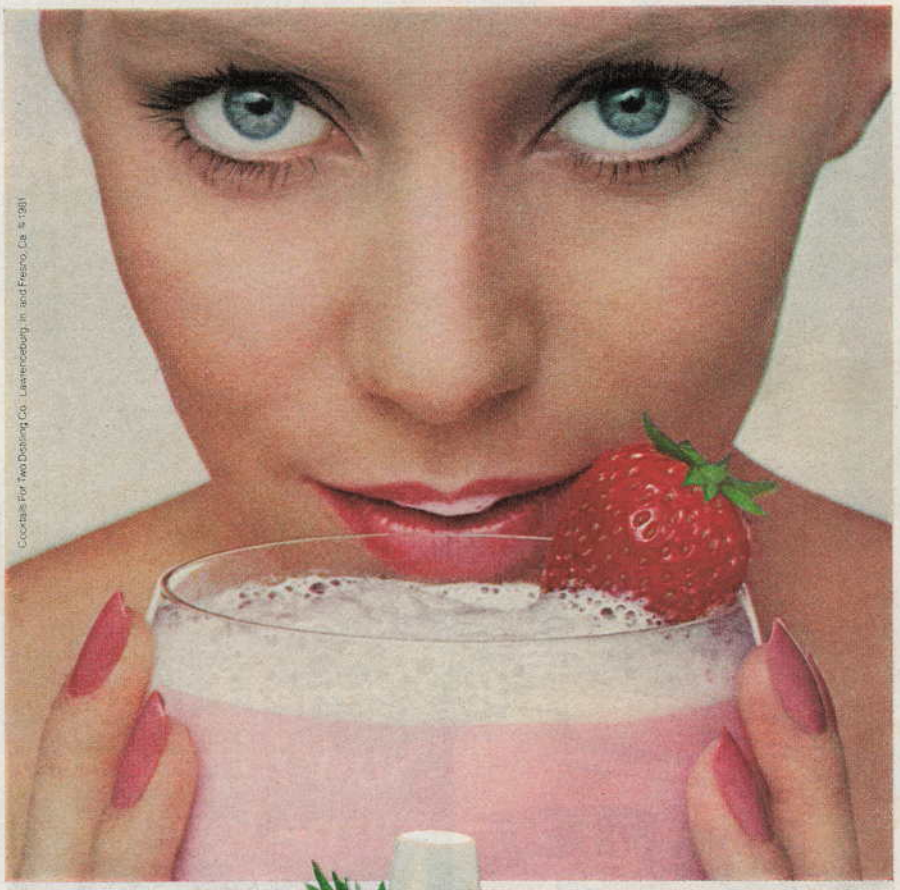

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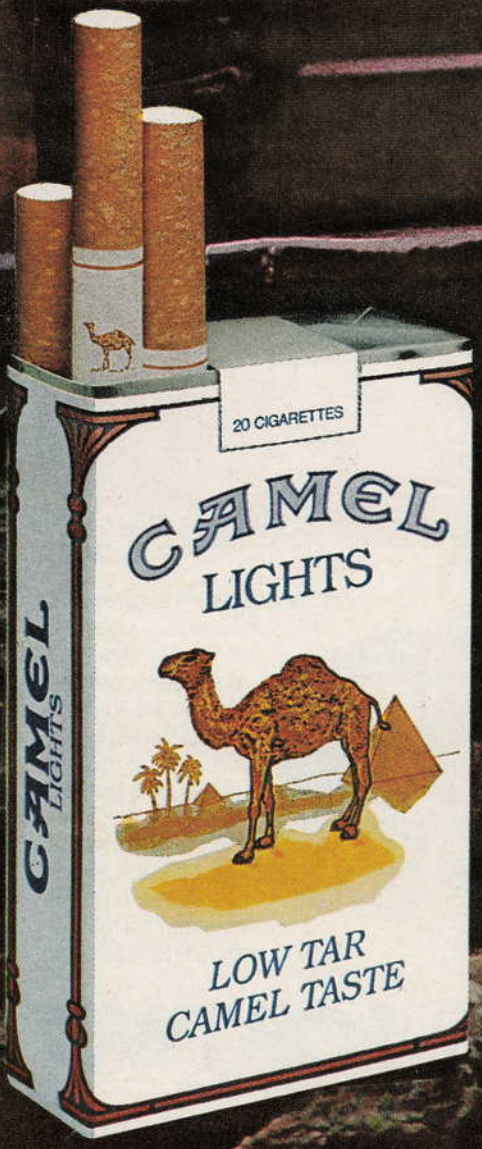

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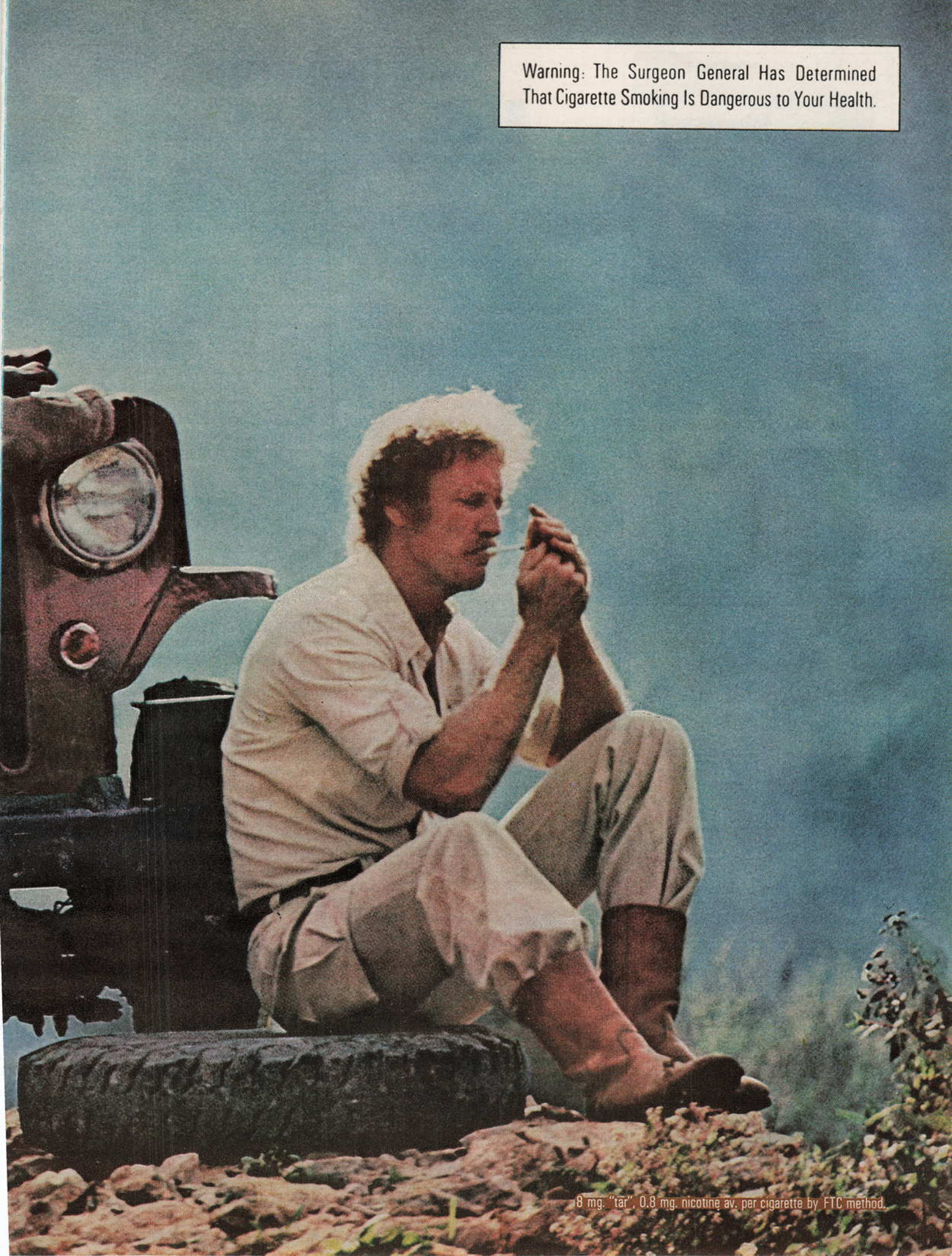
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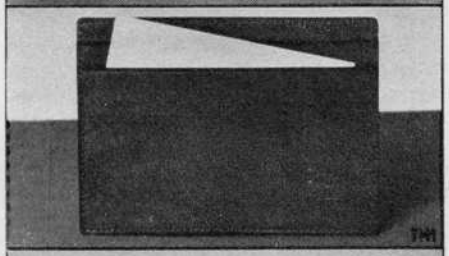
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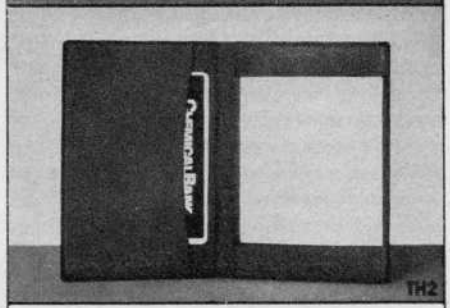

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

The Penthouse *interview with the Reverend Jerry Falwell (March 1981) has generated more reader response than has any other interview in the history of the magazine. The following is a representative sample of these letters, most of which had to be shortened for reasons of space.*

I was extremely interested in a January 30 UPI article entitled "Falwell Angry over His Own Interview in *Penthouse*." It seems Mr. Falwell does not want to ". . . encourage their [*Penthouse*'s] distribution by giving them one word of interview which might cause someone to purchase the magazine."

Regardless of how one might feel about the periodical in question, the thoughtful person cannot help contrasting Mr. Falwell's attitude with that of another well-known minister. Not only did Jesus Christ grant interviews with "publicans and sinners," but also he broke bread with them. "People who are well do not need a doctor, but only those who are sick. I have not come to call respectable people but outcasts." (Matt. 2:17)

After reading Mr. Falwell's comments I could not help recalling another passage of scripture not often quoted by the commercial pulpit: "Be on your own guard against false prophets; they come to you looking like sheep on the outside, but on the inside they are really like wild wolves. You will know them by what they do. . . . When Judgment Day comes, many will say to me, 'Lord, Lord! In your name we spoke God's message; by your name we drove out many demons and performed many miracles!' Then I will say to them, 'I never knew you!' " (Matt. 7:15–16 and 22–23).—*C.H.C., Scottsville, Va.*

I read the Jerry Falwell interview with much interest and would like to comment at the outset that the interview presented Falwell's position to thousands who otherwise would not have firsthand exposure to his philosophy.

As to the substance of the interview, Falwell has a vague conception of the separation of church and state, and he should be reminded that in the United States there are no God-given rights, only constitutional ones. This theologian of the New Right parades his patriotism, yet expresses a fascist revulsion for the free marketplace of ideas.

Yet this hypocrisy is not the most repulsive element of his ministry. This component is one he shares with the evangelical con artists who prey on the elderly, the insecure, and the uneducated. They are operating tremendously profitable businesses under the facade of legitimate ministries. It is a crime that these evangelicals do not pay taxes on their commercial activities. Contributions for the support and maintenance of a church are genuine expressions of faith and rightfully should not be taxed. But when individuals like Falwell and their respective organizations branch out into real estate, mail-order merchandising, and network broadcasting, they have crossed the line between being ministers and being merchants. This selling is secular activity and rightfully should be taxed.

Falwell is concerned more with conformity than malnourishment, with influence than illiteracy. A blatant opportunist, exploiting the alienation of the white middle class, Falwell exhibits none of the compassion that was the center of Christ's life.—*Kern Blackburn, Corpus Christi, Tex.*

I would like to thank you for your interview with the Reverend Jerry Falwell. It's time the American public realized just how misguided he really is.

I am a devout Christian. I believe in the ways and teachings of Jesus Christ, but I also believe in the freedom to have an abortion and the ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. It's time that Rev. Jerry Falwell realized that being a Christian has nothing at all to do with these and other political issues. I certainly don't want him and his gang of New Right fanatics giving all Christians a bad name.

The Lord does work in mysterious ways, and Jerry Falwell is one of his darkest mysteries.—*Steven Silva, San Diego, Calif.*

The interview with Jerry Falwell and the complications that developed as a result have prompted me to make the following comments: wait a minute, Reverend Falwell! If you were suddenly transported back to the time of Christ, where would you find him? According to the Bible, you would find Jesus with the lepers, beggars, criminals, and prostitutes. His message was and is a simple one directed to all people, especially the "lost sheep" of society. Now I am sure that you consider the readers of a "pornographic" magazine like *Penthouse* to be truly lost. If you are a disciple of Christ, then please follow his example and preach to those of us who need it most!—*James Treasure, Lancaster, Pa.*

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I am not a fan of your magazine, but I did pick up the March issue and must say that the interview with Jerry Falwell was a stroke of genius. I hope that some of my purchase price will go toward legal defense fees involved in the $10 million lawsuit. Thanks for a well-done interview, the courage to print it, and the expectations of exposing this hypocritical power-monger and his ilk for their true selves.—*Jan Walker, Kamuela, Hawaii*

After reading the interview with Jerry Falwell, I think a big thank-you to *Penthouse* is in order.

All through history, when one man was able to get so many people to let him do their thinking for them, we ended up in big trouble. It appears that this man has custom-tailored a lot of the Holy Book to fit his own dangerous points of view. Why all these followers of his are so willing to let their rights and opinions and standards be controlled by this religious will-o'-the-wisp is unclear! For all practical purposes, a person needing help would be left wanting if he approached Mr. Falwell. God's laws were not designed for the Moral Majority to the exclusion of the rest of us.

The interview proved beyond all doubt that few men in our time show less love for more people than Jerry Falwell does.—*Name and address withheld*

To publish an interview with that pernicious man, the Reverend Jerry Falwell, was, in my opinion, nothing less than an act of Providence. *Penthouse* has never had a finer moment.—*Tom Styron, New York, N.Y.*

The Jerry Falwell interview was my introduction to *Penthouse*. If future editions reflect the courage you demonstrate by publishing diverse points of view, I could even become a fan of sorts. You see, I'm an even bigger fan of the New Testament. To be sure, the Falwell interview will provoke controversy. I hope this controversy will cause readers to think about the issues raised.

Falwell's reluctance to be published in your magazine disappoints me. He says his mission is to reach all of the world. Doesn't this include the *Penthouse* readership? Apparently he prefers preaching to those who have already been preached to, which is like offering oil to the Arabs, when it's the rest of the folks who need it most.

Perhaps neither *Penthouse's* nor Falwell's intentions were honorable. Certainly *Penthouse* sales will, not surprisingly, go up. But just as certainly, Falwell will use the occasion as ammunition to fight not a few other windmills.

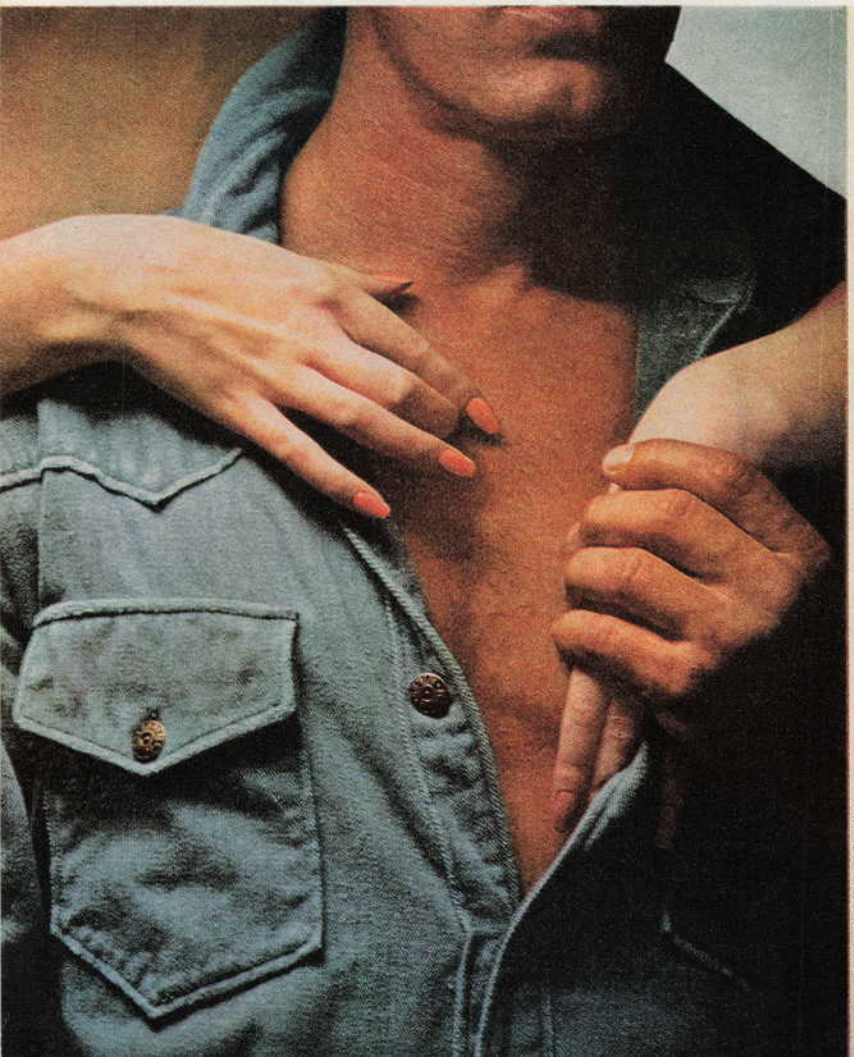
Fortunately, the reader can read and listen to determine his or her own belief. Let us be thankful that the law of the land ruled that banning publication in this case was against the public interest. And let us pray there will always be room for the expression and exchange of divergent points of view.—*R. J. Stewart, Houston, Tex.*

The institution of a law by virtue of its being "God's will" goes against the Constitution of the United States. The principle of separation of church and state was instituted by the Founding Fathers of this nation, men of great vision who foresaw the possible rise of a man like Falwell and others who might seek to lead this nation and form a religious aristocracy.

The danger inherent in Jerry Falwell is that he will establish a precedent, leading to the breakdown of that separation, opening the way for men more ambitious than he. His attempt to establish a political base predicated on a belief in a theocratic principle is just as serious a threat to democracy as is any system of communism.

So come on, Mr. Falwell, let's abide by the wisdom of Jefferson, Franklin, and God, for truly he who sows the seeds of discord in his own house shall inherit the wind. And if we, as a nation, fail to uphold the principle of separation of church and state, then indeed we shall inherit the wind.—*Michael T. Belcher, San Diego, Calif.*

Jerry Falwell is as potentially dangerous as Jim Jones and Hitler.—*C. J. Schutte, Houston, Tex.*



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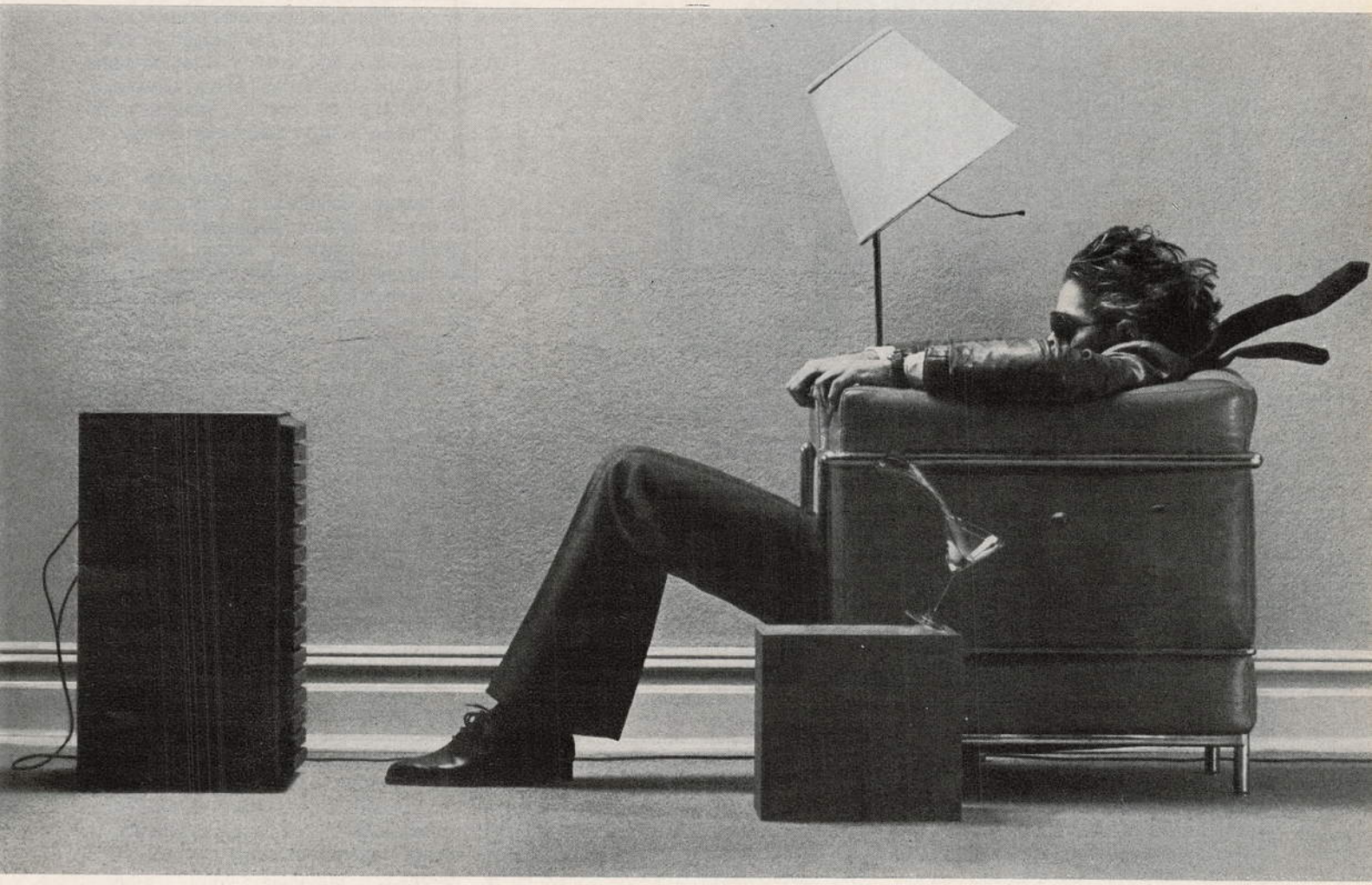

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We are a family of four adults and members of a full-Gospel Christian church and have been following with interest the publication of the Falwell interview. It is our belief that if he were directed by the Holy Spirit to grant the interview, then, praise God, the Holy Spirit will also see that it is published where it will reach those who are most in need of hearing the Word.

Jesus sat, ate, and talked with harlots and publicans, for these people needed Him most. Jesus did not let pride keep Him from those He came to save. If the interview brings the soul of one *Penthouse* reader back to the fold, what greater thing could it do?—*Name and address withheld*

I strongly urge *Penthouse* to countersue the "Reverend" Jerry Falwell. A counter-suit would be the perfect tribute to the man who lusts so for media attention. Not only would you be doing me and the nation a favor, but, most of all, I think you would be doing the Lord a favor.—*Sally Barnes, Virginia Beach, Va.*

I just heard over the national news that Jerry Falwell was suing *Penthouse* magazine for $10 million. Had I not heard this, I would not have been influenced to go and find out why. In other words, the Reverend Jerry Falwell has given credence to *Penthouse* and hence caused another sale of your terrible magazine. Falwell has only himself to blame for the increased sales this month. Here is my advice to Rev. Jerry Falwell: stop shoving the Gospel (as interpreted by Jerry Falwell) down our throats. Everybody ought to know by now who you are and what you stand for. You have no more authority than I do over God's word except that you're one hell of a lot louder and more abrasive than I am or would ever want to be.—*D. J., Canada*

The Moral Majority is the most zealous movement since McCarthyism in the 1950s. Its leaders have seized the opportunity to exploit the fear, anger, and frustration that are building up in this country. It is easy to understand why many people yearn for a return to the so-called traditional family values, but the leaders of the evangelical Right do not have the answers to these problems. They do have the ability to divert national attention from sober consideration of realistic solutions with slogans that instill fear and repression and divisiveness. The danger is clear and present; if you value your individual rights, speak out against these people before it is too late.—*N. Butts, San Diego, Calif.*

I have always felt apprehensive toward the machinations of zealots who crusade in the name of God. My apprehension turned to alarm in the wake of the 1980 elections. For the first time in the recent history of the United States, the preachings and exhortations of the fundamentalists have been clearly manifested in the very fabric of our federal and state governments. The words of a flailing, Bible-thumping preacher agitating a frenetic crowd of loyal followers is one thing. When these words become etched in the statutes of our land, they become another matter. The danger that Jerry Falwell and his advocates present to the nonfollowers of his self-labeled "moral" way of life is that he will not countenance those who believe or behave otherwise. This is a grave threat to democracy and the freedoms this country has afforded all citizens.

The point I want to make is that all of us have an obligation to protect our freedom of thought and expression. The Constitution consists of written words; its fulfillment comes about through the collective actions of the people. When Hitler first led his small band of Brownshirt thugs, people snickered and went about their way of life, not bothering to take any assertive action. While I am not making an analogy between Hitler and Rev. Jerry Falwell, I want to illustrate what can be accomplished by one who is driven by a single-mindedness to impose his grand conception of man's true purpose on society at large. The time to take action is now!—*T. J. Diana, Harrisburg, Pa.*

While many of your readers will be repulsed by many of the Rev. Jerry Falwell's remarks in the March interview, they should keep in mind the essential, underlying thrust of his position. America is a nation beset by confusion, alienation, selfishness, and lack of purpose. Even if you are not a Christian and don't believe that the Bible is God's word, look deep into yourself as you read your next issue of *Penthouse*. Does the magazine inspire feelings of selfless love and compassion for others? *Penthouse* is only one edge of a whole movement in our society toward selfishness and consumption.

However misguided the Moral Majority may seem to me and to your readers, we should not mistake the essential aspects of their position—guidance of our sinful selfish selves by the teachings of Jesus Christ. Before rejecting their position, find out who Jesus was and what he said.—*F. L., address withheld*

My initial reaction was surprise over the Reverend Jerry Falwell's objection at having an interview published in *Penthouse*. Although I do not believe a girlie magazine to be an appropriate forum for an interview with the clergy, I felt that perhaps Mr. Falwell was a bit ridiculous in considering filing a several-million-dollar suit against the publishers of *Penthouse*.

At age 58, I have never had the need or desire to purchase a girlie magazine. It was my belief that *Penthouse* published photos of nude and partially nude women. Furthermore, if my neighbor wants to subscribe to such a magazine, that's his business, and it is not my intent to shun him for doing so.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

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"CHEECH & CHONG'S NICE DREAMS"

STARRING CHEECH MARIN & THOMAS CHONG AND STACY KEACH AS SERGEANT SHRAGER

WRITTEN BY THOMAS CHONG & RICHARD CHEECH MARIN ASSOCIATE PRODUCER SHELBY FIDDIS

PRODUCED BY HOWARD BROWN DIRECTED BY THOMAS CHONG

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Columbia Pictures

COMING THIS SUMMER TO SELECTED THEATRES

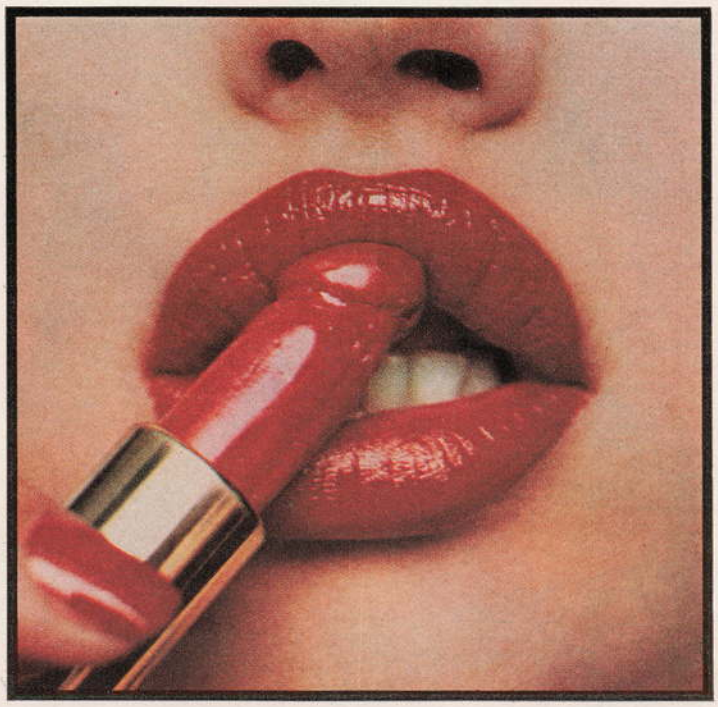
"One recording star I slept with
was a wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am type.
Actually, he was so fast
in bed he didn't even have time to say
thank-you. I guess that
episode cured me of being a starfucker."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a 29-year-old single, very successful career woman. I'm considered very attractive. I live in California now and have been an avid reader of your column for four years now.

Ever since I started indulging in sexual activities, I've been attracted to older men —not really old, but aged 30 to 50. A middle-aged man recently introduced me to the pleasures of sex. They say older men don't last as long, but they know how to please a woman, so they don't have to be able to go all night.



I'm writing because I've always had fantasies about making love to a handsome actor, and this fantasy came true about three weeks ago. I was recently on a flight back from New York, and while boarding I thought I noticed the face of a very handsome actor but wasn't sure. When I saw him get up to go to the bathroom, I found that my guess was right. Walking right toward me was a very handsome actor who appears on television quite frequently. When he smiled at me as he walked past, I almost had an orgasm.

When we got off the plane, I pretended to accidentally bump into him so I could start a conversation. After we had talked for a few minutes, he asked if I would like to join him for drinks in the bar. Naturally I accepted. After about five drinks and more talk, I was feeling pretty good and very horny! When he asked me if I would like to join him at his place for dinner, I almost fainted. He said his wife was out of town for a week or two, and he was rather lonely.

When we arrived at his beautiful, well-secluded house, he came around and opened the car door for me and the whole bit! I just couldn't believe this was happening to me. Here I was, at the house of a very handsome star, just the two of us, alone!

He asked me if I wanted to go for a swim, and I said sure. He showed me where I could change my clothes and said he'd meet me at the pool. When I walked out on the patio and saw him standing there in a light blue, very revealing swimsuit, I almost came instantly! He is over six feet tall and has a big build, with dark hair and a beautiful face and body.

When I walked up to him and he said, "I didn't know you were so beautiful," I melted in his arms instantly. As his warm, seductive lips came down on mine, I shot my tongue into his mouth and we kissed a long, passionate kiss. Then I gasped, "Oh, I want you."

Before I knew what was happening, he was carrying me up the stairs and into a very modern bedroom with a large brass bed. We kissed again, and he removed my bra and started licking, kissing, and sucking his way down to my breasts. When his lips finally reached them, I moaned in pure delight. His stiff cock was pressing so hard against me I thought it was going to burn a hole in me. He then slipped off the bottom of my suit and laid me down on the bed. As I looked up at him, I still couldn't believe it was happening to me. I mean, on a scale of 1 to 10, this man was a 15.

He joined me on the bed, and we immediately got into a 69 position. He started licking and sucking my inflamed pussy as no one ever had before. I came twice within five minutes. All the time I was licking and sucking on his beautiful cock and caressing his balls. After about ten minutes of this, I felt his love stick jerk and shoot a burning load of delicious come into my mouth and throat. I tried to swallow it all, but a little bit ran out onto my lips and down my chin.

We took a very brief rest and then started kissing and caressing

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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Reggie Jackson

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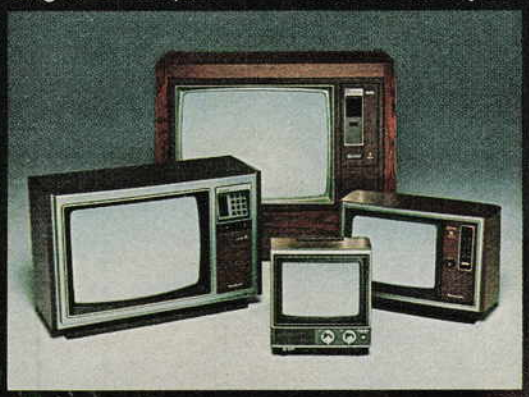

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again. After five minutes, I was begging him to fuck me with that cock. As he started to penetrate, I groaned loudly from pleasure and pain, but very quickly the pleasure overtook the pain.

At first he was just using about half of that beautiful cock, but the more we fucked, the deeper he penetrated. We must have fucked for at least a solid hour, and I had a dozen orgasms. This man was like no one I had ever been with. We had fucked for what seemed like hours, and he was still making love to me with slow, precise strokes. Finally, after about another 15 minutes, he came in gushes and gushes, moaning and groaning all the time. He rolled off, and we both said that it had been the "best ever" at the same time.

We fucked and sucked for a solid two days, and each time was better than the first.

I haven't seen him since then, except on television. Every time I see him on television, I almost come just from remembering those luscious two days.

Well, I would like to say to any other women out there who have fantasies about making it with a star to keep up hope—someday it may happen.

Have you ever made it with any famous stars, Xaviera, and if so, was it as good as my experience?—R.J.

Oh, from time to time I get it on with a star. Modesty, of course, prevents me from telling you what it's like when the bed sheets are turned. Do you think you would have enjoyed your sex as much if the guy hadn't been a television superstar?

I remember a very famous recording artist, whom I adored as a girl in Holland. I had bought all his records, played them all the time. When I came to New York City, I met this man. I could hardly believe I was still on the planet Earth when he invited me to his Park Avenue apartment. The lights were low, the view was great, and he seemed absolutely charming. He was everything I had ever imagined he would be—until he took off his clothes. Talk about a wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am type. Actually, this guy was so fast in bed he didn't even have time to say thank-you. I guess that episode cured me of being a starfucker. I was mortified, and I never bought another of his records!

CLEAN-SHAVING WOMEN

I spent part of my life in Arab countries (Algeria, Sudan, and Morocco, from 1972 to 1980). Since local husbands there are rather jealous, you can imagine that it is risky to get to know married women in these countries. And I would not recommend whores, for obvious health reasons. However, in the main cities it is possible to meet young girls. Some of them are employed in offices.

If you are lucky and discreet, you can hope to bring a female secretary back to your home. It can happen only during the day, because a single girl is supposed to stay home after dark. Then, of course, she will still insist on keeping her virginity (it is the basic requirement for her wedding). However, she will usually not mind jacking you off or, perhaps, giving you a blowjob. She will gladly take her clothes off and go through heavy necking and kissing. If she really likes you, she can be talked into losing the virginity of her ass (sometimes you are not the first).

The most interesting thing, and the purpose of my letter, is that Arab women are completely shaved after puberty, including their pussy. I found this to be more sexually arousing. I happened to read in your fine magazine that some of your readers are turned on by a thick bush of black hair. I strongly disagree with them, as I think that a hairless pussy makes a woman look even more naked. The sight of a shaved woman in the nude used to give me an instant hard-on.

My problem now is that Western women are not usually very keen about having their pubic hair removed. What do you think, Xaviera? Did you ever shave completely? What reasons can a guy give to get his girl friend (or wife) to shave her pussy?—J.J.

Well, it's different. And if the man she loves wants her crotch to be shaved, I think any woman should try it at least

once. Once, I say. Of course, dear J.J., what would you say if your girl friend asked you to shave your pretty crotch? If you would say no, then you deserve the hairiest pubic patch known to man or woman.

Yes, I have shaved my patch on occasion. I find it particularly nice to be bald down there during the summer months. It's a lot cooler, particularly if you don't wear any underwear. Sometimes I'll get creative with my razor and trim my pubic hairs into a nice triangle, a shapely heart, or a clean oval shape. Some women even go so far as to dye their pubic hair green for St. Patrick's Day. Whatever you want, I suppose.

A big drawback to shaving the pubic area is that those hairs are a natural lubricant. Once you've lost them, you'll see that slipping and sliding is not so easily done. Give it a try.

SIX CAN BEAT NINE

A friend of mine that I used to work with invited me over one night to watch the football games. When I got there, his daughter and her boyfriend were there. We had a very pleasant evening. The only thing was, she was so beautiful I couldn't keep my eyes off her. When they left, she surprised me by slipping me a note. All the note said was "Call me anytime after ten o'clock." I had heard talk of his nine-inch dick, and since I have only six, I didn't know if I could please her or not.

Well, one night I got high and called her. I told her I was alone and invited her over. She was there in about an hour, and we were making out in no time. When I got her clothes off and started eating her, she went crazy, begging me to make her come. Well, I ate her until I thought she was ready, and then I put my dick in her. I've never seen a woman that loved it so much, but it still took her quite some time to come. I had to stop at least four times and wait for her. This was our first date, and I was going to make sure she got her rocks off if I had to hold back all night. Well, she finally did, and she scared the hell out of me! She started screaming and clawing me in such a violent orgasm I thought she might have a heart attack. It took her at least ten good minutes to settle down. She told me later that she had not come in months, that the guy she lives with only thinks of himself and getting his own rocks off. He tells her that she takes too long, that most women would come as many as three or four times before she comes the first time.

Well, I'm glad he feels that way, because it sure is one great fuck and certainly worth waiting for. The only thing is, her orgasms are all just as violent as the first one. Can this be dangerous, and can it harm her in any way?—P.F.

Other women should live so dangerously. No, I wouldn't worry about people having violent orgasms. Your girl friend sounds like she could give lessons. But then maybe you're the one who should be giving lessons.

I'm happy to run this letter, because it exemplifies my theory that cock size is not all. I only wish you had been a bit more explicit in telling us what it is you did in bed. Write me again, okay? I want to know. I'll pass it on to other guys who have average-sized cocks. Such info should not go unpublished.

CHEAP-CHIC FREAK

I have a wonderful girl friend named Rhonda. She's a cute 20-year-old brunette. We have been going together for about three years. We have a beautiful and loving relationship. Rhonda loves me dearly and tries to please me.

Rhonda enjoys sex. She has a nice body, a nice set of 36's, and a delicious and tasty pussy. I told her that she should flaunt her goods. With my suggestion, she redesigned her undies. Using a pair of scissors, she snipped off the tips of her bra cups, allowing her nipples to stick out. With a sewing machine and some lace, she redesigned her panties. By cutting out the crotch and hemming it with lace, she had several pairs of crotchless panties. She enjoyed redesigning her undies to please me.

Of course, I gave her many sexy and

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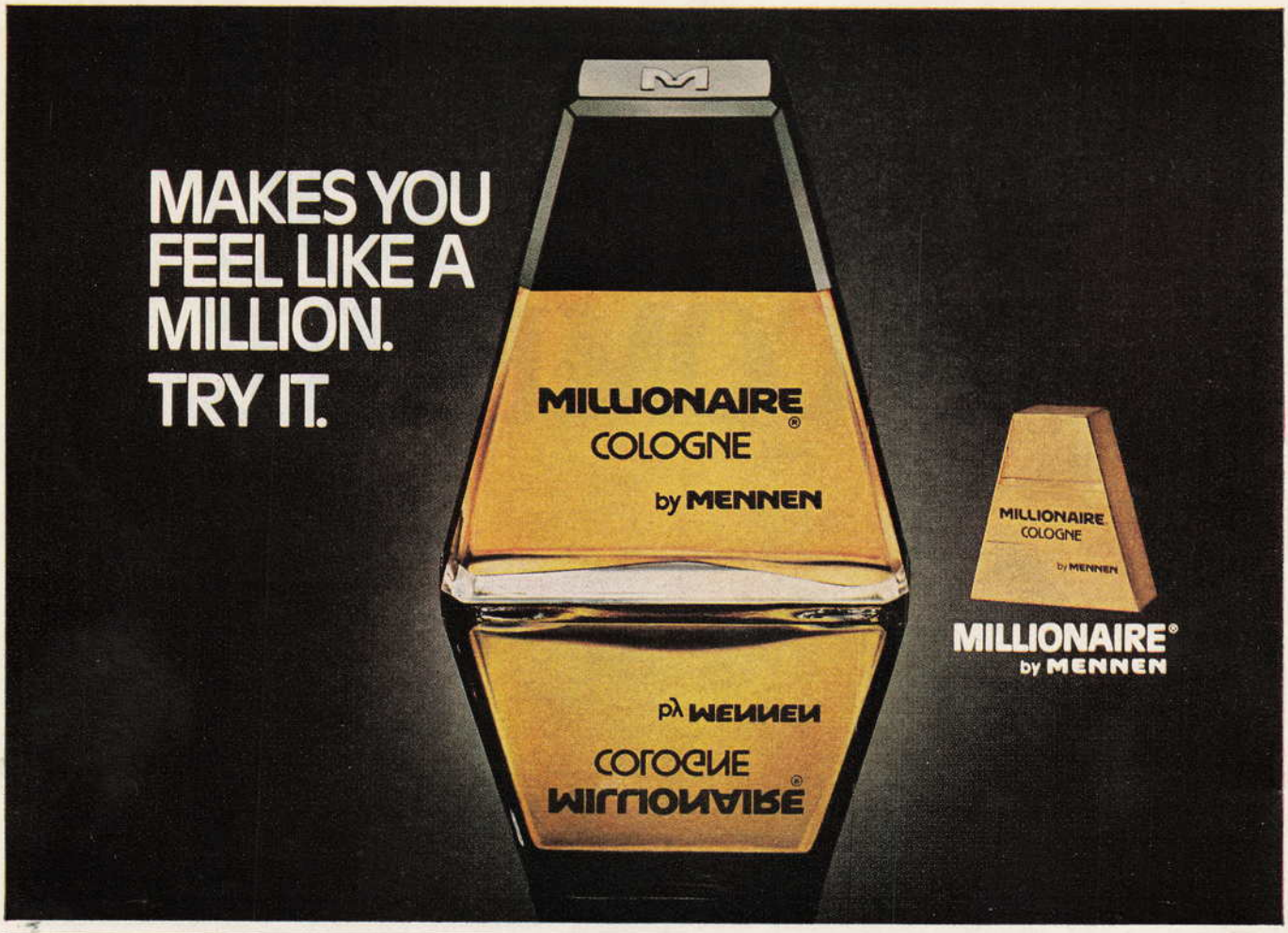

daring undies to wear. She looks very sexy when she wears those black, lacy plunge bras, and she has a couple of those half-bras. Besides her redesigned bikini panties, she has several nylon see-through and crotchless styles, too. Even though her legs look great in her panty hose, she knows I like her to wear her lacy garter belts and seamless nylons for me. She looks very naughty when she wears her nylon see-through nighties and baby doll outfits. She knows she has lovely tits. There are times I want her to go braless. Seeing her tits wiggle and bounce is a great turn-on for me. If she is wearing a blouse, she doesn't button all the buttons but leaves enough undone to show off her cleavage.

Whenever we go out, I usually tell her to wear very little, and to please me she does. At her cousin's wedding she wore only her tiny crotchless bikini panties, black lacy garter belt, and seamless stockings under her dress. At times at the reception I fingered her cunt.

When I met her, she was a virgin. She loved me and wanted me to fuck her. I was gentle and patient with her. I was loving. She discovered that fucking was great and wanted to do it more. As our relationship grew, I taught her more about the art of loving. She enjoyed it when I went down on her, eating her cunt. But as much as I enjoyed eating her juicy cunt, I wanted to teach her the art of fellatio. She hesitated at first but then decided to try it. Feeling her tongue on the tip of my cock was too much. Several times I shot my load into her face. After several tries, she got the hang of it and began to enjoy sucking me off and swallowing my come. For a gal who was a virgin, she is now talented at giving head.

We enjoy fucking. When I sleep over at her apartment, I usually fuck her before I go back to my apartment the next morning. When I go over to her apartment at night, we fuck and suck for hours. Sometimes when I go over to her place, the living room drapes are closed. That's a signal that she is naked and waiting for me. When she opens the door, she is standing behind it. She usually greets me completely nude or in her garter belt, stockings, and black high heels.

I enjoy watching her masturbate. Usually she wears her garter belt and stockings and uses her vibrators, dildos, and her fingers. When she gets all worked up, I supply her with the real thing. Then she has orgasm after orgasm.

We enjoy playing around. Sometimes she buys whipped cream, and during our lovemaking she applies some to my cock and proceeds to lick it off. The sensation is so great that I usually shoot off my load into her mouth, along with the whipped cream. It is fun applying the whipped cream to her juicy cunt and licking it up. With her hot juices and the whipped cream, it tastes great. We have also used ice cream, jam or jelly, and ice cream toppings (syrup).

Like I said, fucking her is the best. We fuck at least twice a night, and sometimes we fuck all night long. Usually we fuck in the morning before going to work. Some weekends we fuck most of the day. On several occasions we've fucked from morning to mid-afternoon and then more at night.

Rhonda is my girl friend. She is some gal. I am lucky to have such a talented and horny girl. I love her.—A.L.

Glad to hear it. By the way, has your love ever considered being a designer for Frederick's of Hollywood? I think she could write a book called *Cheap-Chic Freak*. She must really know how to use a scissor to make some very ordinary undergarments into some very horny apparel. She has an imagination, and obviously she uses it in more ways than one.

EVERY INCH OF HIS LOVE

I'm really curious about my oral fixation—about sucking my husband's cock. I love to suck until I can taste all those fabulous juices shooting deep into my throat.

I was 22 when we met, and he was 29. I know very few people believe in love at first sight, but in my eyes I was feeling totally convinced after our first date that we would be together forever. He was always

a perfect gentleman. I think that's part of the reason I had this incredible longing to suck his cock. I had been with men before. I'd read and also heard from girl friends about mind-blowing orgasms, but at age 22 I still hadn't experienced one. Well, the first night with the man who would become my husband, whom I was just casually dating at the time, had to have been the most wonderful and memorable night of my life.

We had a few drinks at a local bar. We decided, after talking a lot and feeling good, that we'd be much more comfortable at his house. It wasn't long before we shared his bed, making beautiful love together. When his cock started shooting and depositing his load of hot juices deep inside my pussy, I started to come. He was bringing these feelings throughout my body, feelings I had never even known possible. Once I had started, I felt as though my body would continue on just as long as his beautiful cock wanted.

All I can say is that from that night on, it was as though I took a vow to worship and suck his cock for the rest of my life, to show my lover just how wonderful and special those feelings were that he had brought over my body for the first time ever.

The first time I took his beautiful, big cock between my lips to taste it was a totally wonderful experience for both of us. I remember feeling scared but wanting to taste him at the same time. Then, once I felt this wonderful new taste and the sensation I was experiencing by taking his cock in and out of my lips, I felt myself loving it and wishing I could keep my mouth there forever. I can only say that cocksucking is truly the most important part of our beautiful lovemaking, and we do it as often as we possibly can.

Sometimes we laugh as we talk over the beginning times of our relationship, just being totally happy and realizing how beautiful love can be and sharing the feelings of never having enough. I've found I really do feel as though my mouth was made to suck his cock over everything else. It's not that I don't enjoy this beautiful tool inside me, but it just doesn't seem fair not to be able to taste the wonderful taste—which I wish my pussy could also experience.

I thought I'd share a wonderful dream come true for all the women in the world to read about. In many books I've read—and I've also heard it from my friends—the biggest percentage of women are against this way of making love. In my eyes and my husband's, it's one of the most beautiful ways to show all the love you have for your man. Sometimes we get so carried away that when we get home from work, we both plan a beautiful sexual evening together, and I suck his cock all night until the last possible moment, when we have to get up from our most ultimate way of lovemaking. I sometimes keep him on the very edge of shooting that come into my mouth until my girl friend is knocking at our door, ready to drive me to work.

We've both agreed that we share a very special kind of love. I guess I was just wondering if there were any other lucky ladies like myself that share my desire and need and want and love to suck a husband's cock and feel great, almost privileged, to be called a cocksucker by him. Inside my head I'm feeling that need, and I want to be called just that!

I once heard that the average amount of come shot is a half tablespoon. I don't know if that's just way off or I'm just lucky, but I once filled a shot glass to the brim. I thought if I shared my wonderful experience with you, others might read and realize what they've been missing. I'm sure glad I found out!—S.G.

I'd say that shot glass deserves a place in *The Guinness Book of World Records*. The amount of come, of course, depends on the man and the duration of time between ejaculations. Really, I never much cared how much there was. It's the cock itself that gets me going, but I can see that perhaps I've been underestimating a whole dimension of oral sex. I do know that the taste of come varies in men. Whether sweet, salty, or garlicky, I guess it depends on what your man consumes. You shoot what you eat.

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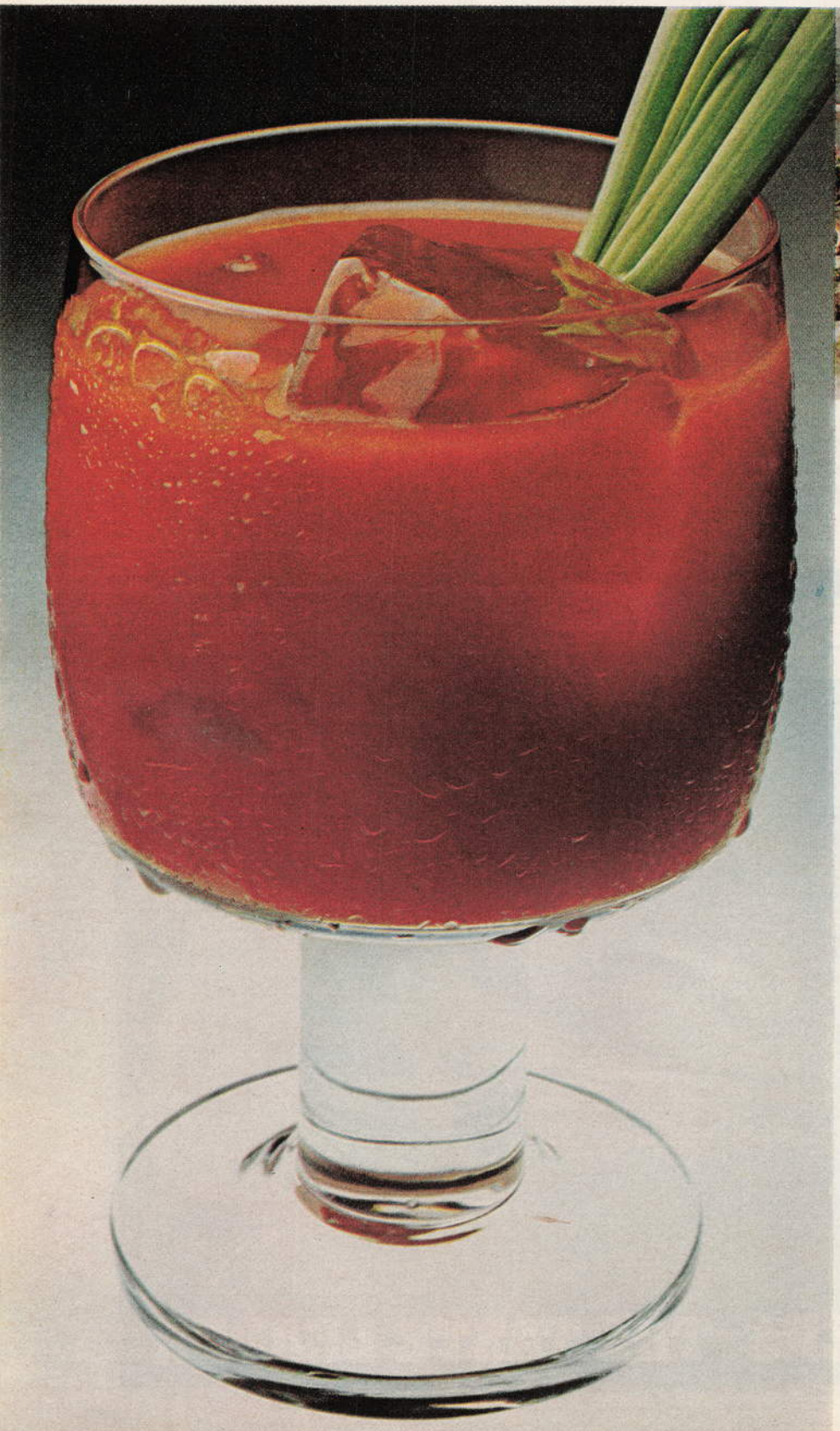

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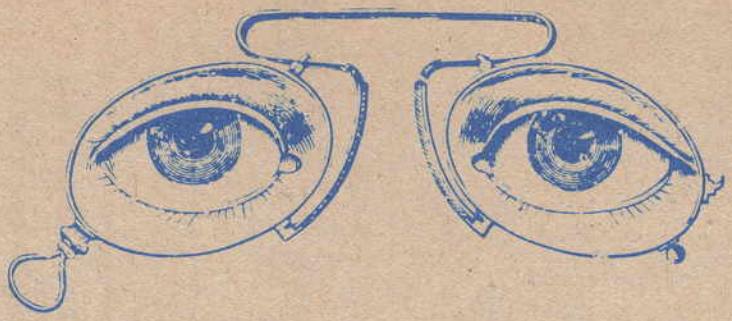


VIEW FROM THE TOP

YOU DIDN'T MISS ANYTHING

BY EMILY PRAGER

Dear 52 Former American Hostages in Tehran,

Welcome home. Well, it's been over three months now that you've been back in the U.S.A., and I wonder if you're beginning to notice how it's changed. I know it seemed like 1955 the week you returned, but your arrival was the first positive thing that had happened to us in 444 days, and we were overexcited, even happy. And relieved, you might guess, considering the warlike attitude of our new secretary of state, General Haig.

I'm sure that you must wonder about the year and a half you missed. But lest you get depressed, your eyes dazzled by the full-color pictures in *Time* and *Newsweek,* let me assure you, it wasn't such a great period. It was an election year, for one thing, and a particularly nasty one at that. Teddy Kennedy's family life, Chappaquiddick, his very soul—all were dragged back and forth through the muck so many times that it began to seem masochistic that he was still in politics. Some things, General Haig, are *not* worth fighting for, no matter how deep your voice.

Of course, you did miss third-party candidate John Anderson, sometime Republican darling of the getting-middle-aged Left. An articulate, bug-eyed man, he was endorsed by post-1950s Hollywood and benefited by Franken & Davis of the *old* "Saturday Night Live." (Oh, that's something you'll be glad you missed: the *new* "Saturday Night Live." But don't get me started.)

And you did miss Bob Crane, one of the kick line of Republican candidates who opposed Reagan and the spitting image of Dick Tracy sans spectacles. And you did miss *Heaven's Gate,* the new $40 million film by Cimino, the guy who directed *The Deer Hunter.* But then, so did most people. It opened and closed in three days, as big an anticlimax as Chrysler's K car.

They stopped doing transsexual operations at Johns Hopkins. Perry Ellis, a designer, came out with a line of handknit sweaters costing from $300 to $425 apiece. And Bert Parks was fired from the Miss America Pageant for being too old. Not a pretty picture, is it?

Agent Orange, a chemical defoliant used in Vietnam, was linked to birth defects in veterans' children as well as to cancer in the veterans themselves. Revenge of the trees, another ironic legacy of a war whose lessons we seem determined not to learn.

Certain baby formulas on the market were found to cause cancer. And as for your tap water, well, don't drink it. It seems that chemical companies have been burying chemical waste all across the country, and the chemicals seep out of the containers and into the earth and contaminate the groundwater, and the next thing you know it's birth defects and leukemia for everyone in the neighborhood. So buy drinking water. But now, be careful, because all bottled drinking waters aren't safe either. Some have a very high arsenic content that can poison you over time or cause problems in your vital organs.

THE RELY MASSACRE: And speaking of your vital organs, here's some special news for the returnee women: *Beware of tampons. You can die from them.* I'm not joking. I wish I were. Procter & Gamble came out with a death tampon last spring called Rely ("It even absorbs the worry"), which was linked in short order to a condition known as toxic shock syndrome, from which you can die, and some did. It turns out that the FDA does not test tampons before they are allowed on the market. So, God knows what we've been putting inside ourselves all these years: rat whiskers and what all. Oh, and no more pap smears every six months—bad for the uterus—now they tell us. And Valium's no longer your friend either.

You did miss the designer-jeans push and with it the glorification of the American buttocks in commercial advertising, followed by Calvin Klein's adoration of Brooke Shields's crotch. You missed Anita Bryant's divorce, the capture of the Yorkshire Ripper in England, and the return of Abbie Hoffman from the underground. You can now avoid stretch marks by hiring a surrogate to carry and give birth to your baby. You can buy nasal-spray birth control if you live in Scandinavia, and you can sue the man you live with for alimony and win.

Richard Pryor set himself on fire, Mary Tyler Moore's son shot himself, and Bob Dylan was born again.

Jean-François Allaux

We said good-bye to Mae West, Alfred Hitchcock, and David Janssen, among others. And it turned out that our paranoia about FBI undercover work during the 1960s wasn't paranoia at all. They *were* watching people *and* launching smear campaigns. And this was illustrated most sadly by the suicide of Jean Seberg and most hilariously by armchair psycho G. Gordon Liddy.

In drug news, producer Bob Evans was busted for coke possession. The best marijuana is now homegrown San Simeon—forget the imports. Marijuana is now being prescribed as an antinausea drug for people on chemotherapy. Freebasing cocaine was very big for a while but has been out-trended by heroin. That's right: smack is now "in" with the middle class. They do it on weekends. It's punk.

So who can get that depressed

because they missed this? Food and housing cost a fortune. Our children are illiterate. The crime rate is astronomical. But perhaps worst of all, for about two years now, our nation has been suffering mightily from a case of bad writing. In the newspapers, on the television, the stage, the screen. Bad, bad writing.

We are used to bad writing in fiction and humor, but bad writing in journalism, far-reaching as it is, seems a more frightening development. The question "How do you feel?" seems to have replaced background research. Vacuous vamping and an almost perverted, peeping-Tom curiosity set the tone of every story. The television coverage of your situation during the 444 days really was journalism at its lowest ebb.

Imagine a group of perfectly dressed, pretty men and women, with no understanding of the situation but a good deal of government-encouraged anger about it, given the charge of explaining the Iranian political scene to the American people, and you'll get a glimmer of how inept it's actually been. It took these people six months to learn to pronounce *Ghotzbadeh*. Some never could get it.

Well, you'll see. No sense in my spoiling it for you. Once again, let me welcome you back. Let me say you didn't miss much. It really wasn't that great a 444-day period, so don't feel cheated or anything. Of course, you did miss *The Blue Lagoon*, starring Brooke Shields, but she didn't do her own nude scenes anyway. So big deal.

In closing, let me caution you all not to gain back that weight you lost. Don't use your return to America as an excuse to eat. Obesity is at this moment one of our gravest national problems. But fortunately, so's inflation. The other day I bought a piece of swordfish for me and my boyfriend for dinner—$10.50! Can you believe that? Ten dollars for enough fish for two? It's getting like a Third World country around here, General Alexander Haig—big emphasis on the military, not enough bolstering of the basic economy. Okay. Don't get me started.

SCENES

HOT BUT NOT HEAVY

Think 'X'!" advised Bob Rafelson, director of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, to his actors Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange. Thus were launched the various and sundry rumors that the film would contain some of the boldest sex scenes ever to grace the legitimate screen. And the set of the Ladd Company's *Body Heat*, starring William Hurt, was closed. They were shooting, according to Production VP Paula Weinstein, a "steamy love story." And ever since Italian director Franco Zeffirelli provocatively announced on television's "60 Minutes" that he intends to shoot explicit scenes for his *Endless Love*, with Brooke Shields and upcoming teenage heartthrob Martin Hewitt, the buzz has been that the film will be graphic indeed. The press material has touted it as an "all-consuming love affair" in which the young couple have a "passion so total and overwhelming, it transports them into a state of being over which they have no control."

Even the advance word on Lorimar's James Toback film *Love and Money*, with Klaus Kinski and Ray Sharkey, was hot. Sharkey himself dubbed it "Last Tango in Westwood." *Tattoo*, produced by Joseph E. Levine, was promoted by an advertising campaign provocative enough to scare away a major studio considering its distribution. While Levine has been guarded about the project, press items hinted that stars Maud Adams and Bruce Dern were actually *in flagrante* before the cameras, a situation Dern publicly confirmed and Adams denied. In any case, the delicious prospect raised eyebrows and expectations.

And director Gary Weis, who bombed out with *Wholly Moses*, seems to be headed in a decidedly unholy direction. He has two films on tap with Time/Life Films—one called *Young Lust*, the other *Little Havana*, which Weis himself describes as "a very sexy movie."

In recent months Hollywood gossip revealed that big budgets have returned, after a laundered hiatus of the past few conservative years, to exploring adult subjects with explicit sex. Indeed, the industry that three decades ago had shocked audiences by using the word *virginity* on the screen finally seemed on the brink of going all the way.

Even recent cinematic trends seemed to point in the direction of more sexual honesty in legitimate films. Paul Schrader's *American Gigolo*, with its subject of male hustling, could not help frontally exposing its star, Richard Gere, and showing what made his character tick and his clients pay up. Brian De Palma's controversial *Dressed to Kill*, in order to show a housewife's sexual frustrations, had Angie Dickinson masturbating in a shower; although some of the nude close-ups were of her double, the scene was surprisingly daring. Even *Cruising*, scorned by most, was so graphically suggestive that many exhibitors, complaining it was too explicit for its *R* rating, refused to show it. And, of course, there was *Caligula*, which, according to Bob Guccione, was

Spetters *from Holland: portraying sex matter-of-factly and very graphically.*

the first big-budget venture to break the hard-core barrier—with "names" like Sir John Gielgud and Peter O'Toole to add class.

Hollywood seemed increasingly willing to tackle such heretofore taboo subjects as teen lust. In *The Blue Lagoon,* for instance, Brooke Shields (and, alas, her double) cavort in the nude with Christopher Atkins. These innocents discover masturbation, menstruation, and, eventually, fornication. (Even turtles get it on in this picture.) And *Little Darlings* had Kristy McNichol and Tatum O'Neal in a raunchy race to lose their virginity.

Recent prestigious foreign imports, too, seemed to herald a new thrust toward boldness. Art-house patrons lined up for Jean-Luc Godard's X-rated *Every Man for Himself,* starring Isabelle Huppert, and for Nagisa Oshima's hard-core *In the Realm of the Senses,* which featured on-screen penetration.

But while many signs pointed to the possibility of big-screen, big-budget boff, the facts loom cold and sobering to the contrary. What Hollywood delivered was teasing foreplay, not the long-awaited climax. *Postman,* while ringing a few bells in terms of intensity and eroticism, is far from explicit: the Nicholson-Lange love scenes are done clothed, and although the groans and grunts are highly realistic, they are still a far cry from what the public was led to expect. *Endless Love* does have passionate love scenes but, according to its producer Dyson Lovell, "it's not *X* stuff." Toback's *Love and Money,* ballyhooed as the ultimate in Hollywood sexplicity, has been shelved. Finally, a spokesman for *Tattoo* has admitted that the film is "more kinky than bold."

As industry people have noted, the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA)—to which Hollywood kowtows—has recently toughened up considerably its assigned ratings to movies.

For the time being, it is foreign films—traditionally more daring—that are delivering. *Spetters,* a realistic portrait of Dutch youth, portrays sex matter-of-factly. Male genitalia are exposed and woman-handled, and homosexual rape—simulated but graphic—takes place. In Nicholas Roeg's British-made *Bad Timing,* Art Garfunkel and Theresa Russell almost go to the limit of obsessive sexual passion. And the Canadian-made *Love,* an anthology film made by European and American women, daringly explores many facets of love. Written, produced, and directed by women, the movie could hardly have been made within today's Hollywood system. One segment, directed by Nancy Dowd, has a woman masturbate in front of a man to make him more comfortable with his own sexuality. In another, directed by Mai Zetterling, an incestuous relationship develops between a mother and son following their experiencing the sensual pleasures of a sumptuous meal. According to producer Renee Perlmutter, this "very honest movie" has numerous scenes of both male and female frontal nudity. But in spite of Hollywood's well-orchestrated tease campaign in collusion with savvy publicists and their hype, the promises of explicitness have gone limp.

Why won't Hollywood go all the way?

A conservative mood seems to be enveloping the country, and Hollywood, always a barometer, rather than a creator, of the popular climate, goes as the wind blows. The Los Angeles County Commission on Obscenity and Pornography is reportedly trying to crack down on movies featuring teen nudity. According to *Variety,* even porn theaters are having a hard time showing their product, because of a trend toward tough, new zoning ordinances.

Americans have always been puritanical and hypocritical about sex. On the one hand, audiences crave cinematic daring; on the other, they refuse to admit it and don't really feel comfortable with it. Hollywood, as purveyor to the masses, has always recognized this duality. When the studios *have* reached out for random pickups of explicit fare—as in the case of Columbia's *Emmanuelle* and United Artists' *Last Tango in Paris*—it has been with an embarrassed blush. United Artists, in fact, was so red-faced about releasing Pier Paolo Pasolini's *The Canterbury Tales* and *Arabian Nights* that it did so through a subsidiary.

As *Variety* told it in a recent story, sex is leaving the movie theaters for the homes. What is true for pornography is certainly true for legitimate films. Hollywood and a number of independent producers are supplying starved theater audiences with substitute thrills—unprecedented, graphic depictions of violence. To American filmgoers and their suppliers, blood is more palatable than skin.

In a more philosophical vein, perhaps there is truth in what actress Karen Black (who disrobed in the very bold but short-lived Canadian film *In Praise of Older Women*) has said: "Sex is inside your body, from the skin back. You can't photograph sex anymore than you can photograph a car's engine from the exterior."

Unlike the more sophisticated Europeans, Americans have usually distinguished between love and sex and considered the latter dirty. With Hollywood, as with America as a whole, sex is still a very risky business.—*Dan Yakir and Doris Toumarkine*

Endless Love: *passionate sex scenes that are "not X stuff."*

Caligula: *breaking the hard-core barrier with a big budget.*

FILMS

EXPRESS MAIL

The Postman Always Rings Twice has been made into a movie for the fourth time now. People who know it only through revivals of the famous 1946 version, with John Garfield decorously desiring Lana Turner in a white playsuit, will be in for something of a surprise. Jessica Lange, the latest embodiment of the hash-house siren Cora Papadakis, doesn't wear white playsuits. There would be no point. Nothing so conventionally seductive could come between her pose of sullen indifference and the near rapes to which she avidly consents. Everything at those moments becomes a frantic study in torn dresses and garter belts pressing against Cora's soft thighs—a fetishism of rumpled underclothes that is slightly ridiculous and tremendously sexy.

In a way, it all approximates the brief, supercharged climaxes of the original, the James M. Cain novel: " 'Bite me! Bite me!' I bit her. I sunk my teeth into her lips so deep I could feel the blood spurt into my mouth. . . ." Or " 'Rip me! Rip me!' I ripped her. . . ." And in a way, it doesn't. The book appeared in 1934, and apparently it's been feeding the fantasies of literate sex-starved adolescents ever since. I doubt that you can put this into a movie without kidding it. The new *Postman* doesn't try. But it seems to understand that parody and passion can combine and that what they produce together may have a special power of its own.

Of course, it isn't a funny story. Frank Chambers (Jack Nicholson), a California depression bum, down on his luck, takes the job open at Nick Papadakis's roadside stop the minute he looks into the kitchen and sees Nick's young wife, Cora. The attraction is immediate, fierce, and mutual, and the pair soon begin plotting the murder of the boorish, good-natured Nick. They do it in a rigged auto accident that almost *is* an accident and that becomes, as with everything Frank and Cora do, another occasion for violent sex. With the help of a clever lawyer (Michael Lerner, a superb character performance), they beat the rap. But they don't escape their destinies. *The Postman Always Rings Twice* means to be a tragedy, a tragedy based wholly on the power of its almost inarticulate emotions.

In its return to this material after almost 40 years and three different screen treatments (including a French one and a fine Italian one by Luchino Visconti), the new movie has to keep asserting its point of view. Basically, it chooses to go whole-hog—smoldering passion, torrid sex, tight close-ups, doom-washed background music. But going whole-hog recalls old movie conventions, frames the action, and imposes a point of view.

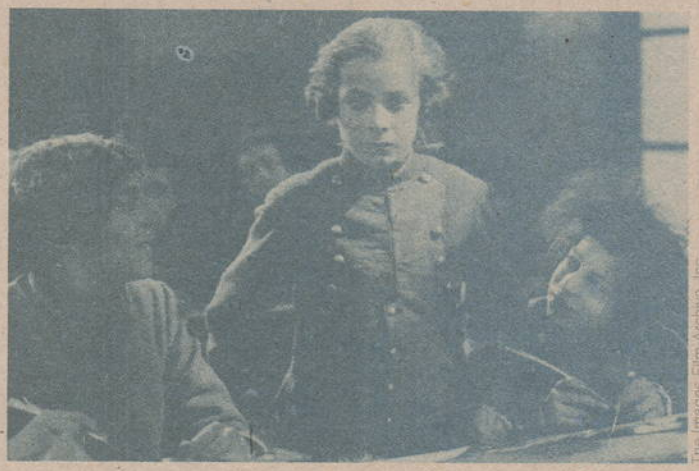
The film might have become a museum piece or a joke. That it doesn't owes a lot to the cast, especially to the ravishing Jessica Lange (a few years ago the gorilla's girl friend in *King Kong*) and perhaps even more to David Mamet, the screenwriter, Sven Nykvist, the cinematographer, and Bob Rafelson, who directed the film.

For all its heat, *The Postman Always Rings Twice* seems rather a tour de force of thoughtful movie-making. Even when it sags, as it does occasionally after the murder, it doesn't lose its credibility. And when it electrifies, with its killing and sex, it never loses self-control. Nykvist, for example, manages to turn a particularly wild tabletop orgy into an essay on the art of photographic discovery, giving up nothing in the way of eroticism or precision in the process. I can't recall being both aroused and enlightened in quite the same ways before—at least not at the movies, and certainly not at any movie by Bob Rafelson, who has usually left me indifferent (*Five Easy Pieces*) or openly annoyed (*The King of Marvin Gardens*). But here his direction is superb—precise, evocative, almost unpretentious—and I would bet that the collaboration of Rafelson with Nykvist, with Mamet, with the spirit of novelist James M. Cain, has focused talents toward some of the right ways of turning a story into a stunning motion picture.

Lange as a hash-house siren.

The Postman Always Rings Twice: *slightly ridiculous and tremendously sexy.*

Abel Gance filmed his epic ***Napoleon*** in 1927. He completed just the opening of his grand design, and of that, approximately four and one-half hours survive. To all intents and purposes, those four and one-half hours had their New York premiere this year, to sellout audiences so wildly enthusiastic you'd have thought they had just discovered film. In a sense, I guess they had. At least, they had



The Image Film Archive, Inc.

Abel Gance's Napoleon: *audacious, breathtaking images.*

discovered silent film, which everyone knows about and nobody sees, especially not the last great work of the 1920s, with all its narrative sophistication and its technical scope.

Scope happens to be the word for Abel Gance, who devised a way of filming through three synchronized cameras at once and then projecting either a three-part image or, all together, an immense panoramic scene. *Napoleon* ends with the triptych, sequences showing Bonaparte's early Italian campaign, and in the last several seconds it breaks—via tinted film stock—into the red, white, and blue tricolor of the French flag. That had the audience on its feet the night I saw it, cheering France, Napoleon, Abel Gance (now in his nineties), the live 60-piece orchestra in the pit, and the thunderous organ playing background music just to one side of the huge Radio City Music Hall stage.

The film is on tour now, with an orchestra in theaters that can handle one, with a musical sound track in theaters that can't. For anything except the standing ovation (it's tough to stand up for a recorded sound track), I doubt that the difference will matter. *Napoleon* is a grandiose film with some great moments, the greatest of which would probably register on your living-room television screen.

Consider, for example, the young Napoleon's escape from Corsica in 1793. On horseback, pursued by political enemies to the water's edge, he pushes an open boat into the surf and, having a mast but lacking a sail, raises his beloved tricolor to carry him back to France. A storm comes up. Meanwhile, the intervening titles tell us, back in Paris a "storm" is raging in the Convention. Suddenly we are passing from the sea's waves to the waves of the Revolution and back again. Both are forces of nature, and both can be conquered by Napoleon's will. We see it all through the eye of a camera that distorts the scenes to make it seem that both the raging waters and the angry populace were caught up in the circle of its lens. The association of ideas is pure hokum, but the audacity of the images is breathtaking—and on that level *Napoleon* triumphs. There are some dull stretches, but there is more to admire. On the whole, this may seem the shortest four and a half hours you've ever spent at the movies.

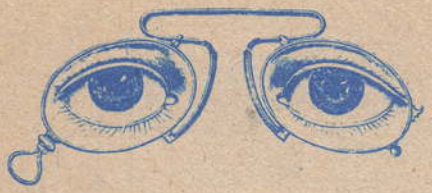
Like any major filmmaker, Gance offers as much in his intimacies as in his massive spectacles; so some of the most haunting moments have to do with the faces and features of actors: Albert Dieudonné as Napoleon; and, among the architects of the French Revolution, Edmond Van Daële as the terrible Robespierre and Abel Gance himself as the elegant, sinister Saint-Just.

One way to praise John Irvin's ***The Dogs of War*** is to mention some things it isn't. It isn't preachy or capitalist-sentimental or idealistically angry or even unduly dependent on its brutal violence to make sense. It deals with an international band of mercenaries hired to plan and stage a bloody coup in some fictional African seacoast dictatorship, where the new order will merely redirect the corrupt oppression of the old. There is, of course, an evil business organization somewhere, paying for the coup. Eventually the movie takes a moral stance (dramatically, its weakest decision), but for the most part it avoids explicit judgment. Much of the pleasure it offers comes from watching its coolness and efficiency at work.

John Irvin, who has made films for British television, has a feeling for situation and place—whether Africa, London, Paris, the more anonymous reaches of uptown New York—that seems uncanny. But he wastes no time uncovering local mood, and the whole film moves with an economy that you rarely find, especially in action movies, these days. It entertains by precisely telling its story and not by chases, killings, or other concessions to mindless spectacle.

As the American Shannon, leader of the mercenaries, Christopher Walken can for once use his strangeness to build a character rather than a fancy enigma. This is simply the best and most reasonable performance he has ever given. Colin Blakely wonderfully plays a television reporter who befriends Shannon, to his own misfortune. And there are two fine women, JoBeth Williams, in the States, and Maggie Scott, in Africa, who briefly touch his life. They have tiny roles, but maybe that's why they are so memorable in a world where everything sifts through the fingers or passes out of view.—*Roger Greenspun*

The Dogs of War *with Christopher Walken (right): businessmen, dictators, and mercenaries.*



WORDS

THE GAME OF THE NAME

If familiarity breeds contempt, then booksellers look to be in for a troubled summer. This season's emphasis is on proven winners—authors whose names are instantly recognizable to the fickle reading public. Or, as they are more commonly known, best-sellers.

This trend is apparently the future of hardcover publishing. With book prices throttled by double-digit inflation (try picking up a new title for under ten dollars), publishers are finding it increasingly difficult to lure potential readers away from the tube. Most people aren't willing to gamble big bucks on an unknown writer, and, for that matter, neither are publishers. Breaking in a newcomer costs them a minimum investment of $90,000 before a word is even printed.

Established names lower the risks involved and guarantee a sizable readership in advance of publication. Household words—like Michener, Uris, Shaw, and Wouk—have in the past kept several of the major houses out of receivership while consistently turning out novels of sweeping appeal. If the current list is any indication, it should add up to another vintage year.

Perhaps the newest addition to the Most Bankable list is James Clavell, who checks in with his eagerly awaited page-turner about Asia entitled ***Noble House*** (Delacorte). In this at times ponderous saga (which, at 1,200 pages, is as awkward to hold as it is to read), Clavell reexamines the legend handed down by Dirk Struan, *taipan* (or merchant head) of Hong Kong's Noble House several generations later. No longer bound by the laws of piracy, Ian Dunross, the latest taipan, governs his shipping empire according to the rules of the *quai-loh*—or white imperialist—in a pastiche of corporate takeovers and multinational intrigue that never seems to quit. The myriad plots, subplots, and counterplots, varnished with layers of Oriental mystique, are enough to satisfy even the most avid best-seller junkie. It's not as artistic as *Shogun* or even *Tai-Pan*, but it nevertheless registers as solid entertainment on a grand scale.

The literary ends are better left to old standbys like Gore Vidal, whose ***Creation*** (Random House) traces the daring exploits of Zoroaster's blind grandson, Cyrus, through ancient Persia and Greece; and Toni Morrison's ***Tar Baby*** (Knopf), a stunning novel of love and responsibility, in which she depicts the underlying racial tensions thwarting a series of tangled Caribbean relationships.

Morris West puts in his welcome biannual appearance with yet another moral conundrum called ***The Clowns of God*** (Morrow), about a mystical pope. And Allen Drury, whose political hypotheses are always more interesting than the real thing, returns this time with an implausible parable of the near future, about a toppling of the balance of power, in ***The Hill of Summer*** (Doubleday).

David Gambale

Another veteran, Len Deighton, has more success painting a nifty collage of subterfuge in ***XPD*** (Knopf), a thriller set in motion by the reappearance of a deadly World War II document in, of all places, Hollywood. The letter exposes a secret meeting between Adolf Hitler and Winston Churchill and contains a legacy that those who learn of the alliance must die, which, in light of the current action-adventure market, sounds like a bad case of overkill. Deighton's narrative, however, is so utterly convincing and skillful that even the most skeptical reader is soon drawn into the fold. He succeeds—where stylists like Robert Ludlum and Ken Follett flounder—solely on his staunch refusal to insult the reader's intelligence. This is superior fare, told with a real flair for suspense and emotion and a profound understanding of character.

Of course, no list would be complete without a sampling of romantic *divertissement* to while away the summer, and ***Love, Dad*** (Crown), by journeyman Evan Hunter *(The Blackboard Jungle, Strangers When We Meet, The Chisholms)*, is no exception. This is a believable but sentimental tale that meanders between episodic forays of a father-daughter misunderstanding. ***A Season of Delight*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), by Joanne Greenberg, concerns a woman's transient love for a man much younger than her husband and falls short of the tensions Greenberg so expertly achieved with *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.* Only Norma Klein's ***Domestic Arrangements*** (Evans) manages to deliver the emotional punch necessary to keep a soaper firmly planted in reality, and she does without the embellishments

Frank Carroll

Thomas Victor

James Clavell and Toni Morrison.

of soft lights, violins, and god-awful clichés. With extreme control, Klein zeroes in on the insecurities puzzling Tatiana Engleberg, a teenage nymphet who finds herself prematurely thrust into stardom, as well as experimental (though fulfilling) sex, and a family dilemma that threatens to crack open her dreamworld. Klein's books for young adults have already established her as a keen observer of such situations. *Domestic Arrangements* promises to broaden her audience but will not curry favor with literary watchdogs of the Moral Majority.

Morality, or rather a decided lack of it, has in fact served as one of the more traditional stomping grounds for habitual best-sellers in the past few years. Drugs, sex, abortion, racial unrest—they're all certified winners, and no matter what position the author takes, controversy abounds, creating instant notoriety and, ultimately, huge profits.

For a while, it looked as though we had exhausted these wonderfully lurid issues, until wife beating rushed into vogue. There have already been a number of books detailing the brutalities of married life—eyewitness accounts of women defending themselves, kidnapping their kids, or charging lovers with attempted rape. Now, Helen Yglesias provides the ultimate study of a battered wife who fights to the finish in ***Sweetsir*** (Simon & Schuster). Pushed over the edge during a brutal argument, Sally Sweetsir stabs her mulish husband to death and suffers through an equally nightmarish experience in court trying to justify her innocence. This powerful novel goes beyond the apparent act of violence in its stark examination of an eroding relationship, the suffering and humiliation, and places a frightening new emphasis on that old marriage cliché "Till death do us part."

Joy Fielding offers a suitable alternative to matrimonial bloodletting in her terribly titled ***Kiss Mommy Goodbye*** (Doubleday), a novel about a couple involved in the kidnapping of their own child. And Joe Wambaugh, who finally got tired of needling crooked cops, has a go at Hollywood's loose moral fabric this time in ***The Glitter Dome*** (Morrow), which he admits is personal revenge for their savaging the screen versions of three of his books.

Meanwhile, there are a number of young writers perched on the threshold of stardom whose latest efforts are destined to make them candidates for mass-market appeal. Most of them have enjoyed some previous success on best-seller lists. However, they're not yet in the league where their books appear regularly in supermarket display racks, in subway ads,

Dee Wambaugh

Thomas Victor

Joseph Wambaugh and James Purdy.

and—that most prized literary bastion—on the beach.

The frontrunner of that group is Eric Van Lustbader, whose last book, *The Ninja*, was a heart-stopping success about the dark world of martial arts. In ***Sirens*** (Evans), he takes a turn westward by portraying the wickedly absorbing odyssey of Daina Whitney, an actress of immense appeal, committed to codes of power and betrayal equally destructive. He examines, with considerable flair, a cartoon-like society of men and women whose art mimics their own sordid life-styles. Though not profound by any stretch of the imagination, Lustbader has a real knack for describing sex—some of the steamiest in recent fiction—and knows how to entertain with a subtle delight. Similarly, Martin Cruz Smith steps out boldly after debuting with *Nightwing*, a ridiculous, though profitable, takeoff on the *Jaws* phenomenon. ***Gorky Park*** (Random House) should just about clear the slate, as it provides us with perhaps the most extraordinary overview of Soviet Russia since *Doctor Zhivago*. A spellbinding thriller, it relates the events immediately following a Moscow policeman's discovery of three mutilated bodies and how he decides to alter their features beyond identification. This is a real winner and should take the reader by complete, and satisfying, surprise.

Another surprise is James Purdy's ***Mourner Below*** (Viking), a paradox about cloistered youth that is likely to be the best-seller novel he so rightfully deserves. Set in the subtle grip of postwar America, Purdy penetrates the all-too-comfortable world of a formless teenager who comes of age following the death of his brothers. Purdy's stylistic legerdemain enhances the impact of what is absolute seriousness below the surface. This novelist writes lucidly of things that are uncomfortably close to home.—*Bob Spitz*

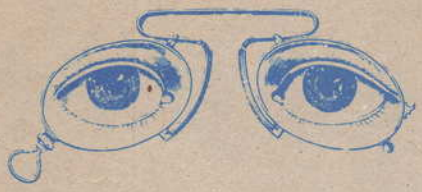
SOUNDS

ALL IN THE SAME BOAT

"A little coffee, a little whiskey, that's what we need. We'll mix it." **Ry Cooder,** ace guitarist and champion of Hawaiian, Tex-Mex, and other underexposed American ethnic modes of music, sat back in the chair and loosened his muffler while the Warner Brothers executive whose office we had just commandeered went off in search of the required liquids.

Slowly, as he began to feel the heat, Cooder peeled off layers of insulation; he had just arrived in New York to give a series of concerts, and like most Los Angeles natives, he likes to avoid feeling cold. "Ah," he sighed when the Scotch and coffee were produced. He looked at the bottle and the steaming cup, his gunmetal-gray eyes twinkling, and then he liberally spiked the coffee.

Cooder keeps spiking his music with potent, exotic ingredients. He's been recording for Warner Brothers since 1970, and his albums have included guest appearances by black gospel singers, Mexican accordionists from southern Texas, jazz players, musicians from the Caribbean—the list goes on. The only constant has been his distinctive, bluesy slide guitar playing. Early albums like *Boomer's Story* and *Into the Purple Valley* won him a devoted cult following, but lately he's been reaching a much broader audience in the United States and Europe through his albums, his tours, and his much-admired sound-

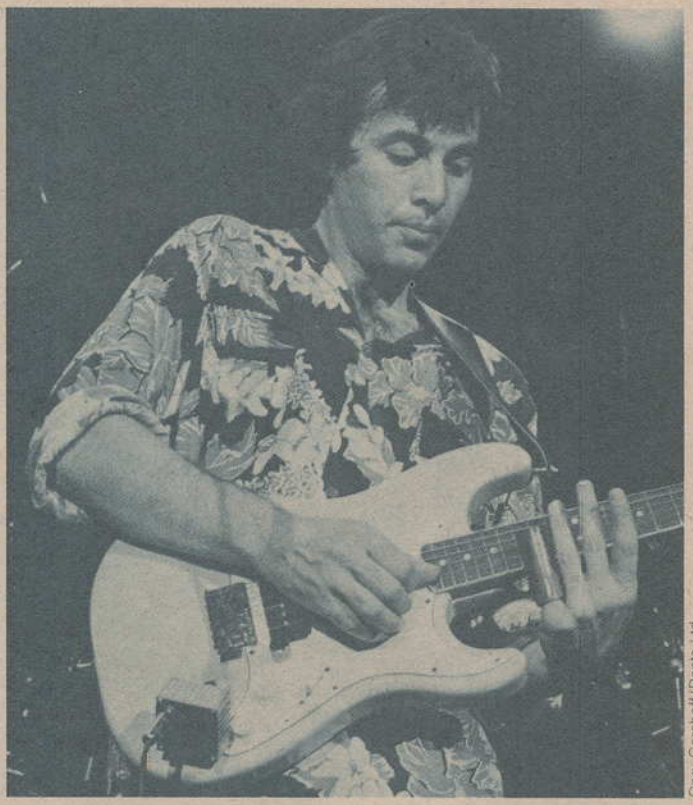


track music for Walter Hill's *The Long Riders* and the new Jack Nicholson film, *The Border*. "And I think this music will take on more and more significance if we get into really depressed economic times," he proposed as he swished coffee and whiskey around in his Styrofoam cup. "It's we-are-all-in-the-same-boat music."

"This music" is a grab bag of American roots styles, from black blues and gospel to various regional and ethnic strains. Cooder plays it all and insists that it's essentially the same thing. "I'm not as 'eclectic' as people think," he snorted when that dread word was broached. "I play the way I play, and I can't play anything else, so to me it's all the same stuff. When you see it live and then hear it on a record, there isn't a big difference. The musicians go into the studio, and they sound good; they go out to the beer joint and sound good; they play in the house and sound good. The music *always works*. And it's very self-contained. You don't have to resort to using violins to make it sound pretty or trumpets to make it sound dramatic. You find ways to make a few guys cover a lot of ground musically, and it'll work every time. And all these things are as true of Tex-Mex accordion music as they are of Louisiana Cajun music or rhythm-and-blues."

Cooder was born in Los Angeles in 1947. His parents were lovers of classical music, but some of their "progressive" friends were folk music buffs, and by the time Ry was 12 he was listening to Big Joe Williams and other folk-blues guitarists and trying to play their slippery, snaking riffs on a guitar. Even then, he says, he knew that copying wouldn't be enough. "I wanted to extend that music, contribute to it," he said, "and I knew that meant doing something new to it. I would listen to those Big Joe Williams records and think about how wobbly and funny-sounding they were, and what if you made a rock-'n'-roll record that sounded like that?"

In the mid-sixties, Ry joined the Rising Suns, a seminal Los Angeles blues-rock band that included future folk star Taj Mahal. Cooder had become a masterful exponent of slide guitar—the player frets the instrument with a metal or glass cylinder, producing a moaning, voicelike sound. The fact that he could reproduce slide guitar solos from traditional blues records impressed the Rising Suns. And the fact that he wasn't content to reproduce them without adding something of his own impressed Captain Beefheart. The Captain, whose real name is Don Van Vliet, was organizing a kind of surrealist blues band, one with thrashing rhythms and guitar parts in several clashing keys supporting howled stream-of-consciousness vocals. Cooder joined Beefheart's Magic Band and stayed long enough to play slide on the group's first album, *Safe as Milk*, now considered a rock classic.



Gary Gershoff/Retna Ltd.

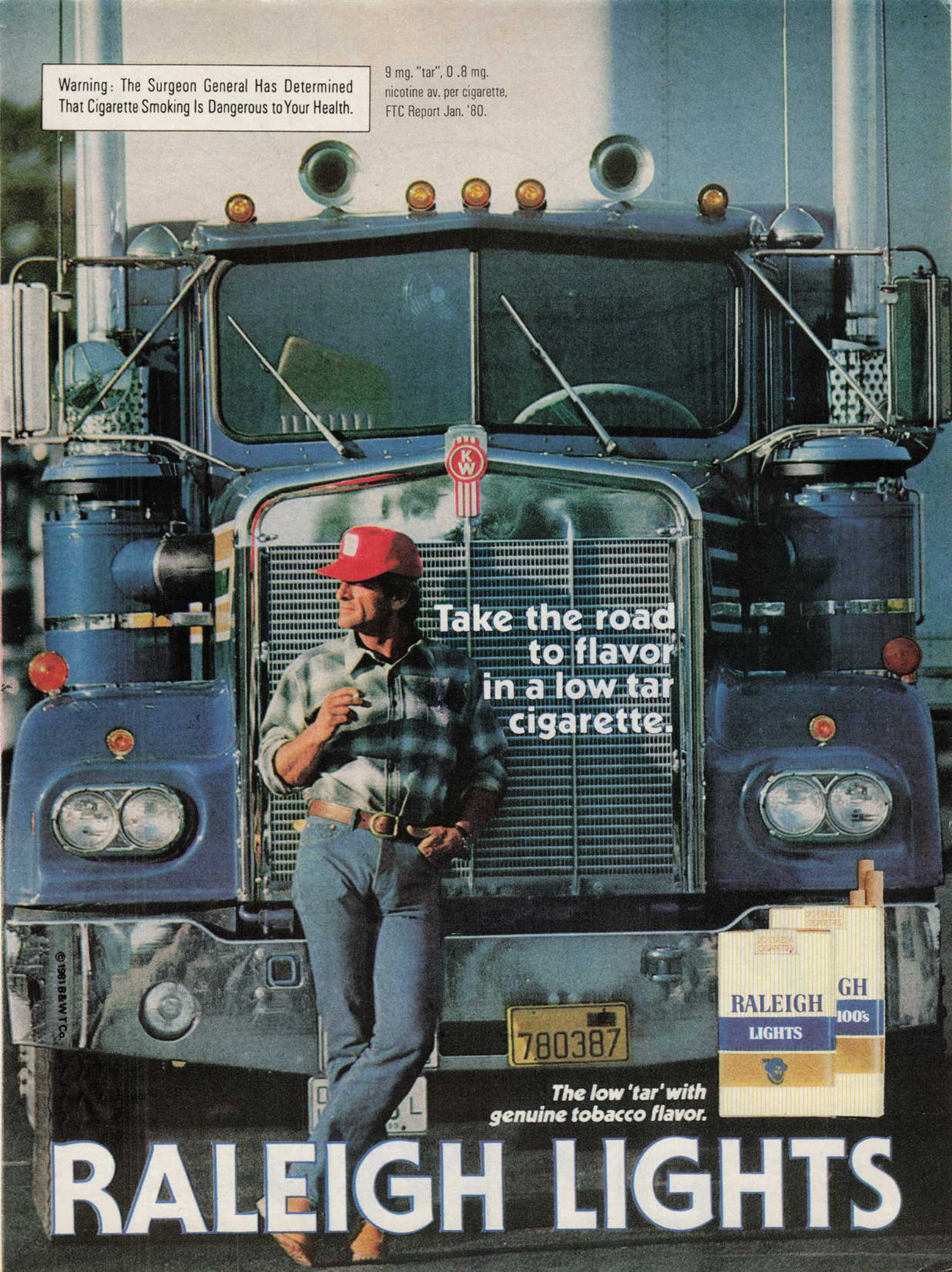
Ry Cooder: "I'm not as eclectic as people think."

This exposure brought Cooder work as a studio musician. He had never thought about that kind of career, and when he began getting calls to play on all sorts of rock and pop records, he was puzzled. "Finally," he said, grinning, "I figured out that people just like the sound of something sliding. There are just certain sounds that people love. We know they love distortion; the day the guy kicked a hole in his amplifier, he sold a million records. They love tremolo and vibrato, and they love sliding." The apex of Cooder's session career came when the Rolling Stones invited him to England to play and his work was featured on the soundtrack for the film *Performance*.

Studio work kept Cooder going through most of the seventies. "For a long time," he noted, "my records didn't make money, and nobody seemed to care. I wondered if there was any reason for me to keep on doing what I was doing. But I knew the music was worthwhile, and anyway it was the only thing I knew how to do." Gradually, his audience grew, and he guided his listeners through a crash course in little-known folk and popular styles. When he heard Flaco Jiminez, the celebrated Tex-Mex accordian player, he knew he had to use him on a record. "What difference does it make that he's a Mexican playing a despised instrument," Cooder wanted to know, "if it *sounds* good?" He also collaborated with several Hawaiian guitarists and a remarkable folk-gospel guitarist who is from the Bahamas, Joseph Spence, whose album *Living on the Hallelujah Side* (Rounder) is required listening for Cooder fans.

These days Cooder works with a tight rock-'n'-roll rhythm section and two black vocalists, Bobby King and Willie Green, who are steeped in gospel and soul. The team first clicked on last year's *Bop Till You Drop*, probably Ry Cooder's best album and the first digitally recorded rock LP. The collaboration has continued on the recent *Borderline*, which finds Ry and company tackling a Wilson Pickett soul classic, a fifties "doo-wop" song originally recorded by the Cadillacs, fifties rhythm-and-blues, Tex-Mex, and various indescribable blendings. His singing, which was tentative for several years, has grown much more confident, though he leaves the more difficult lead parts to King, Green, and the young white singer-guitarist who tours with him, John Hiatt.

"Bobby, Willie, and John bring out the emotional aspect of the songs, which is very important," Cooder said as he finished off his coffee and began wrapping himself in his muffler and parka again. He was getting ready to play two nights at New York's Ritz, halfway through a tour that had taken him across Europe and would eventually deposit him back in Los Angeles. "You know, this kind of music—soul, Tex-Mex, and all the rest—is *direct*. When you sing and play it, people don't have to guess or figure out what you're saying. Everybody *knows* what you're talking about. The music just grabs people. I'm not the guy who can get to the essence of these songs just by opening his mouth, so I'm not the lead singer. But I'm the ringleader. I control all the elements and keep them balanced, which is where the fun is for me."—*Robert Palmer*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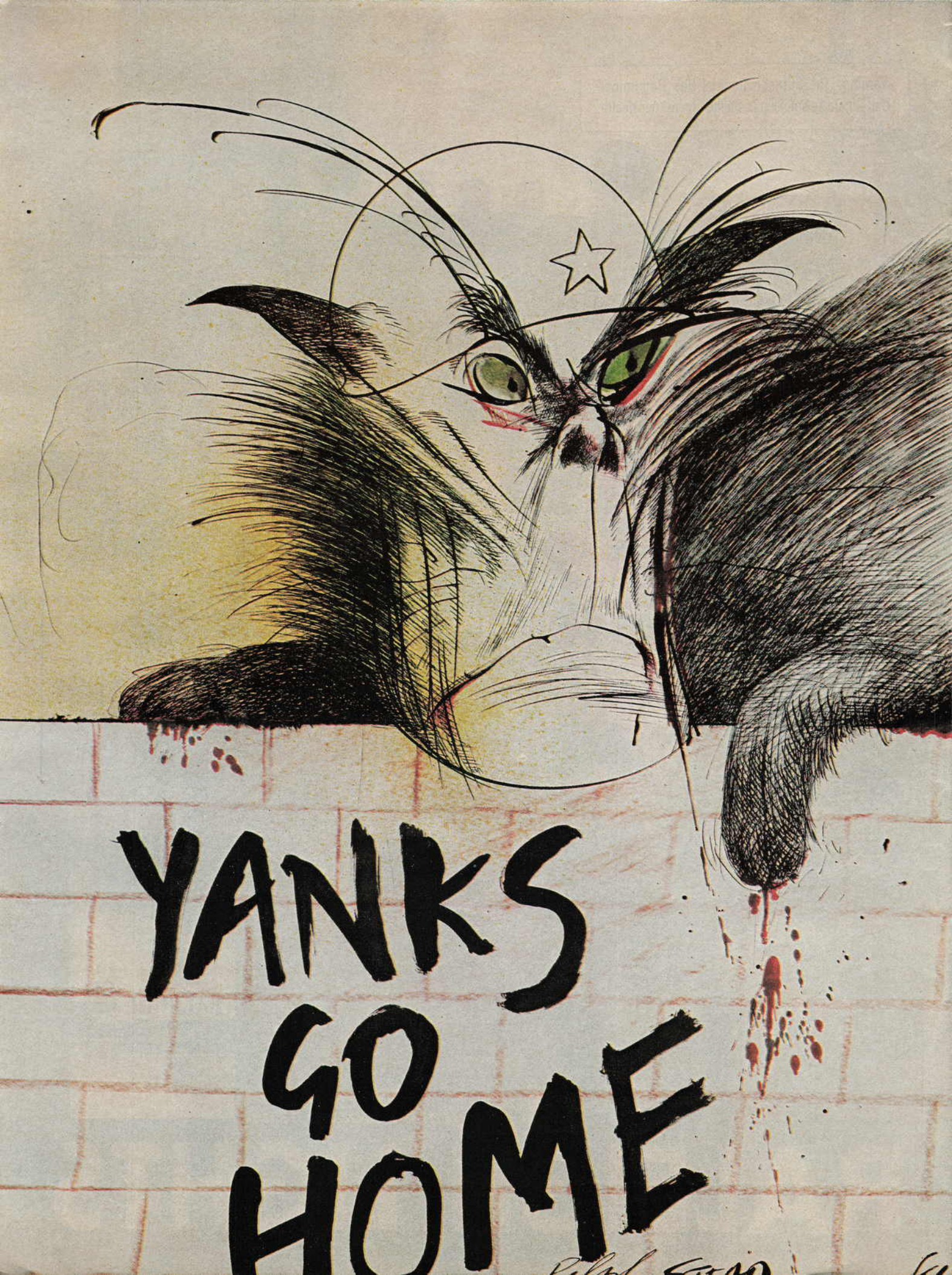
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PART ONE

America's foreign policy
and national security are now in the
hands of a militant fanatic
and an accused influence peddler.

THE PRESIDENT'S MEN

BY JEFF STEIN

ALEXANDER HAIG

January 20, 1981: hardly had Ronald Reagan lifted his hand from the inaugural Bible on the steps of the Capitol when Alexander Haig was tapping his feet outside the doors of the White House Oval Office. Erect, impatient, Haig had in his hands a sheaf of memos that, with the new president's signature, would have immediately consolidated the foreign-policy machinery of the government in the office of the secretary of state.

The president's top aide, Ed Meese, and the national security adviser, Richard Allen, managed to rebuff Haig temporarily that day, but the general was back with his track shoes on the next week for a sprint through the White House staff that would likely establish his style and authority for the next four, perhaps eight, years. New Right former congressman David Stockman, now the Office of Management and Budget chief, had taken aim at the foreign-aid "giveaway," a traditionally favorite target of conservative ideologues. He announced that he intended to slash it to a pittance in one of the Reagan administration's first swipes at the federal budget. But Haig, knowing that he who pays the bills can turn up the heat in the world, rustled up Washington's foreign-aid bureaucracy to dump all over Stockman. Within 48 hours the White House let it be known that it was "reconsidering" the budget cuts. Stockman is probably still wondering how the cleat marks got on his back.

This is Clawhammer. Nobody is giving out any tapes until I get back and can talk turkey about whatever it is. Nobody, I repeat, no one is to have access to any tapes, any tapes, until we get back and can discuss it and see what the problem is. Over.—Radio message intercepted by an Israeli citizen in June 1974

Air Force One slashed through the night over the Red Sea on a diplomatic mission, carrying a desperate Richard Nixon. It was June 1974. Washington churned behind him with a flood of leaked memos, defecting confidants, and a throbbing demand for impeachment. In *Air Force One*'s control room, Alexander Haig, then a 39-year-old colonel hardly known outside the inner Washington power establishment, received a flash message from the White House, 7,000 miles away. The second special prosecutor in the Watergate Investigation, Leon Jaworski, was closing in on 64 White House tapes, asking for copies of previously released ones while appealing to the Supreme Court for others. The White House staff wanted instructions.

Al Haig—"Clawhammer" in radio code jargon—received the message but did not go forward in the cabin to ask President Nixon what to do. He made an instant command decision high over the Middle East: "No one is giving out any tapes."

Fourteen months later, according to all accounts, Al Haig persuaded Richard Nixon to walk away from the Oval Office. It is commonly accepted that Haig had been running the government for the past few months, anyway. Yet the man who had greased the ways for Nixon's swift slide from power once the fatally incriminating tapes had been pried loose was praised by Nixon himself—as well as by

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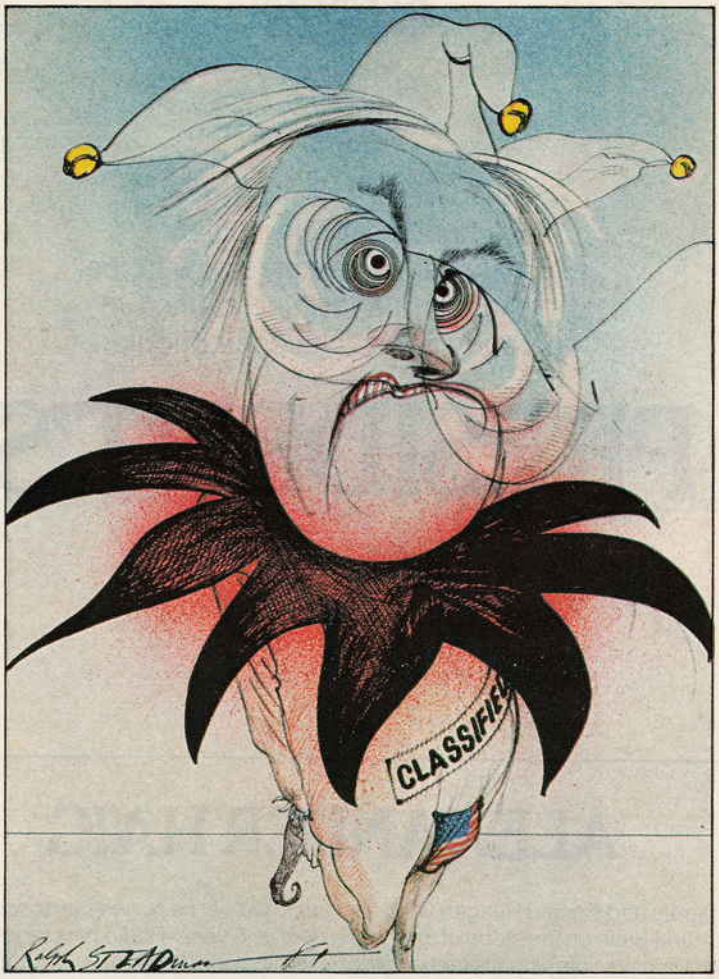
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RALPH STEADMAN

RICHARD ALLEN

President Reagan's national security adviser, Richard V. Allen, is in many ways typical of the men who have held this job. Like his predecessors Walt Rostow, Henry Kissinger, and Zbigniew Brzezinski, Allen is a hard-line conservative on foreign affairs who sees the Soviet Union and its alleged military gains as America's chief problem in the 1980s. Like the others, he has pledged to be simply an adviser to the president, one whose views on foreign policy will not dominate those of the secretary of state. ("You're seeing a disappearing act right now," he told reporters when his appointment was announced. But, unlike his predecessors, Allen enters office publicly charged with being an influence peddler and backstairs operator.



Fortunately for Allen, the post of national security adviser does not require Senate confirmation, and so he has avoided a full investigation into these charges. But when the *Wall Street Journal* raised many of these issues shortly before last year's presidential election, Allen was forced to resign from the Reagan campaign. Two days after Reagan's triumphal landslide, Allen was back. Reagan's people said that they had looked into the matter and that Allen was clean.

"It's really very funny," Allen said, chuckling, when I asked him about his shady reputation. "I have to laugh at it time and again. I don't know where it comes from. There are people, apparently, I knew from my first year of business who didn't know what I did."

He is leaning forward in his office, with a family portrait—wife and seven children—behind the desk made from a ship hatch, a reminder of his home on Long Beach Island, N.J. He is a devout Catholic, and a laminated Saint Francis prayer card sticks out of his shirt pocket. He is warm, garrulous, and charming, enjoying the political give-and-take. He reminds the visitor that he lives in middle-class Arlington, Va.—"in a good old Republican brick house"—not in Georgetown.

Allen's imitation of Richard Nixon's "Checkers Speech" also serves as a reminder of Nixon's own constant denials of guilt in the Watergate affair. But it is extremely unlikely that Allen's full story will ever be told. If the charges against him were proved in court, Allen would face:

•A fine of up to $5,000 plus up to three years in prison for violating the Logan Act, which forbids American citizens from interfering with foreign policy by communicating privately with foreign governments

•A fine of up to $10,000 plus up to five years in prison for failing to register as a foreign agent

But whether or not the full truth about Allen is ever proved, the fact that Reagan has appointed him to one of our country's most sensitive positions is a depressing indication that the days of Watergate may not be behind us.

Allen's reputation as a shadowy operator first emerged from an account by *Harper's Magazine* Washington editor Jim Hougan in his 1977 book *Spooks*, which exposed both Allen's ties to renegade financier Robert Vesco and his reputed attempt to shake down Grumman aircraft executive Thomas P. Cheatham, Jr., for $1 million in exchange for Nixon administration help with Japanese government contracts. During this period Allen held a variety of White House jobs. He had left the National Security Council (NSC) slot as a Kissinger deputy after only ten months in 1969 but during the Vesco and Grumman affairs had returned as a *per diem* trade consultant.

Last summer *Mother Jones* editor Jeffrey Klein considerably sharpened the focus of the Allen-Vesco relationship, reporting that Allen had taken Vesco attorney Howard Cerny—from whom Allen had received a $60,000 retainer—to the offices of now-CIA chief William Casey, then the head of the Securities and Exchange Commission. At the time Vesco was having considerable difficulties with the SEC from its probe of his looting of the infamous I.O.S. mutual fund company. When Cerny began to plead Vesco's case, Allen later explained, he left the room in great embarrassment.

But what's a little incident like that between friends? Allen and Cerny continued to share downtown Washington offices, and Casey let it go.

One of Vesco's pet ideas was to create an international tax haven, and in 1974 Allen found an opening. It was then that Allen got involved with a plot, hatched by a weird cabal of gangsters, right-wing operatives, and an intelligence-connected aide to Strom Thurmond, to overthrow the Azorean government.

As the story goes, the group wanted to overthrow the colonial island government as a left-wing government came to power in Portugal, replacing it with a bunch of Mafia stooges who would open the doors to casinos. To this end, the group recruited a mercenary army of exile Azoreans in southeastern Massachusetts. Eventually, however, the Azorean freedom fighters learned that they were being taken for a ride and bowed out. Allen's part in this, according to the accounts, was to rally the exiles to a fever pitch with a speech in New Bedford and make representations on their behalf at the State Department. He was soon declared *persona non grata* there and subsequently wrote a six-page unanswered apology to Kissinger.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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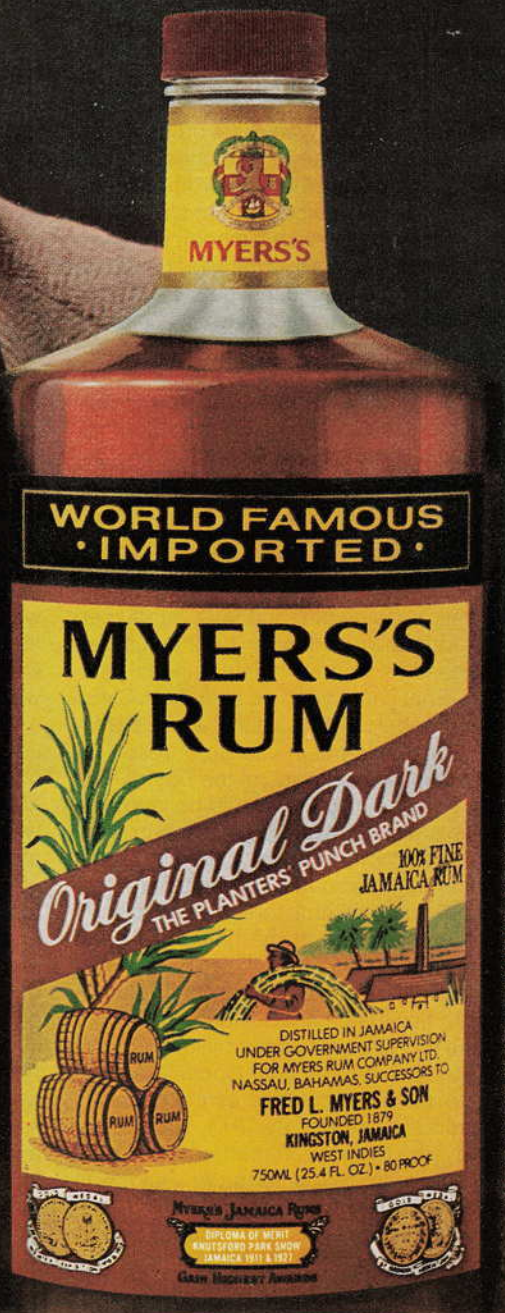

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HAIG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

Jaworski—when his name surfaced as a candidate to be the fifty-ninth secretary of state.

Such is the nature of Alexander Haig's sustaining power through two decades of service to four presidents, from John Kennedy to Gerald Ford, and now Ronald Reagan. The quintessential military-staff man, Al Haig owes his success as much to an expected ability to please his bosses as to an uncanny knack to impress or overpower his adversaries. But these are skills almost entirely honed within the corridors of the Washington bureaucracy, a power aerie where one's most valuable tool is an intuition for deception and the fatal flaw an impulse of honesty.

The major hallmarks of Alexander Haig's career were fashioned in some of the country's most ignominious episodes: the clandestine effort to overthrow an elected government in Chile; the secret bombing of Cambodia; and the various chapters of Watergate, including, but not limited to, the wiretapping of journalists and government officials without warrants; various efforts to derail or limit investigations of the Watergate break-in and provide hush money to defendants; and the deal that made Gerald Ford president.

It would seem to be a curious evolution in a life that began with the homespun values of holding down a newspaper route and working as a security guard in a local department store in suburban Philadelphia. From private school there, Haig enrolled as a freshman at Notre Dame, but the following year, 1944, he won an appointment to West Point. Shortly after that, Haig moved onto the fast track of "defense intellectuals" who would come to prominence with the Cold War. In 1947 he served as an aide to Gen. Douglas MacArthur in Japan and Korea. By 1954 he was back in the classroom with a graduate course at Columbia, and later he studied at Georgetown, where in 1962 he earned his master's degree in international relations. That same year, as an aide to Cyrus Vance and Joseph Califano at the Pentagon, Haig was put in charge of resettling the ransomed veterans of the Bay of Pigs fiasco, some of whom would be jailed ten years later in the Watergate break-in. Vietnam required an officer to get his "ticket punched," and so Al Haig went there, too, commanding combat forces as an infantry lieutenant colonel at the battle of Ap Gu in 1967.

Haig's career moved into high gear in 1969, however, when Henry Kissinger chose him to be his senior military adviser on the National Security Council, a position in which he doubled as the council's executive secretary. By 1971, with Kissinger eyeing the State Department in a possible second Nixon term, Al Haig was appointed deputy assistant to the president for national security affairs. During his White House service in this period, Haig was entrusted with some of the administration's most sensitive foreign-policy maneuvers, including the secret Vietnam peace negotiations and the opening to China, according to his official biography. The biography does not mention his role in the bombing of Cambodia or the efforts, first, to short-circuit Salvador Allende's election in Chile in 1970 and, then, in 1973, to overthrow him.

The Republican majority of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that passed judgment on Haig's record was not eager, as a majority, to examine Haig's role in these episodes. Typical was Sen. Jesse Helms's gentle prodding of Haig on the subject of Chile. "There is one final thing," Helms drawled. "Much has been said here in these hearings about Chile. That is the basis of some of the opposition to your nomination, General."

"One point I would like to make," Haig responded, winding up to smack Helms's softball out of the park, "now that this question again has resurfaced—and I think it is vitally important that we all recognize that the demise, if you will, or the expulsion of the Allende regime in Chile was the consequence of action taken by the Chilean people. That sometimes gets lost in these exchanges. . . . He [Allende] was a failure."

> Haig never hesitated to interfere with government and judicial investigations of Watergate, which came to include the question of Nixon's finances.

A neat finesse. To date, no one has uncovered *direct* U.S. participation in the final coup of September 11, 1973, which culminated in Allende's death while he was in the hands of the traitors' security forces, but Alexander Haig played a key role for three years in clandestine U.S. efforts to nurture the economic and political anarchy in Chile that undermined the government, and he had firsthand knowledge of U.S. involvement with disloyal top officers in the Chilean military.

On March 25, 1970, the cabinet-level Forty Committee in the Nixon White House approved a "spoiling" effort to abort Allende's electoral victory. In this effort, and in the future, Haig, according to knowledgeable sources, served as liaison between the National Security Council Staff and the CIA. Meanwhile, the CIA had developed contacts with fascist military officers in Chile who wanted to stop Allende. In October the CIA officer in charge of the plotting, Thomas Karamessines, met with Kissinger and Haig at the White House to discuss the situation. At issue was a coup plan by Gen. Roberto Viaux to murder top officers loyal to the Chilean constitution. Viaux, according to the CIA cable dated October 13, 1970, "appears to be the only military leader willing to block Allende." But other Chilean officers in contact with the CIA reported that Viaux might be a bad candidate to lead the revolt, "a general without an army," as one put it.

Haig, Kissinger, and Karamessines decided to stall Viaux and look for someone better. They discussed "the general situation in Chile from the coup possibility viewpoint," according to their own memorandum, later obtained by the Church Committee. They decided to send Viaux a message that would say, in effect: "We have reviewed your plans, and based on your information and ours, we come to the conclusion that your plans for a coup at this time cannot succeed. Failing, they may reduce your capabilities in the future. Preserve your assets. We will stay in touch. The time will come when you with all your other friends can do something. You will continue to have our support."

The CIA, with Haig's direct knowledge, in that he had become the Chilean plot "executive officer" in Kissinger's many absences during this period, continued with other efforts to forestall Allende's assumption of power but failed. It was then decided that a "Track II" of continuing covert action against Chile would be continued. Meanwhile, a group of officers associated with Viaux, encouraged by the CIA, attempted to kidnap the chief of the Chilean Army, Gen. René Schneider, and in the ensuing skirmish, Schneider was killed. The plotters used weapons supplied by the CIA.

According to the testimony of Karamessines to the Senate Intelligence Committee, he "would have" told Haig about the plan that ended in Schneider's assassination at an October 19 White House meeting, three days before it happened.

Haig denied any knowledge of the Schneider kidnap plan. He and Kissinger both told the Intelligence Committee that they "were neither informed of, nor authorized, CIA Track II activities, including the kidnap plans for General Schneider."

"By contrast," the Intelligence Committee reported, "CIA officials testified they operated before and after October 15 with the knowledge and approval of the White House."

Haig's full testimony to the Intelligence Committee has never been made public, and he balked at discussing details before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which clearly had the majority to confirm him despite earlier hopes that the nomination might be blocked.

From his Pentagon experience, Haig would have known where a lot of bodies

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were buried in the Chilean experience, and it was much his style to keep his mouth shut—for then. As Massachusetts Sen. Paul Tsongas put it: "I suspect Haig knows where a lot of these dishonesties are, and he's holding them as chits to use in the future." Still, Tsongas tried to elicit Haig's view on the sanctity of international conventions and treaties signed by the United States. After all, he noted, "You will be secretary of state of all the people."

"[It] has got to be viewed in the context of a host of other countervening pressures and countervening imperatives," Haig responded. "And I don't think you, Senator, or anyone else in this room would want a rigid, legalistic preoccupation which does not assess exigencies of the moment or particular events which represent American interests."

Haig's convoluted response nevertheless revealed the likely shape of his own foreign policy for the 1980s: a return to the tool of covert political and economic action to prevent challenges to short-term American political and business interests.

"I cannot conceive," Haig not long ago stated, "of situations in which this government will condone or tolerate externally supported so-called movements of liberation. . . ." To Haig, all the world is a Cold War chessboard, with every piece a pawn in the global struggle with the U.S.S.R. If a regional situation tips against traditional U.S. interests, then it must by necessity be to the advantage of the Russians. Such an equation cannot easily take into account the current situation in, say, Angola, where Cuban troops guard Gulf Oil's refinery at Cabinda against attacks from the UNITA forces of Jonas Savimbi, whom the Reagan administration would like to secretly support.

Clearly, Haig and company are looking about for a theater in which they can display their compulsion to make war against those who would dare to challenge American power. Central America has already emerged as the target of Haig's confrontational itch, in a pattern reminiscent of his arduous support of Kissinger's policies in Cambodia.

From the beginning, Haig was deeply involved in top-level decision making that led to the "secret" bombing campaign in 1969, the coup that toppled Prince Norodom Sihanouk in 1970, and the subsequent U.S.–South Vietnamese invasion that congealed a revolutionary movement under Pol Pot. Haig was present at the 1969 Pentagon breakfast meeting in which the bombing campaign was discussed and gave orders to the few military officials involved that they keep the attacks not only outside of regular channels but also secret from the State Department and Congress as well. On trips to Cambodia he excluded the U.S. chargé d'affaires from meetings with Lon Nol and refused to tell him what transpired afterward. All along, throughout White House and Pentagon strategy meetings on Indochina, participants say, Haig consistently fought for harsher military tactics in a war from which American diplomats sought disengagement.

Apparently untroubled by the continuing calamity in Cambodia that flows directly from the Kissinger-Haig strategy, Haig refused to recant his support for the secret bombing in his testimony to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Because the War Powers Act had been subsequently passed to prevent such an abuse of power again, Haig breezily asserted that any more discussion on the topic would be "irrelevant."

Eagerly participating in hoaxes on the Congress, the State Department, and the American people while aggressively pursuing military solutions in Chile and Indochina, his career rapidly advancing in direct relation to his willingness to carry out the dirty work of his superiors, Haig, not surprisingly, was entrusted with delicate chores for Nixon and Kissinger during the Watergate period.

One day in May 1973, Nixon and H. R. Haldeman relaxed for a moment from the strains of holding off the Congress, the special prosecutor, and the press in the Watergate affair. Leaning back in the Oval Office, the secret taping system silently recording their conversation, the two men turned their thoughts to Alexander Haig,

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then army vice-chief of staff, who had testified on the government's behalf in the California trial of Dr. Daniel Ellsberg. Haig had been one of a tiny circle of men who were aware of the warrantless wiretaps carried out by the White House against 17 government officials, journalists, and Ellsberg. Indeed, as in the Chilean destabilization campaign, Haig had been the "action officer" for the wiretaps on Nixon and Kissinger's behalf. The government had sworn in pretrial motions that it held no information on Ellsberg gathered from wiretaps. Haig, of course, did not volunteer his knowledge of government misconduct in his trial testimony.

"Haig did a great job out there," Haldeman observed to Nixon.

For the next 16 months, as Nixon's "interim" chief of staff, Haig continued to do "a great job." From May 22, 1973, when he, two White House lawyers, and two Nixon speech writers prepared a "national security" rationale for the wiretappings, break-ins, and efforts to get the CIA to block the FBI investigation, until the Supreme Court commanded unanimously that Nixon turn over the tapes, thus precipitating his resignation, Al Haig coordinated the president's defense.

In this mission, repeating a pattern that ostensibly qualified him for the job in the first place, Haig went to extraordinary lengths to deceive Nixon's friends and adversaries alike. On June 4, 1973, for example, Nixon informed Haig of his "one problem . . . the goddamn conversation of March 21," recorded on the tapes. That was when, Nixon told Haig, he had discussed clemency for the Watergate burglars with John Dean. Five months later, however, when briefing Capitol Hill Republicans after the existence of the taping system had become known, Haig insisted that the crucial conversation would turn out to be "exculpatory." That was the so-called Operation Candor, designed by Haig. In November White House lawyers who had been listening and reviewing the Oval Office tapes informed Haig of their specific substance.

"I would say these people are going to cost a million dollars over the next two years," Dean had said of the burglars.

"We could get that," Nixon replied. "I . . . I mean, you could get the money. . . . You could get a million dollars. And you could get it in cash."

On December 22 Haig took a heavily edited transcript of the conversation to Pennsylvania GOP Sen. Hugh Scott, a wavering Nixon supporter who had urged that the tapes be released, since they were, as Haig has assured him months earlier, "exculpatory." In exchange for Scott's pledge that he would not say he had seen the transcripts, Haig laid the notebooks on his desk. Before Scott had a chance to finish reading, however, Haig took them back and left the office. Similar transcripts were prepared by Haig for the House Judiciary Committee.

Nor did Haig hesitate to interfere with other government and judicial investigations of "Watergate," which came to include the question of Nixon's finances. On May 23, 1973, for example, shortly after Haig joined the White House staff, he called Treasury Secretary William E. Simon to inquire about the status of an IRS investigation of "Bebe" Rebozo, Nixon's confidant. In July Haig asked Attorney General Elliot Richardson to rein in Archibald Cox's investigation of Nixon's finances; Haig thought the probe "irrelevant" to Watergate matters. And on April 30, 1974, Haig asked Deputy Attorney General Laurence Silberman whether he could obtain from the special prosecutor's files memos that would show Archibald Cox had coached John Dean in his testimony. Silberman refused. Haig's "demand for internal memos from the special prosecutor's office" was "unprecedented," he remarked.

Finally, Haig, reflecting Nixon's wishes, tired of Archibald Cox and moved to get rid of him. Richardson and his deputy, William Ruckelshaus, refused to fire him. In the incident that famously became known as the "Saturday Night Massacre," Haig reiterated his demand to Ruckelshaus.

> On the night of the Saturday Night Massacre, Washington turned into a garrison town, and Al Haig was its military governor.

"Well, you know what it means when an order comes down from the commander in chief and a member of the team can't execute it," Haig said. Ruckelshaus told him to go to hell. Haig finally found Solicitor General Robert Bork to fire Cox. Minutes later, teams of FBI agents were sent to the special prosecutor's office on K Street to impound the files. Washington had turned into a garrison town that night, and Al Haig was its military governor.

It is commonly thought that Haig kept the government functioning through those last eerie months as Richard Nixon slipped into drink and despair, that he discreetly pried the wobbly, distraught president's fingers from the nuclear button while paving the way for Gerald Ford's assumption of power and Nixon's escape from a jail term.

"Nothing on the battlefield was as tough as this," Haig later reflected. "Nor did I ever see more human tragedy. But if I had to do it again, I would do it—to preserve the procedures of our Constitution."

That Haig insistently sought to subvert the separation of powers under that same constitution during his 16 months of service to Richard Nixon's Watergate stonewalling left the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee generally ambivalent about Haig's performance in the pardon episode. Haig, after all, had rid the nation of Nixon in its darkest hour.

Sen. Lowell Weicker, Jr., of Connecticut, a Republican, took issue with that analysis. "Lastly, for those who express a special debt of gratitude to General Haig for helping to edge Richard Nixon toward the exits," Weicker said, "if such did indeed take place, I would be far more grateful had such action been motivated by principle rather than politics or the proximity of impeachment. The ability to bail out adroitly is only second best to avoiding the necessity of bailing out at all. That should apply internationally as well as domestically."

The gray stone walls of the U.S. Military Academy loom on the Palisades over the Hudson River in New York, a portrait of the permanency of the army, and war itself. "Duty, honor, country," a testimony of General MacArthur, is inscribed on the academy chapel's walls.

Thirteen years ago Alexander Haig commanded the corps of cadets as West Point's superintendent. One young cadet, Lucian Truscott IV, the latest in a line of illustrious military men in the family, had filed a complaint with the inspector general, questioning West Point's practice of automatically deducting chapel donations from cadets' pay. Alexander Haig's response to Truscott's inquiry is instructive: he threatened the cadet with dismissal if he didn't withdraw the complaint.

Employing the same tactics of intimidation and deception over the next decade, Alexander Haig is now America's face on the world as its foreign-policy steward. As he is jokingly (but not openly) referred to in State Department corridors, Haig is now "CINC, World" (Commander In Chief, World). Such an elevation fails to be a source of humility for him, however.

Why is it so hard for you to make a judgment on Nixon and Kissinger after all these years and on your own conduct? Haig was asked in his confirmation hearings. "It seems to me," Sen. Joseph Biden observed, "you had the same obligation . . . to make a moral judgment as an individual whether or not what you were being asked to do or [were] participating in was right or wrong."

Haig smiled slightly, folded his hands on the table in front of him, and looked directly into Biden's eyes. "Maybe," he said, "that is part of the difference between your moral code and mine, Senator. My moral code tells me it would be inappropriate for me to do it. And I am sorry; that is just an inherent aspect of my character, for which I am willing to take whatever judgment you care to apply."

ALLEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Allen no doubt had picked up finesse of this sort in his first job after leaving the NSC, one that eventually led to the Vesco connection. In 1969, while maintaining his White House ties on the President's Commission on International Trade and Investment Policy, Allen went to work for International Resources, Ltd., John King's vast oil and gas conglomerate that battled Bernard Cornfeld for control of I.O.S. King was later convicted of stock fraud. From his personal experience during the negotiations in Geneva, Allen recounted with great relish to me the "wild" takeover bid of I.O.S. but emphatically noted that the SEC never implicated him in any wrongdoing.

Back at the White House in 1971, as as deputy assistant to Nixon for trade matters, Allen persuaded maritime and dockworkers union chiefs to drop their longtime demand that 50 percent of American grain sales be carried in U.S. ships in exchange for promises "to revitalize merchant shipping"—as it was reported at the time—and as a prerequisite to successful conclusion of the $136 million Russian wheat deal.

In a more curious matter months later, Allen is said to have tried to shake loose a $1 million contribution to the Nixon reelection campaign from Grumman Aircraft, which was anxious for White House help to outmaneuver Lockheed in Japanese sales. According to the testimony of Grumman executive Thomas P. Cheatham, under oath in 1976, Allen had told him, "People that he and the White House made an effort for should be grateful, [and] in these terms, contributions to the Fund for the Reelection of the President would be very much in order." Allen denied the allegation under oath, but in several press accounts, Cheatham has stuck to his guns. In any event, further investigation was halted.

This second White House fling lasted a year. On August 1, 1972, Allen left the full-time staff to form his own consulting company, Potomac International, but from then to July 1, 1973, he was retained by the White House as a *per diem* consultant to the "Office of Special Projects."

Several of his private clients—whom he steadfastly refuses to name—were Japanese. One of them was Nissan Motors, the maker of Datsun, but the relationship went back a few years. According to Jonathan Kwitny, of the *Wall Street Journal,* who wrote the story that forced Allen off the campaign briefly in November:

"In 1970, while Allen was between government jobs but a member of the President's Commission on International Trade, he wrote a series of letters to a Japanese business consultant, bragging about the rise of protectionist sentiment in the United States, suggesting the need for a high-powered Japanese lobbying effort in Washington and recommending a friend of his to run such a campaign. Later, while Allen was back at the White House and helping run the office that was developing and executing trade policy, the friend got a $120,000-a-year consulting contract with Nissan. In February 1973, six months after leaving his government salary a second time, Allen wrote to his friend David Fleming, demanding half the fee 'inasmuch as your introductions to Japan were arranged by me.' Fleming refused after a lawyer advised that such a payment would be illegal because Allen was working for the government when the contract was negotiated. Nissan later dropped Fleming and, through a subsidiary, hired Allen as a Washington consultant."

Another client of Allen's turned out to be Tokyo Electric Company, which, at the time of Allen's services, according to one intimate, was highly concerned about its diminishing enriched uranium supplies.

A check of the Justice Department's Foreign Agent's Registration files, however, turns up only one of Allen's overseas clients. In 1974–75, his Potomac International Company represented "Overseas Companies of Portugal" at a reported fee of $16,960. This was also the time of Allen's reported Azores escapade, but his principal service seems to have been lobbying here for continued Portuguese rule in Angola and Mozambique. In one effort he arranged an all-expenses-paid trip for conservative congressman Philip Crane (for whom Allen's brother David now works), and his wife. Back home, Crane proclaimed: "This visit has opened my eyes . . . . Everybody here is working for the good of the African population, and I am convinced that the potential for the future is enormous." In April 1974 Portuguese rule in Africa collapsed.

Vesco, John King, Azorean plots, colonialist African intrigue, Japanese aircraft payoffs—the mud cakes all over Allen's boots. But there is more: it turns out, according to Jim Hougan's account, that Allen happened to rejoin the White House in 1971 "the same month John Dean began to receive CIA reports about I.O.S." In the same spring Haldeman and Erlichman went shopping for a chief plumber, somebody who could handle "the heavy stuff." Allen was their second choice. Although he turned it down, one has to wonder why they offered him the job.

And then there was the Anna Chennault affair. Pushing hard to pull the election out of the hat for Hubert Humphrey in the late summer of 1968, Lyndon Johnson maneuvered desperately to get Saigon's Nguyen Van Thieu to the negotiating table with the North Vietnamese. Soon LBJ picked up reports—probably initially through a CIA bug at the South Vietnamese Embassy in Washington—that Madame Claire Chennault, the "Dragon Lady," China lobbyist and right-wing gadfly, was privately urging Thieu to hold out for a better deal under an incipient Nixon administration. LBJ then put a tail on Chennault through a CIA-owned detective agency, and that led to Allen. Allen learned about the surveillance from a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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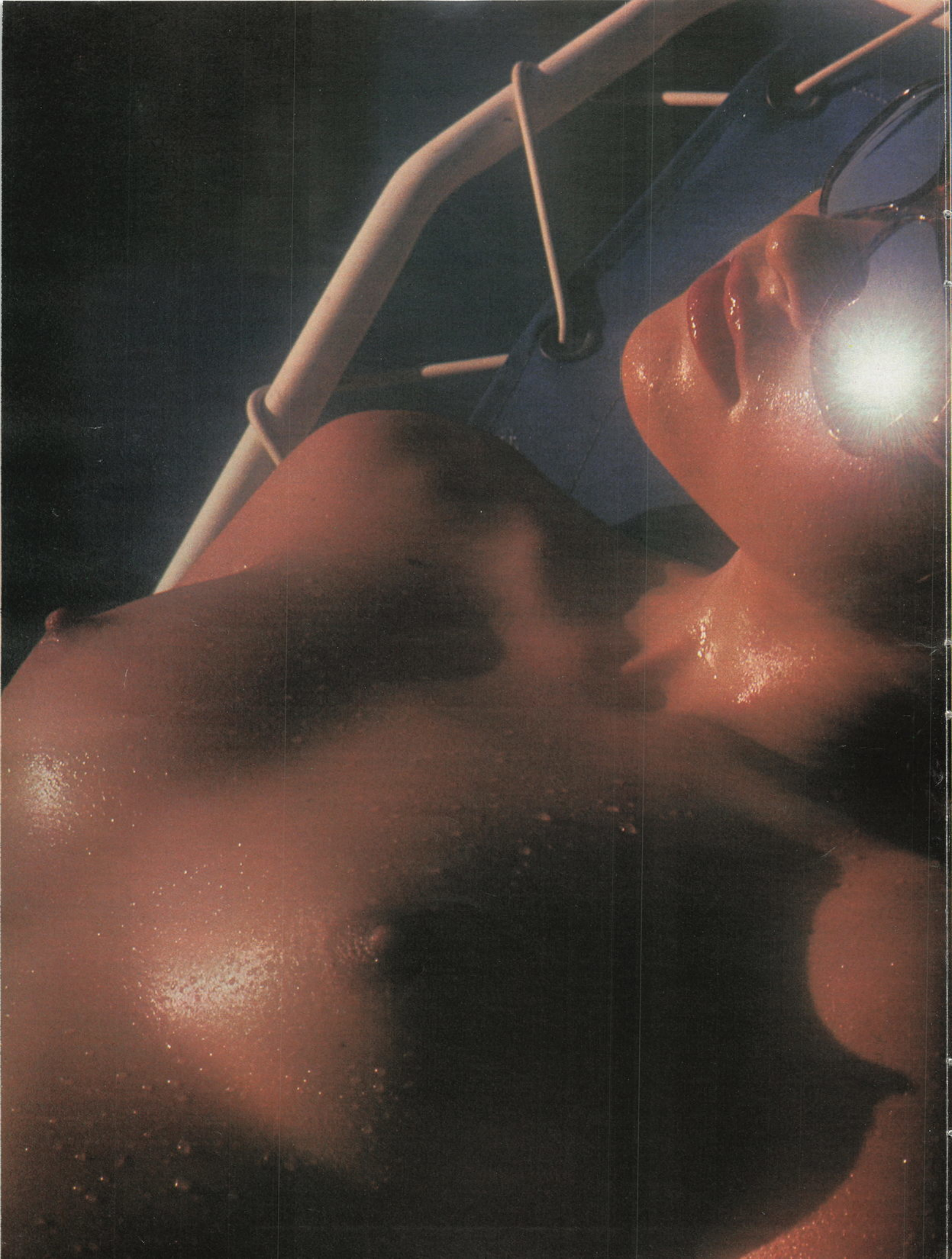
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

Smiling with shared anticipation, the young beauties gracefully retire to their steaming hot-tub. As their muscles unknot, their inhibitions relax; in unison, their spirits become more bubbly, like the water washing over them; their affection, just as warm . . .

The heat of their liquid love nest—and passion's growing fever—turns their wet skin a glowing, rosy hue. "A love blush," the worldly one offers as they stretch out alone together in the steaming sauna. On hands and knees, one bends with a loving smile to the other's desire: offers a breast for suckling, brushes her silken belly against her friend's softness . . .

Pressing her face against her partner's bosom, she can feel the heart pound softly against her mouth. Shyly, she parts her thighs, opening sweet new vistas for her love to explore . . . Sighing at the beauty of a flower so like her own, she touches the warm, wet, silky seat of passion as if she'd found a secret treasure. Both know, on this hot June night, that they'll spend their summer vacation in each other's arms.



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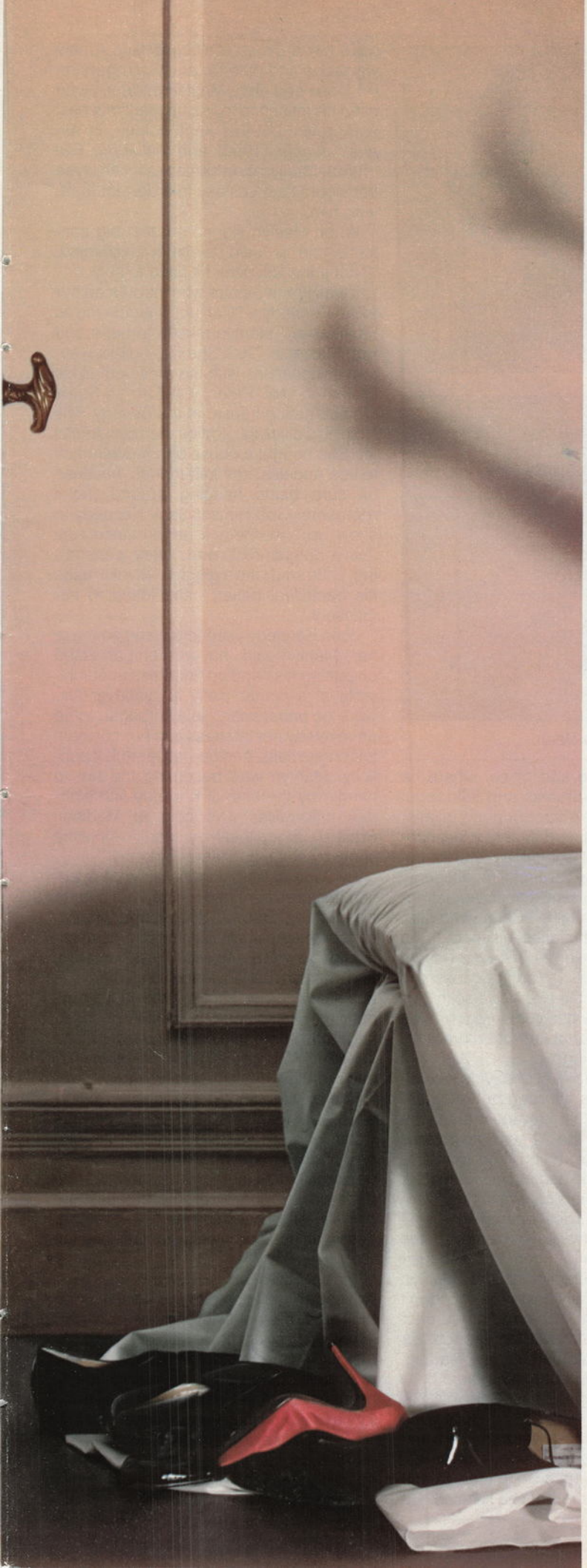

Men's shoes by Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, New York City

The barely concealed affairs of JFK, Adolf Hitler, Elvis Presley, Marilyn Monroe, and other star performers

THE INTIMATE SEX LIVES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY IRVING WALLACE, AMY WALLACE, DAVID WALLECHINSKY, AND SYLVIA WALLACE

ELVIS PRESLEY

Elvis probably wasn't lying when he told his stepmother that he had slept with more than 1,000 girls. And *that* was before he married Priscilla. In the beginning of his career he was shy and more interested in succeeding for the sake of his mother than in busying himself with sex. But he soon got the hang of it. Elvis had access to countless women, all over the world, who were dying to make love to him. Between the ages of 20 and 30, when he was young and in good health, he frequently had two or three women a day. Toward the end of his life drugs dampened his desire for sex ("Bed," he would say, "is for sleeping on"), and sometimes angry, unravished dates complained to his "Memphis" Mafia. However, it was strictly understood that the boys were not to fool around with a girl Elvis might still want, although their dates were fair game for Elvis.

According to the authors of *Elvis: What Happened?*, a biography written by three of Elvis's ex-bodyguards, the King had some distinctive sexual preferences. He

From the forthcoming book *The Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People*, to be published by Delacorte. © Irving Wallace, Amy Wallace, David Wallechinsky, and Sylvia Wallace

ILLUSTRATION BY JEAN PAUL GOUDE

Ill-fated love lives: Nijinsky (left), Holiday, and Dean.

was not a breast man and did not like a large bosom but preferred shapely legs and buttocks. He liked his women petite and feminine ("girl-type girls"), and his biggest turnoff was big feet. He also detested male homosexuals. Another thing that turned him off sexually was the knowledge that a woman had been married or had had children. He once dropped a girl friend flat when he discovered she was a mother. He was also a passionate peeker. He had a one-way mirror in his bedroom so that he could secretly watch other couples; he had mirrored ceilings; and he liked to videotape his sex.

Elvis had another quirk. He would give his girl of the moment a sleeping pill and put her in his bedroom. Then he would go to a nearby room, where he would watch two especially pretty prostitutes have sex. When this show had sufficiently excited him, he would "make a dead run to his bedroom and make it with his girl."

His overall preference in women ran to the young and inexperienced, because they were less likely to compare him with other men or reject him. The King, for all his glory, was terribly insecure.

MARILYN MONROE

Hollywood in the late 1940s was an "overcrowded brothel," in Marilyn's words, and she needed all the help she could get to move up from third-string blonde at Fox. Her first patron was veteran producer Joe Schenck, then nearly 70. Schenck wined and dined the starlet and invited her regularly to his home and office, where he would fondle her breasts and talk about the old days while she performed fellatio.

Schenck introduced Marilyn to Harry Cohn, the tyrant of Columbia Pictures, but she was fired after her first film, allegedly for rejecting Cohn's imperious sexual demands. Comedian Milton Berle, who succeeded where Cohn failed, claimed, "She wasn't out to please me because I might be able to help her . . . [but] because she liked me." At the time she was also in love with Fred Karger, her vocal coach, who enjoyed her sexual favors but did not reciprocate her feelings.

An intimate glimpse of Marilyn's sexuality in this period is afforded by Anton LaVey, then an 18-year-old accompanist at a strip joint where the 22-year-old actress worked briefly after being fired from Columbia. LaVey, who had a two-week affair with Marilyn in motels (or, when they were broke, in her car), describes her as sexually passive, a tease who enjoyed the ogling admiration of men but not their more pressing attentions. And Marilyn was still pathetically insecure. "I don't know if I do it right," she murmured after making it with actor Marlon Brando. Or she would jump into bed, nude, pleading, "Don't do anything but just hold me."

Succeeding Schenck as Marilyn's patron was Johnny Hyde, a top Hollywood agent. Hyde was short, well barbered, and at 53 suffered from a serious heart ailment. He was infatuated with Marilyn and wanted to marry her, but she refused. He gave her a sense of security and a new wardrobe and paid for plastic surgery on her nose and chin. Most important, Hyde used his influence to line up Marilyn's best early roles, both as kept women, in *Asphalt Jungle* (1950) and *All about Eve* (1950). Marilyn didn't enjoy sex with Hyde but would fake ecstasy in order not to offend him.

When Marilyn signed her first big contract, she is said to have exclaimed, "That's the last cock I'll have to suck."

It was Frank Sinatra who introduced her to the Kennedys. "Can you imagine me as First Lady?" Marilyn mused to her friend Bob Slatzer in 1962. She was enjoying secret assignations with the president at his brother-in-law Peter Lawford's Santa Monica beach house, at the Beverly Hills Hotel in California, and on the presidential jet. She bought a house and moved back to Los Angeles, she told friends, because "it sure beats hanging around [hotel rooms] for God Himself Jack Kennedy to show up." Kennedy's performance was "very democratic" and "very penetrating," she said with a giggle. "I think I make his back feel better," she joked to her masseur.

John Kennedy liked to pat and squeeze her, Marilyn said, but was embarrassed on putting his hand up her dress under the table at a dinner party to discover she wore no underwear. He also began to be annoyed by her lateness and her constant telephone calls, and he was fearful of publicity. Marilyn was becoming too hot to handle by the time JFK's forty-fifth-birthday fund-raiser was held at Madison Square Garden that May. Marilyn stole the show by singing "Happy Birthday."

By June, cushioning the blow of rejection, the president had handed her over to his brother, Bobby. Bobby and Marilyn consummated their relationship in a car outside Lawford's house, it was rumored, and Marilyn began fantasizing marriage again. When her trust proved to be devastatingly misplaced, and RFK changed his phone number to escape her calls, she talked idly about calling a press conference to blow the whistle on him.

There was some speculation, afterward, that Marilyn Monroe had been the victim of murder. But the physician who pronounced Marilyn dead, Dr. Hyman Engelberg, told the authors that there was no question that the actress had taken her own life. It had been suicide. The love goddess was dead, ironically, for lack of love.

JOHN F. KENNEDY

Kennedy's initiation into the sexual world took place in a house of prostitution in Harlem with a school buddy at the age of 17. Although his reputation as a playboy still was developing during his college days, he managed to get in trouble at least once for having girls in his room, which was off limits. From there he progressed to a more dangerous female entanglement, which nearly jeopardized his naval career. While stationed in Washington, Kennedy be-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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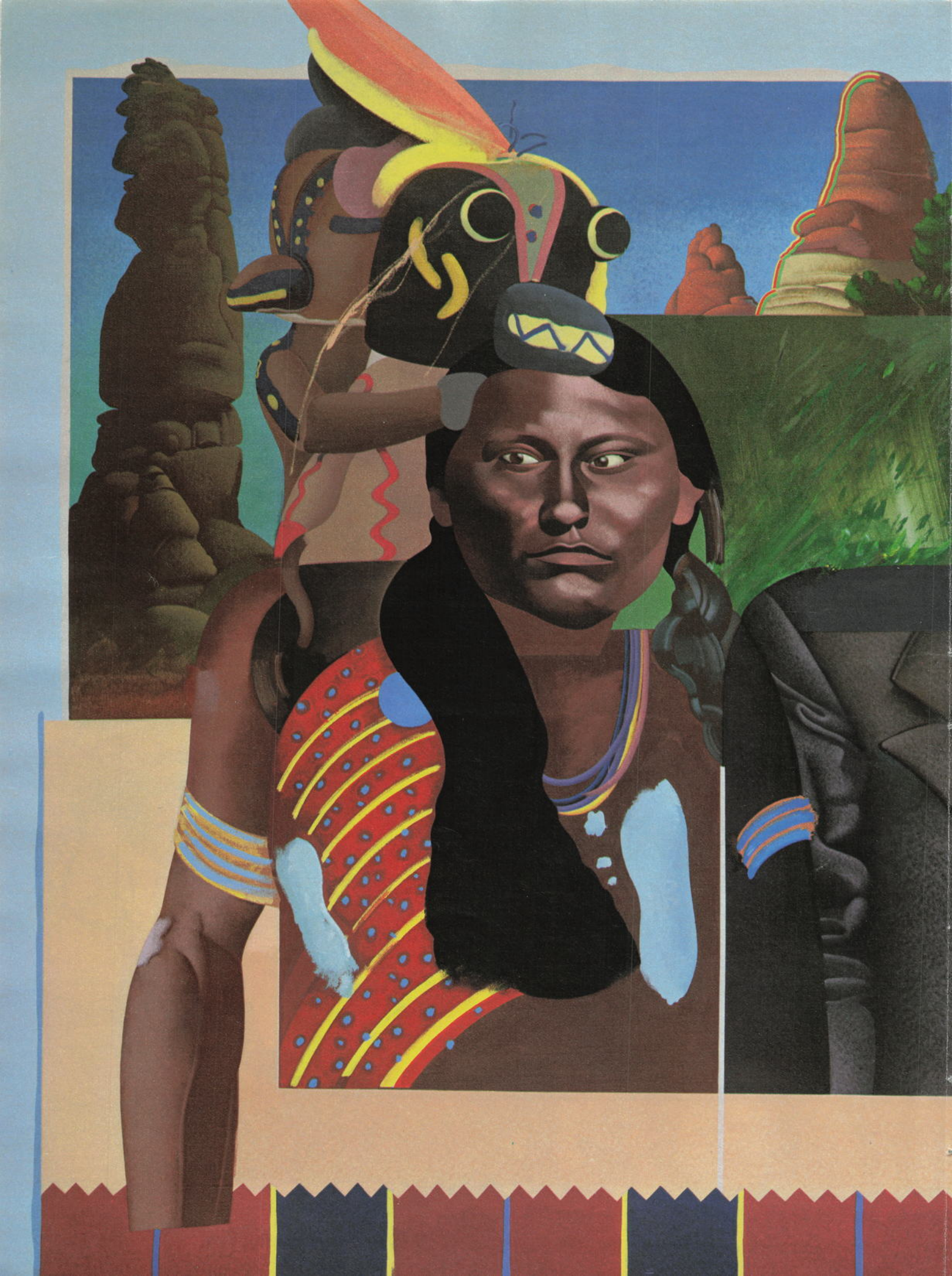

The American Indians' two greatest resources— their children and their land— are threatened by the Mormon church.

CULTURAL GENOCIDE

BY JON STEWART AND PETER WILEY

They came to this land in 600 B.C., fleeing the Babylonian invasion of Jerusalem. Led by the great Lehi, who spoke with God, they crossed the great waters and landed somewhere on the West Coast of the Americas, the new Promised Land.

Over the centuries this small band of Hebrews grew great in number. Their culture and religion flourished. They built magnificent temples and cities. So great was their piety and promise that the Son of God appeared before them, following his crucifixion, to teach the principles of Christianity. They were, and are, the Saints. But almost from the beginning they have been a sainthood divided. For the sons of Lehi went their separate ways. Nephi, devout and pure, became the leader of the Nephites, while his brother Laman led his followers, the Lamanites, away from God. Thus, over centuries, the cleaved band of Hebrews warred and reconciled, sometimes reversing the roles of sinner and saint, down through the ages.

Until the fateful year A.D. 421. By then the Lamanites, through "abominations and loss of belief," had been set apart by God from the Nephites by a curse: their skin had been turned brown, befitting their "dark and loathsome" character. They were "full of idleness" and "wild," while the Nephites remained "light and delightsome" in the sight of God and man. But in this doomsday year the cursed Lamanites again turned on their lost brethren in a mighty

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON McLEAN

war in which evil triumphed over good. The Nephites were destroyed to a man, or to a single man, Moroni. It was for this last prophet of God's people to collect the records of his race, inscribed on sacred plates of gold, and bury them in the Hill Cumorah until some far-off time when the true religion might be restored in "the latter days."

The rest, of course, is history. The "latter days" arrived on September 22, 1827, when 21-year-old Joseph Smith of Palmyra, N.Y., having received instructions from the angel Moroni, dug up the plates, translated them, and presented the world with the Book of Mormon. Today the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints (L.D.S.), commonly known as the Mormons, is the fastest-growing church in America. Its virtual control of Utah politics and its significant influence in Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, and California would seem to make it a religious power without parallel in America. Its economic holdings, which would place it among the top 100 American corporations, make it the church with the greatest centralized wealth in the United States.

But for all the wealth and power, there remains a flaw—those "dark and loathsome" Lamanites, the lost brothers of centuries ago, whose descendants are today the native "Indians" of the Americas and the Pacific islands. They have forgotten who they are, where they came from. They have taken up strange pantheist religions, and they remain desperately impoverished, uneducated to the wondrous opportunities for creating a reflection of God's world on earth through corporate capitalism. But still they are brothers under that dark skin. They must be saved. They *will* be saved, by God.

It is hardly surprising that an obsession with Indians should characterize the doctrine of a church founded on the American frontier in the early nineteenth century. When Joseph Smith and his growing band of followers were driven progressively westward by religious and social persecution, the identity with the Indians as lost brothers served them in good stead. Church president Brigham Young, who followed Smith to the leadership and founded Salt Lake City, told a gathering of Utah legislators in 1854: ". . . Independent of the question of exercising humanity towards so degraded and ignorant a race of people, it was manifestly more economical and less expensive to feed and clothe than to fight them."

Telling the native peoples that "the Book of Mormon is a history of your people," the Saints have recently launched a massive crusade to "save" their lost brothers. Today the church claims some 45,000 American Indians as Mormons. On the Navaho Reservation, the largest Indian reservation in America, church officials proudly boast that nearly 1 in 5 of the 150,000 Navaho are baptized Mormons. Recent missionary zeal in the South Pacific has netted more than 116,000 Polynesians to the Mormon rolls (they, also, are considered descendants of the Lamanites) while a crusade among the Indians of Mexico and Central and South America has boosted membership from those Catholic strongholds to a half million. In America no church—save the rather informal Native American church of peyotism—is as visible, as powerful, and as entrenched on Indian lands as the Mormon church.

Why? Why should a basically Anglo-American church, whose vision is shaped by middle-class notions of the good life, be so obsessed with the remnants of a race of people that much of America has consigned to the history books? Church doctrine, certainly, plays a significant role. Indians are lost brothers, cursed and loathsome, perhaps, but nonetheless among the chosen.

Are there other motives? Perhaps. "Indian people are sitting on one-third of the low-sulfur strippable coal and sixty-five percent of the uranium supply in America," says Gerald Wilkinson, a Cherokee and the director of the Albuquerque-based National Indian Youth Council since 1969. "Some people estimate that maybe one-quarter of the nation's natural-energy resources are on Indian land."

> A California professor, son of a prominent Mormon family, claims that many Mormons have taken advantage of the child-placement program to supply free labor.

Bill Armstrong, the burly, cigar-chomping Anglo director of the Navaho Reservation's Minerals Department, ticks off the numbers pertaining to Navaho land with nonchalant ease: 2 billion tons of coal under lease, 80 million barrels of oil, 25 million cubic feet of natural gas, from 75 to 80 million tons of uranium, $20 million a year in royalties.

Ironically, this resource-rich Indian land was once believed to be worthless, which is why the Indians were forced on these lands in the nineteenth century. It was only in the last few decades that the government and mining and energy corporations began to realize what had been given away. And, curiously, it is only in these same years that the Mormon church has revved up its great missionary machine to undertake again the destined task of saving the Indians.

That effort today is two-pronged, aimed at the Indians' two greatest resources—Indian children and Indian land. On the one hand, thousands of young, white Mormon men, aged 18 to 21, roam the reservations in dark suits, ties, and close-cropped hair, spreading the Word and gathering up the Lamanite children for "placement" in white Mormon homes. On the other hand, a small and powerful clique of attorneys, officially tied to the Mormon church in Salt Lake, scour the canons of Indian law, significant parts of which they wrote, searching for ways to "extinguish" Indian land claims, thereby enriching themselves and paving the way for mineral development by corporations to which the church is tied financially. These same Mormon attorneys also represent, as general counsels, many of the Indian tribes in the Southwest, including the Hopi, the Ute, the Gosiute, Paiute, and Shoshoni.

Tom Luebben, a young white attorney in Albuquerque who used to work exclusively on Indian law cases, has confronted the Mormons on both fronts. He characterizes the "extinguishments" as "the biggest land transfer of the twentieth century." The "placement program" for Indian children, he says, is "nothing short of cultural genocide."

"I'm a Nephite, and I'm also a Lamanite. I'm an Israelite." The man of many identities is George Lee, 37, a full-blooded Navaho and the son of a medicine man. Today he is the highest-ranking Indian in the church hierarchy, a member of the Quorum of Seventy, the body that implements and administers the policies formulated by the Council of the twelve Apostles and the First Presidency. Lee's climb to the top began in a humble if significant way: he was among the first batch of Indian children selected for placement in the white Mormon world. As such, he is routinely held up to Indian youth as the shining example of what Mormonism can do for the Lamanite.

Lee's story is worth telling in some detail, because in many ways it is typical of the way the Mormon Placement Program is supposed to operate. One of a large family, Lee was raised on the reservation. His parents were both illiterate, "very traditional and very unexposed to the world. We lived off the land, had a herd of sheep. I was raised on prairie dogs [small rodents] and rattlesnakes for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The first six years of my life I ran around naked. Dad taught us the traditional ways, to get up early and pray facing the rising sun, and his prayers were long. We slept on a dirt floor on a sheepskin, no toilets, no electricity.

"And then one day an Anglo couple, traders who lived near us, came over and started talking to us about the Mormon church. Mom and Dad said we should not listen to these people, because they were trying to convert us to their ways. So, whenever they came around, we'd head

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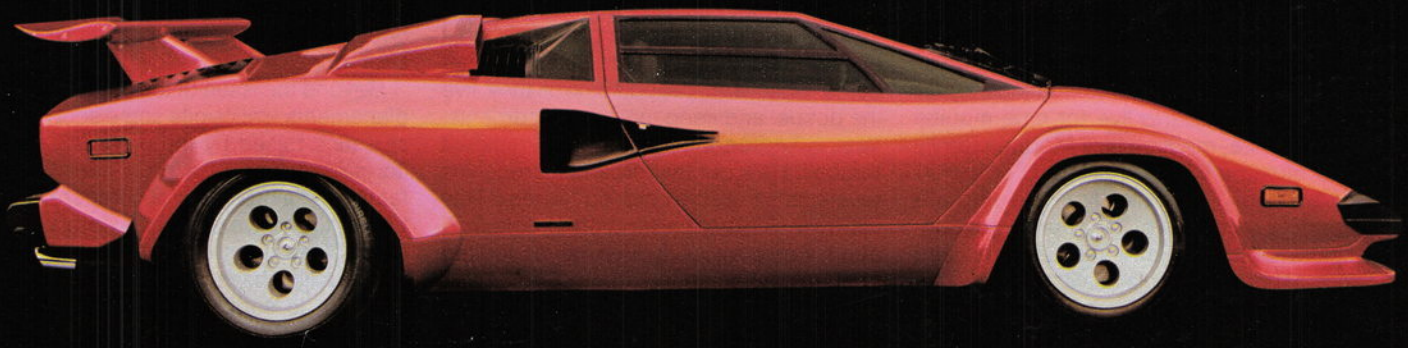


for the hills," George Lee recalls.

"So they tried another approach. Next time they came they brought sacks of canned goods, potatoes, and so on from the trading post. Mom and Dad liked that. And finally it came around to religion again. This man helped the government school twenty miles away, recruiting students and signing up the kids for the church they wanted to attend. He was not only a trader, but he was also a missionary for the L.D.S. [Latter Day Saints]."

Thus did George and his brother join the Mormon church and begin attending services at the church near the BIA (Bureau of Indian Affairs) school. Two years later the trader showed up again and convinced George's parents to place their sons in Mormon homes near Salt Lake City, 500 miles away.

"He took us as we were, torn T-shirts, worn-out Levi's, no shoes. On the bus everyone was crying, all the kids, saying, 'I want to go home; I want to go home.' I cried till I fell asleep."

In Provo, Utah, where the bus journey ended, ten-year-old George was picked up by his new foster parents, who immediately began his cultural transformation. He says he didn't speak a word to them for two long months, though they showered him with gifts, new clothes, even a cowboy outfit.

"I had to make a complete transition from one way of life to another. I got sick a lot, because I wasn't used to their food. Back home I never got sick; we were immune to disease. I had hives all over my body."

But George was one of the lucky ones. He adjusted reasonably well, thanks in part to being an outstanding athlete. After high school he went on to Brigham Young University, did a two-year missionary stint back on the reservation, and took a doctorate in education. Then, a few years ago, Church President Spencer Kimball, the "Prophet, Seer, and Revelator," was told by God that it was time to put an Indian, specifically George Lee, into the hierarchy. Today George serves as executive administrator of 85 "stakes"—similar to dioceses—each representing from 2,000 to 6,000 Mormons.

Up to a point, Lee's experience with the Mormon Placement Program is fairly typical. Each year since the early 1950s, hundreds and then thousands of Indian children between 8 and 18—mostly Navaho—are bussed from reservations as far away as Canada to live for nine months with a white, middle-class Mormon family and attend a white, small-town or suburban school. The foster families, who are carefully screened by the church, are concentrated in the Salt Lake City area and in Southern California (California now has close to a million Mormons, more than Utah). The children, but not their parents, must be baptized Mormons. They are selected on the basis of academic tests and are nominated for placement on the reservations by missionaries and church leaders, and, as is often the case, by government social workers who happen to be Mormons. Those children who complete the program are encouraged to attend B.Y.U. and then to return to the reservations to take professional jobs in the tribal government and continue church "prosyliting," the Mormon word for proselytizing.

Church officials in Salt Lake City who are in charge of the placement program refused to talk to us. George Lee, the program's most outstanding graduate, acknowledged that there have been criticisms of the program from Indians, "like the militant groups like AIM [American Indian Movement]," but they are "misinformed." "They criticize not just placement," says Lee, "but they criticize the government, you know, for stealing all their land—they make a stink about every little thing."

Lee contends that his own research shows that more placement kids get advanced degrees than do Indian kids in BIA or public schools, more go into the military, more get married, more attend church, and fewer end up on welfare. He also refutes the frequent criticism that Mormon placement is "cultural genocide." "The placement program does not rob the Indian kids of their identity. In fact, it reinforces it." Asked whether Indian kids brought up in placement homes undergo a change of skin color, as church president Kimball has claimed, Lee hesitates and then says:

"The Scriptures say, and I'll just stick to the Scriptures, the Lord Jesus Christ himself said that the Lamanites will become white and delightsome if they live the gospel and keep the commandments. Yes . . . I agree with the prophet President Kimball. He's our leader, and he receives revelations from the Lord; so I agree." Has his own skin begun to change color? "I don't worry about it. I've never looked upon myself as an Indian."

George Lee, who has never looked upon himself as an Indian, insists that Mormon placement does not affect a child's "Indianness." A lot of Navaho disagree, and they cannot be dismissed as AIM militants. Claudine Arthur, a Navaho government official and mother of three in the Navaho capital of Window Rock, Ariz., flares up when the subject is broached. "It's dangerous," she declares. "They want children who are emotionally stable, who come from decent, good homes. Those are the children they want to take off to their homes in Utah and brainwash for their own purposes. If they really believe that home and family is good, then they must believe that it's best for children like these to be in their own homes with their own people. They say they don't want kids from broken homes or kids who are having trouble in school. They want the bright, intelligent kids. I find that two-faced."

Another Navaho official, who requested anonymity for fear he might lose his job, knows the placement program recruitment methods from long experience with having to sort out the tragedies. "When you look at the L.D.S. placements on a case-by-case basis, as I have, you see that they're all families who are just barely subsisting on a salary. It's not uncommon for a family with eight or nine kids to have to live on one minimum-wage salary or even less. It's basically income that determines whether a child goes on placement. It's very hard, especially for a single parent, to make that decision."

His own 13-year-old son, he said, came to him last year and said that he'd been talking to the Mormon missionaries. "'They told me we'd have lots of fun. We'd play volleyball and football, and I could have my own room if I go on placement. 'Dad,' he said, 'can I go?'

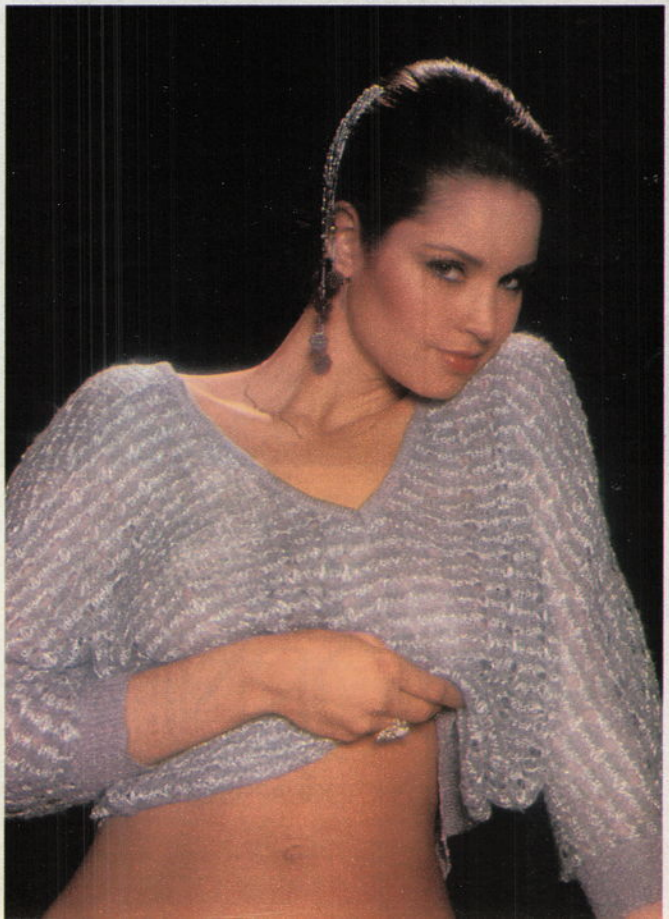
"It's very difficult to counter. There may have been a number of circumstances in my life when I would have said yes."

What about the many rumors concerning Mormon "kidnappings" of Indian children? Do such kidnappings actually occur? "Kidnapping? Well, it all depends on what you mean by 'kidnapping,'" he says. "Anyone who's ever worked in social work knows that you can get anyone who's in a corner to consent to anything, and lots of Indian families are very much in a corner." Some Indian children, born to young, unwed mothers, he said, are signed over to Mormon families right after birth in the reservation's Public Health Service Hospitals. "The Mormon doctors make the arrangements. It's very hard to document, but I know of cases where it's been done."

Beyond the issue of the legality of some placements, critics cite some serious moral issues raised by the program. Joseph Jorgensen, son of a prominent Mormon family and a professor of comparative culture at the University of California, Irvine, claims that in his experience many Mormon families have taken advantage of the program to supply free labor. "It was a form of work on demand," says Jorgensen, who was once employed by the Ute tribe. "It's a fine line between live-in help or the chores of the member of the family.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

> One Navaho leader says that the Indians must develop a tribal policy to counter the Mormon child-placement program. If not, she said, "we won't survive. . . . They will literally conquer the Indian people."



ANGELA

"When your body is a fine-tuned instrument, it's easy to make beautiful music together."

ANGEL OF THE MORNING

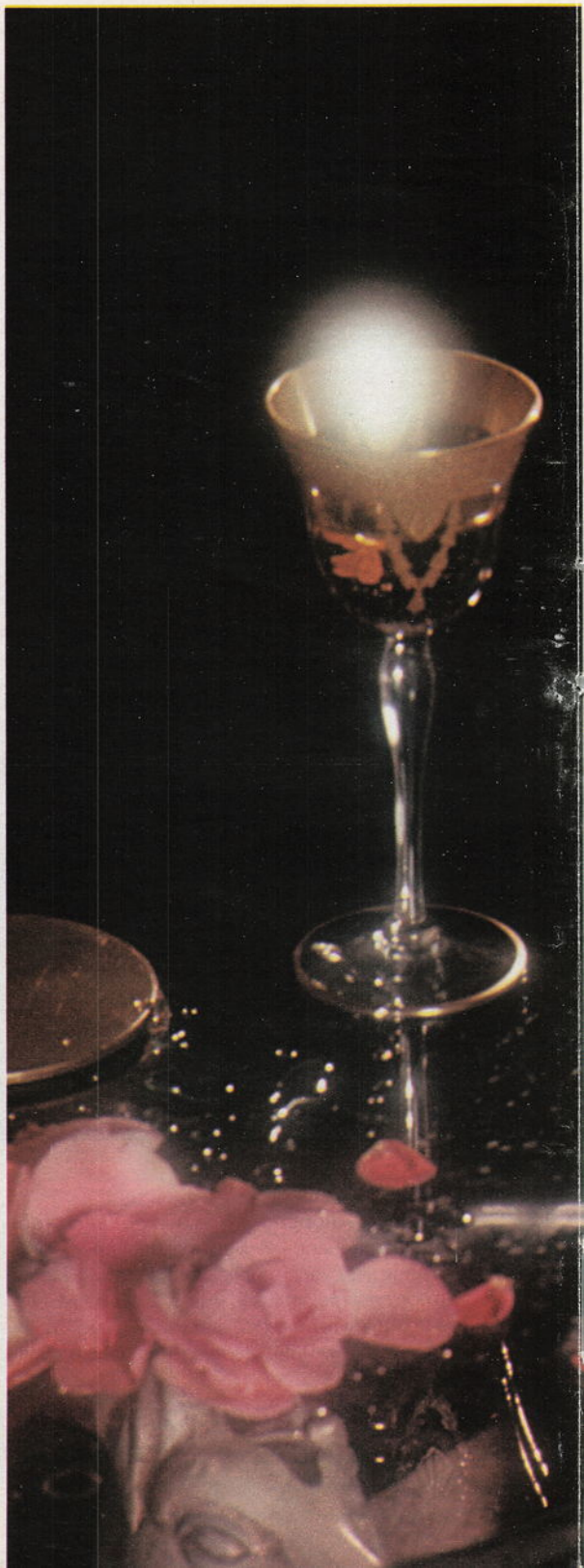
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

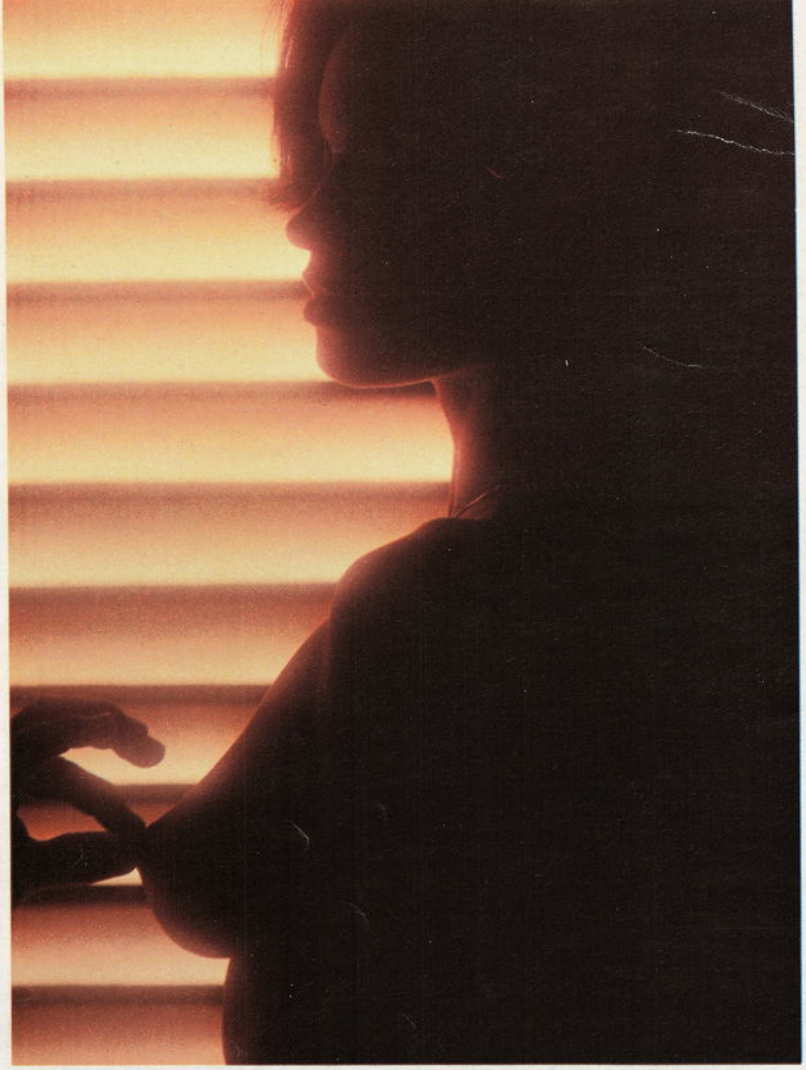
"Ever since I dropped my halo in our fifth-grade Christmas pageant, I've been nicknamed 'Angel,'" says Angela Giovanni, our heavenly Pet of the Month. "But don't get me confused with one of Charlie's Angels–that's teamsmanship, and I work alone. I'm the mistress of my own fate!" Judging from Angela's Botticelli face and 36-22-35-inch figure, fate must have considerable competition for that honor. "Well, I guess men do tend to have an interest in me," she concedes, "especially the older ones. I'm only twenty, so they like to indulge me, kind of treat me like a daughter. Well, *almost!*" she amends, with a musical laugh.

"I have to talk things out. . . I know it takes courage for a man to bare his soul, but if you ask me, the 'strong, silent' type is a contradiction in terms!"

Although Angela's five-foot-eight-inch height and her slender, supple figure make her a natural for fashion modeling, she finds the work monotonous. "I guess I really want to use my brains after all . . . I did some work as a fashion coordinator for a local department store a few months ago and really loved it, so I hope to go to New York or Los Angeles next year and find a good job in the same field."

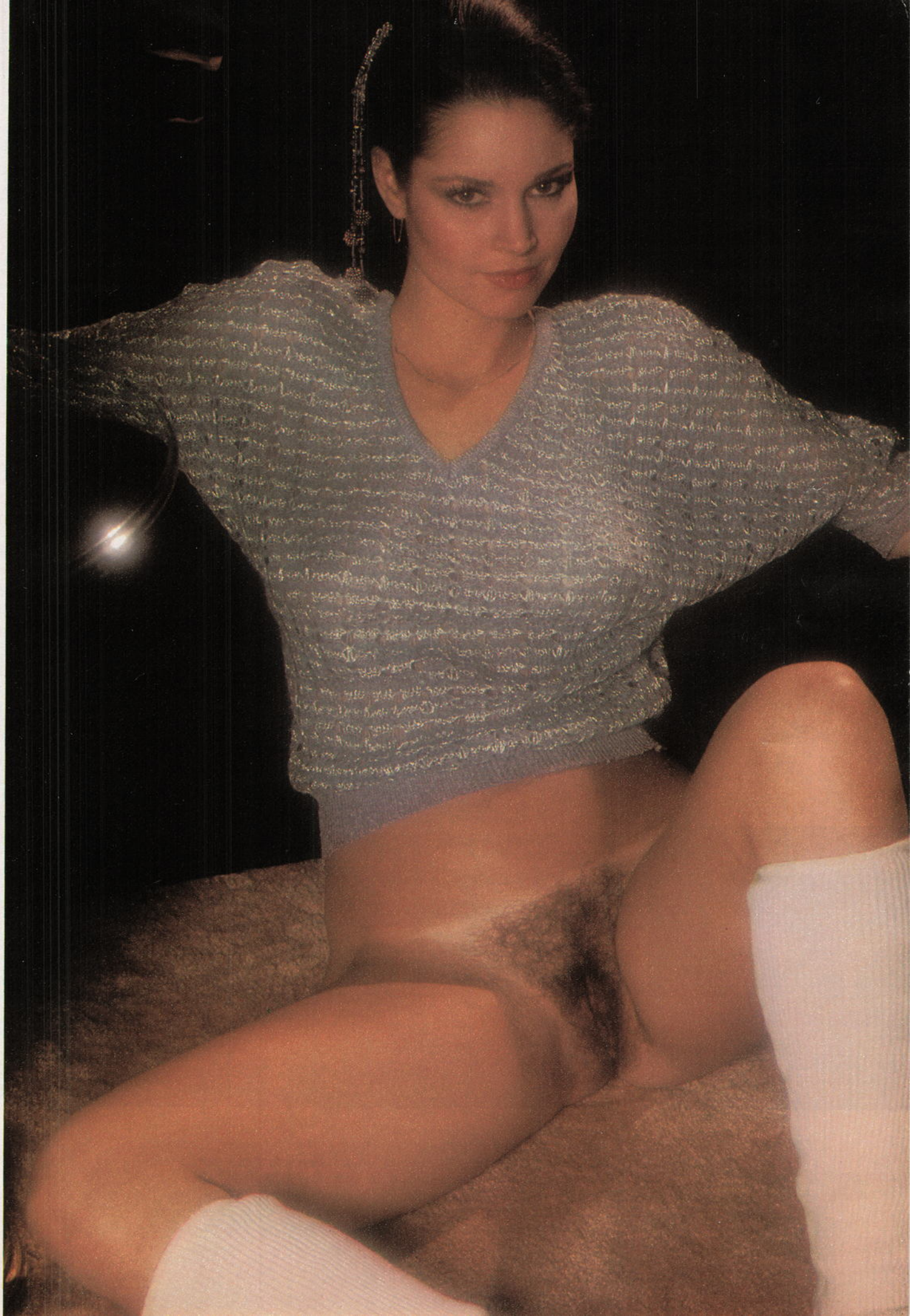
Wardrobe by Lennie Barin, Hollywood, Calif.

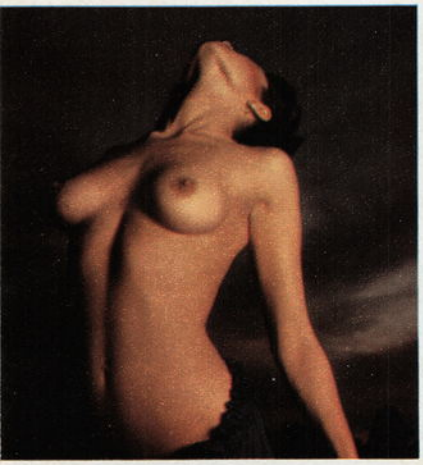




"My other big dream is to have a love affair with someone really famous and wonderful looking, like maybe Al Pacino," she says with a smile. "My fantasies involve the usual things: love . . . and money!" As for being chosen *Penthouse*'s Pet of the Month, Angela declares it a fantasy come true! "It's perfect that this month is June, too," she adds. "It's as if I'm graduating into womanhood right before your readers' eyes!" When she saw the results of her inspired performance, this normally well composed beauty was overwhelmed. "My goodness," she said, "is *that* me!!" When she isn't modeling, our peripatetic Pet spends her days in constant motion. "I can't stand still; I love travel and gymnastics and roller skating, which is amazing fun. I don't like jogging as much, but there is one advantage: you tend to run into some pretty well shaped men!"

Although Angela is part Swedish and Scottish as well, she believes that the Italian is uppermost in her spirit. "My favorite guy says I'm made of three flavors–like Neapolitan ice cream." With patriotic fervor, she admits a preference for Italian men.





"Not only are they incredibly gorgeous," she explains, "they also have a lot of physical grace and a special sense of romanticism. They really know how to treat a woman, and they know how to make her feel more womanly than she ever felt before." Her other major requirement in a serious boyfriend is one who'll take the time to communicate with her—in every way. "I have to be able to talk things out, feel free to express my deepest feelings."

"It takes courage for a man to bare his soul, but it's something I need. The 'strong, silent' type is a contradiction in terms! Strength is exactly what a deep communion between people gives to a relationship. Silence is deadly!

I'm a really good tutor in another kind of nonverbal communication . . . and I'm told I'm rather fluent that way. Sometimes," she says, "one good touch is worth a thousand words." We agree, unable to find our voice.

"I think good sex is like strenuous exercise, in a way—you need a warming-up period first to get really relaxed and limber . . . My acrobatic coach used to say, 'When your body's a fine-tuned instrument, it's easy to make beautiful music together.'"

Her biggest aversions, she says, are junk food and drugs. "People have such a difficult time entertaining themselves . . . keeping their mind and spirit occupied. I don't think things like grass and cocaine are the answer either. I think they're dangerous!"

"The only way I really like to get high is literally–to spend a long weekend at a mountain ski resort with my special guy and let him explore my own curves every morning before we hit the slopes!"

Now *that's* entertainment.

MISS ANGELA GIOVANNI/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ALLEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

banker friend but kept his mouth shut for seven years, until the Church Committee began its CIA investigations when he leaked the story to the *New York Times*. In his conversation with me, however, he said that he let CIA director Richard Helms know he knew what was going on two days after the election. "At the first NSC meeting, I saw Helms," Allen recounted with a smile, "and I walked up to him and said, 'I hope you guys had a good time with me last summer.' He just sort of clammed up."

But in recounting the incident, Allen also hints that Henry Kissinger may have been involved. In 1968 Defense Secretary McNamara, according to Kissinger's own memoirs, called him for advice after every secret U.S. contact with the North Vietnamese. And in October 1968, at the time Chennault's back channel was in operation, Nixon campaign manager John Mitchell was introduced to Kissinger by William F. Buckley at a cocktail party. They moved off to a private room to continue their conversation, whereupon Mitchell asked whether LBJ was about to make a deal with Hanoi: a bombing halt in exchange for opening negotiations before the elections. Kissinger agreed to stay in touch with the Nixon camp even while advising McNamara.

Did Kissinger work both sides of the street, keeping Nixon informed of the Democratic strategy while relaying advice to Nguyen Van Thieu to hold out? "The whole question," Allen told me, "revolves around whether there was a separate channel she [Chennault] had with John Mitchell or someone else. But if she had such a secure, reliable channel, why was she calling me, complaining she couldn't get ahold of Mitchell?"

Allen refused to further untie the riddle. But he added slyly of Kissinger: "I don't know if you've read his book, but his account is not, uh, shall we say, complete."

And neither is Allen's . . . on several accounts. There is the trivial little matter of Allen's entering his initial White House slot in 1969 with the prefix "Dr." until it was discovered that he had not been granted a Ph.D. after all. (Howard Baker continued to refer to "Dr. Allen" during Alexander Haig's confirmation hearings.)

But more serious are his artful dodgings when it comes to Vesco (he told the *Washington Post* at first that he couldn't "recall" whether he knew at first that Cerny was Vesco's lawyer; later he added, "I guess I knew Vesco was his client"); the I.O.S. (he testified before the SEC in the Vesco probe that he was "not cognizant of the business activities of nor . . . in any way familiar with" I.O.S.); and Fleming in the Nissan deal ("I never had any dealings with him, except that he was a friend," Allen protested before two *Wall Street Journal* reporters dropped copies of Allen's correspondence with the Japanese on his desk).

After Kwitny's story forced Allen's tactical retreat, Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's press secretary, blithely rehabilitated him after the election with the statement that Reagan's chief aide, Ed Meese, had "spent four or five hours going over the documents, and he said there was no wrongdoing."

How has Richard Allen survived all this, and why would a brand-new president want to start out with this kind of person? Allen's longtime friend Stephen Rosenfeld, an editorial writer for the *Washington Post* who penned a warm profile of Allen last spring, surmised that the reason was simple: "Reagan found Allen a person he wanted around. . . . Allen did a job for him. He briefed him for two years."

Former Reagan campaign manager John Sears thinks that "strong conservatives on the Hill" demanded that the hard-line Allen be reinstated, fearing a Kissinger takeover. "Helms, Hatch, and Laxalt were anxious to have him in there," Sears related.

> Allen's proposals for restructuring the intelligence community are alarming. They include a joint CIA–FBI task force on "domestic terrorism."

If that was the reason, then Allen's right-wing spadework over the years counted in a tight spot. The Notre Dame graduate (B.A. and M.A.) and failed Ph.D. candidate at the University of Munich arrived in Washington in 1962 after a short teaching stint at Georgia Tech and promptly helped to set up the hard-line, anti-détente Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies. From 1966 to 1968, Allen labored at Stanford's Hoover Institute on War, Peace, and Revolution as editor of the *International Communist Affairs Yearbook*. He and the boys mounted a little intelligence-gathering operation of their own there, Allen gleefully recounted to me.

"We created an Anti-Imperialist League, and we sent checks out from a bank account we set up, to Cairo and so on, and we found out things about SWAPO [an African guerrilla movement] that nobody knew. We had information that later I found was sometimes not available to the government. . . . They didn't know where to get the publications. We tracked all those movements. . . ."

How he linked up with Nixon in 1967 is not clear. The connection with Reagan came, he says, through aides Mike Deaver and Peter Hannaford (a lobbyist for Taiwan). But Allen had long worked the right-wing vineyards, organizing conferences and occasionally writing an obscure article or two on the Soviet threat. But he's not—pardon the expression—exactly a Kissinger, even in a town where writing a book, almost any kind of book, qualifies one for the accolade "intellectual." One can fruitlessly search the periodical index for the past ten years, in fact, for evidence of his work.

And yet, his hard-line views are emerging. A sampler from my own conversations:

- Covert action against Cuba: "It's an option that should be examined."
- Sending marines to El Salvador: "I don't think so. You're asking a hypothetical question. It's not unlikely, but it's still hypothetical."
- On a blockade of Cuba: "It should be studied. I agree with that."
- On friendly dictators: "The first order of business has to be to preserve order."
- The CIA: "Our government must have the capability to covertly influence events vital to our national security."

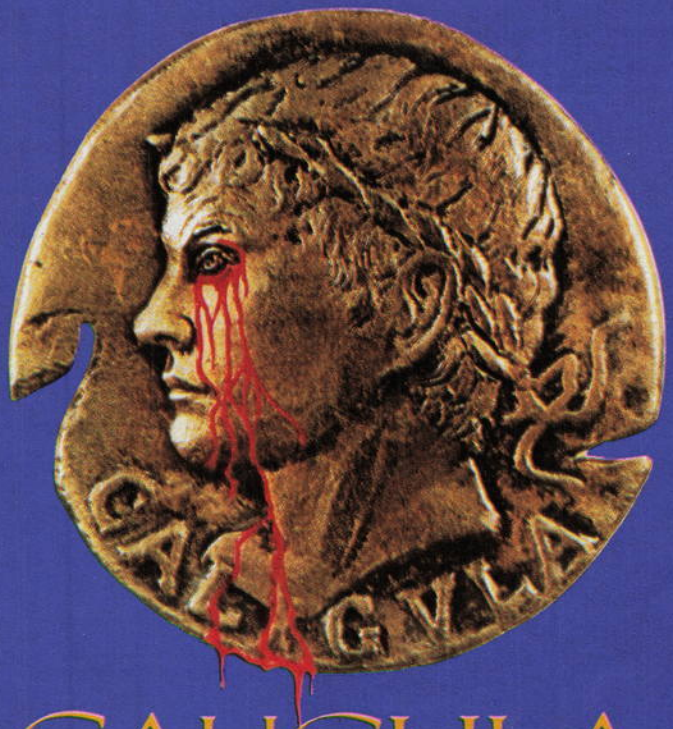
Even more alarming are proposals by Allen for restructuring the intelligence community. These proposals include a joint CIA–FBI task force on "domestic terrorism" (or establishing a wholly new and independent agency for the same purpose). Allen would also like to require *every government agency* to make itself available for clandestine intelligence missions, according to a paper he drew up in 1977, and return to the covert use of journalists, scholars, and clergy.

Since his November brush with disaster, the ever self-effacing, charming, and charmed Richard Allen has been putting out the word that Alexander Haig would run foreign policy and define the administration's views. But while Haig gritted his teeth under the spotlight of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Richard Allen was already downtown scheduling off-the-record briefings for overseas reporters. "I guess that shows you what he's going to do," commented Allen's old friend Rosenfeld.

Indeed, when a new organizational table for foreign-policy decision making emerged from the White House in February, Allen managed to rebuff Al Haig's ploy to reserve all power to himself. As national security adviser, he would have the "key coordinating role."

Yet Allen's persistence in the choirboy robes and Reagan's obvious endorsement of him stain us all. There's so much we don't know in detail, while the pattern is obvious. If he is not shaken loose soon, we should have no objection to Robert Vesco's appointment as U.S. chief of protocol.

MALCOLM McDOWELL
AS



CALIGULA

"WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE IF YOU HAD BEEN GIVEN
ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH
OVER EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD?"

BOB GUCCIONE AND PENTHOUSE FILMS INTERNATIONAL
PRESENT
MALCOLM McDOWELL
TERESA ANN SAVOY
HELEN MIRREN
AND
PETER O'TOOLE
IN
CALIGULA
WITH
JOHN STEINER, GUIDO MANNARI,
PAOLO BONACELLI, LEOPOLDO TRIESTE,
GIANCARLO BADESSI, MIRELLA DANGELO
FEATURING
ADRIANA ASTI
WITH JOHN GIELGUD AS NERVA

ADAPTED FROM AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY GORE VIDAL
PRODUCED BY BOB GUCCIONE AND FRANCO ROSSELLINI

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY TINTO BRASS
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Pat Hill

BY FRED POWLEDGE

The author, a longtime resident of Brooklyn, is a former reporter for the *New York Times* and has published six books. His latest, *Water*, will be published this fall by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

LET'S BULLDOZE THE SUBURBS

For almost 30 years now, America has been systematically destroying the centers of her cities. In the name of urban renewal, we have declared choice parcels of downtown real estate to be slums and then forced their rightful owners—often stable but poor families and small businesses—to move away. We have sent bulldozers in at taxpayers' expense to flatten the old housing, and then we have given the cleared land away at bargain prices to the operators of parking garages, overpriced hospitals, and chain hotels, to the developers of high-rise bank buildings and luxury housing.

The downtowns thus "renewed" have become cold, juiceless mausoleums that the more well-to-do office workers pass through nervously when heading to and from their homes in the suburbs—suburbs that were built simultaneously with the urban-renewal program and at the expense of the cities and city-dwellers. For while our politicians were giving the downtowns away, they were also encouraging the construction of suburban rings (some call them nooses) around the cities to house the Americans who, to them, count: the white, young, middle- and upper-income citizens who fear and despise the black, the poor, the city.

Who despise *some* of the city. The suburbanites like to come downtown to collect their paychecks, to take advantage of the cultural offerings, to cruise for interracial sex, to go to the ballgames. So the politicians have built a series of interstate highways and peripheral expressways to serve the suburbanites. The incredible rationale was that the roads were essential for our civil defense.

The white, better-off Americans are still there in the suburbs, and the poor and black and despised are still there in the central cities. Discrimination and exclusion, far from abating, have only gotten worse. It is time, now, that the nation undertook a massive new effort to renew its citizens' lives and surroundings. It is time to systematically destroy suburbia.

The need for suburbia's annihilation should be obvious to any reasonable person who has the stomach to pass through its sacred precincts. Suburbia is, first of all, ugly—physically, socially, politically, intellectually, and emotionally ugly.

It is, and of right ought to be, an embarrassment to its residents. No one, to my knowledge, has ever bragged about living in suburbia.

Suburbia is where the police commit the grossest sins against the Constitution and where the seamiest political corruption may be found. It is the place where school board members routinely burn the "obscene" or "controversial" books by honored authors and then admit that they nave never read them. Suburbia has a peculiar talent for bringing out the dumbest and worst in people.

Suburbia is as culturally alive as a turnip. It has no great museums or libraries of its own, and so its residents must go to the cities to keep their brains from ossifying. There are no great restaurants in suburbia. The only social institution that it *has* developed is the giant shopping center, our most fitting possible memorial to greed and bad taste. Suburbia's young

> "Suburbia's young people may be seen loitering day and night at asphalt-encrusted shopping centers, their glassy eyes reflecting the vacuity of the suburban landscape, their brains forever soft-boiled by the Muzak that issues from endless chains of K-Marts and Woolcos."

people may be seen loitering day and night at these Eastgates and Westgates and asphalt-encrusted Green Acres, their glassy eyes reflecting the vacuity of the suburban landscape, their brains forever soft-boiled by the Muzak that issues from endless chains of K-Marts and Woolcos. Some young people manage to escape into the real world, but many do not. The only salvation for many of them is rock music and killer weed.

Suburbia is racist, and so most of those young people will never know contemporaries who are not socioeconomic duplicates of themselves. Suburbia was conceived largely as a place in which better-off whites might escape confrontations with blacks; so it is not surprising that even now Negroes make up a tiny portion of the suburban population. Similar exclusion prevails in religious and economic matters; such time-honored schemes as requirements that housing be built on minimum-sized plots of one or two acres make it certain that communities will be homogenized into lifelessness.

Suburbia is supremely wasteful at a time when civilization simply cannot afford to throw its resources away. Because there is no adequate public transportation and because suburban housing is largely single-family and one-story, it squanders and taints vast quantities of fragile land, air, water, and energy. It removes enormous areas of cropland from cultivation and replaces them with large numbers of people who have been trained to consume highly processed foods. Suburbia is parasitic, draining both the cities and the surrounding farmlands and forestlands of their resources and vitality and giving nothing in return.

And, as is the case with most shoddily built contraptions, suburbia is falling apart before its time. No one is surprised that the housing is disintegrating, but there's more: suburbia is discovering that there's no place to dump the sewage and garbage. The water's starting to taste funny, the kids have strange scars on their arms, crime is rampant, taxes are sky-high, transportation is an ordeal, and it takes half an hour to get out of Eastgate's parking lot Education is becoming a joke, politics are corrupt, and the pollution is often worse than in the hated city. Surely it's time to do something swift and lasting to this slumland that festers out there beyond the city limits.

The obvious solution is a giant slum-clearance program similar to the one by which the central cities were stripped, flattened, and resold. Suburbia—its houses and highways and shopping centers—must be leveled to the ground from which it so recently oozed. But this time the profiteers must not be the bankers and builders and other special interests. This time the American public in general must benefit.

I propose a program by which almost all suburban land will be returned to its former state of wildness or agriculture. The people who live in suburbia will be paid equitable sums for their homes and carports, of course, and they will be free to move wherever they want, as long as it is outside of the officially designated Suburban Clearance Agency Region (SCAR). Some might want to establish totally new cities. Those who agree to return to the decaying central cities will receive the best deal: relocation incentives and technical assistance in rehabilitating abandoned urban housing.

This time the relocation will take place on a strictly nondiscriminatory basis. It is certain that once the suburbanites move into the city, the concern and solicitude of the politicians and bankers will quickly follow them, as will adequate social services and other amenities. Thus *two* sets of slums simultaneously will be eradicated—the ones left behind in the suburbs and the ones that have existed all along in the cities.

Overnight the inner-city blocks will develop into solid, attractive housing stock. The cities will regain their financial stability. Mortgage money will finally become available inside the city limits. Employment rates will climb, since everyone who wants a job will be able to find one in either the construction or demolition industries. America will be on the move again.

In the territories that once were known as suburbia, the land will be encouraged to return to forest and pasture for the refreshment, recreation, and nutritional improvement of all Americans. It shouldn't take long to recrown these parks and woodlands with more fitting names: the New Rochelle Natural Area, for example, or Scarsdale National Forest. Maybe we'll discover a silver spring under the asphalt and aluminum siding of Silver Spring, Md., or sand in Sandy Springs, north of Atlanta. The names of all those suburban condotheques will finally start to reflect some reality—the Quail Hollows and Forest Hills and Hickory Groves. Maybe Deer Park will actually become a deer park, and perhaps that ominous split down Southern California's middle will miraculously heal once the weight of so much suburban excess is removed.

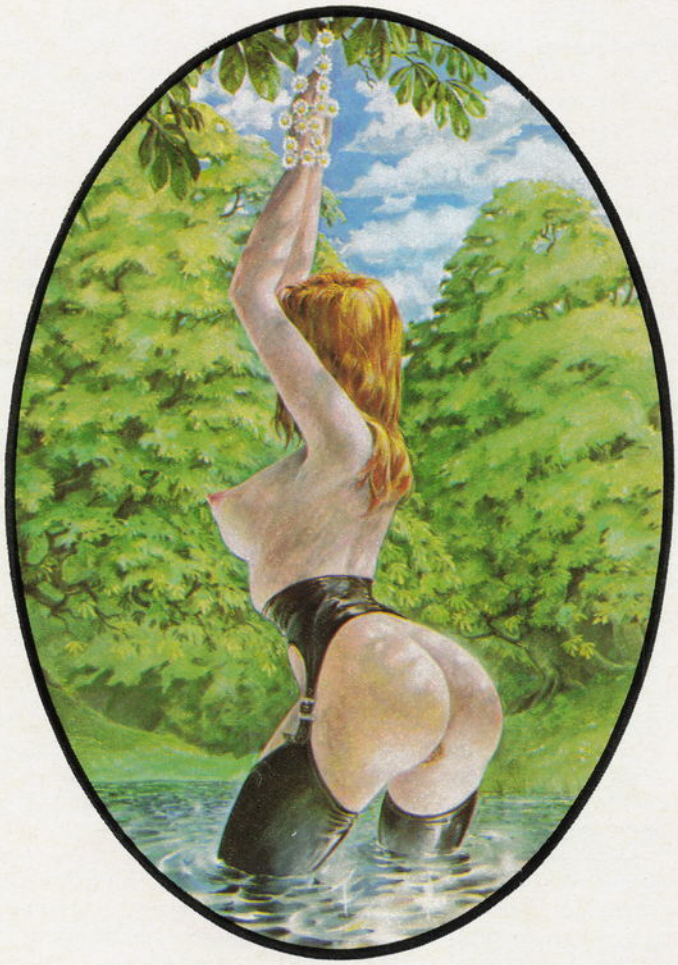
I don't think suburbia should be *completely* dismantled. Small tracts of housing should be offered free to poor, black, brown, red, yellow, and tan urban Americans as temporary vacation lodgings—as *pieds-à-terre*, literally, for people whose feet seldom have had opportunities to touch real earth. Some of the shopping centers can be retained for use as prisons or museums or educational institutions where the newly re-emerging environment might be studied. Some of the more garish shopping malls might serve especially well as grain silos or chicken coops or indoor feedlots.

And there should be a few suburban preserves—places where the suburban environment as we now know it can be retained for the enlightenment and amusement of posterity. These preserves will contain real, live suburban homes and suburban people, who go through their daily routines while their visitors—curious city residents out for the weekend, schoolchildren on field trips—look on. There they'll be: staggering home from the bar car, watching television with single- (not to mention simple-) minded devotion, wolfing down their Frozen Entrees and Tuna Helper and Kraft Miniature Marshmallows, riding around out front on their nasty little lawnmowers. These living museums will help future generations understand, better than any history book or television documentary could, why it was so necessary that the suburban slums be eradicated.

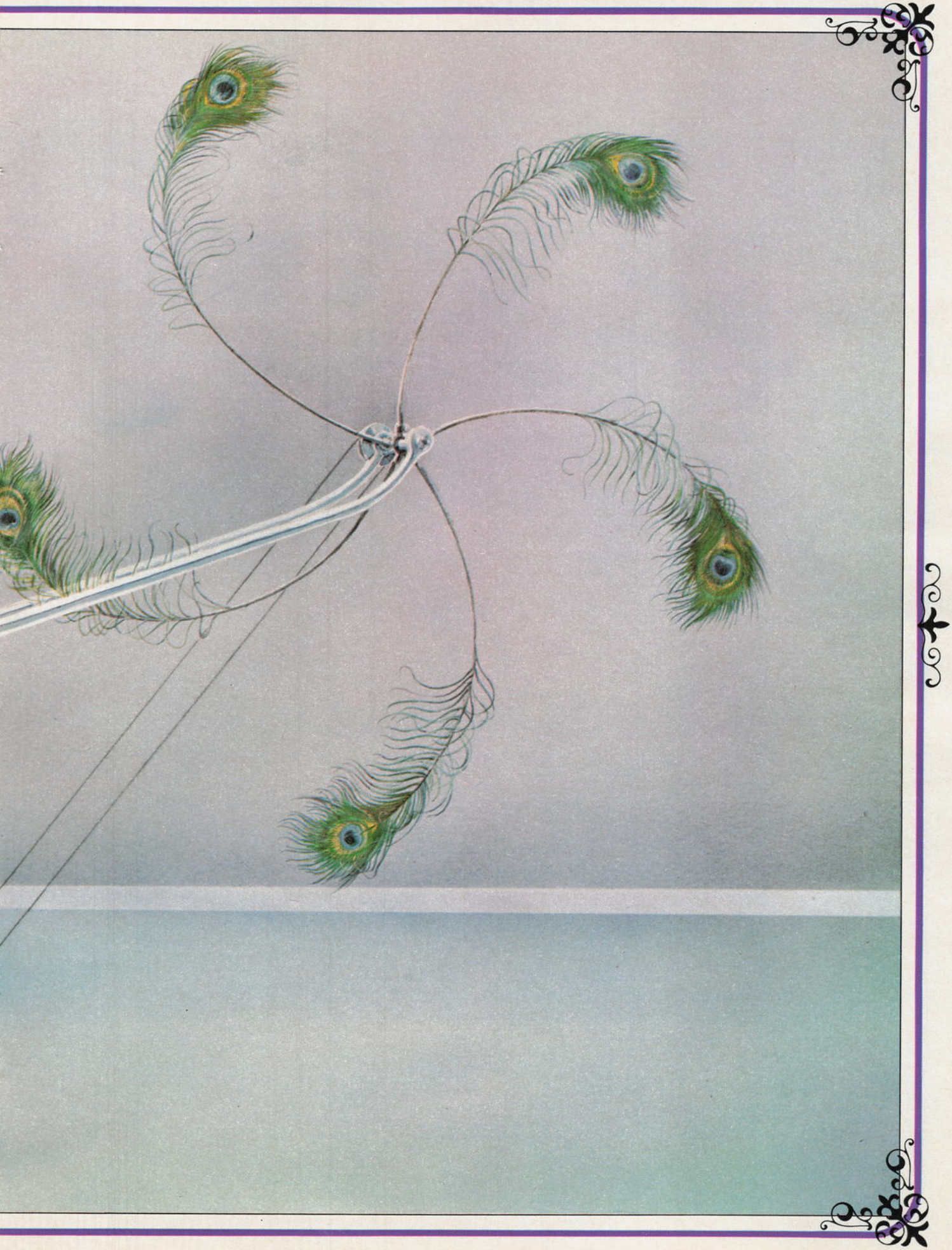
Sometimes, the ties that bind can tickle
a young girl's flesh. . . or a young man's fancy . . .

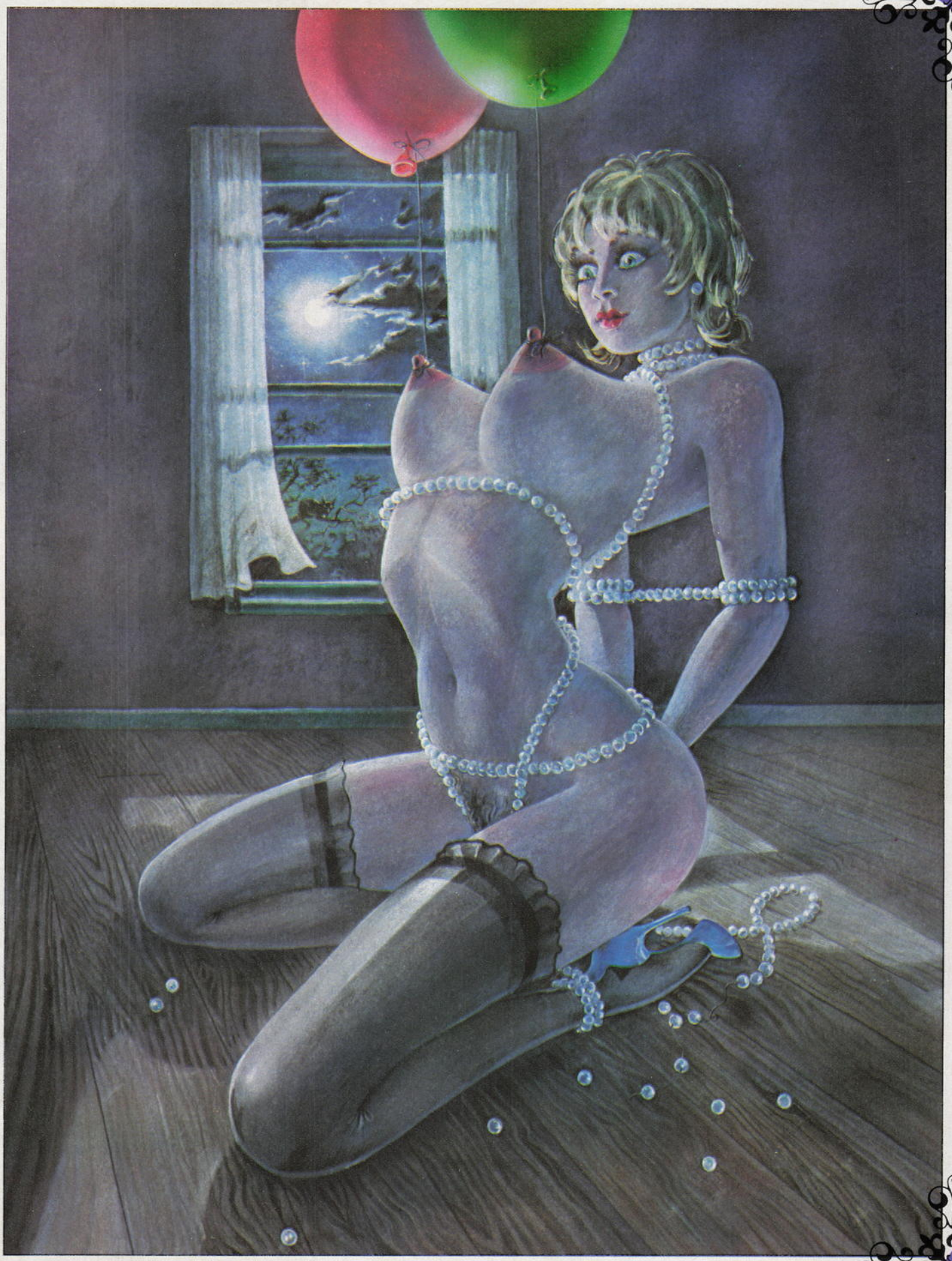
SOFT CORPS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY ESCOTT



Tony Escott, a London-based cartoonist/illustrator whose drawings appear regularly in the pages of *Penthouse* and *Omni*, admits that he's "soft on bondage. Sex," says he, "should be a multi-dimensional experience. And humor should be one of those dimensions. After all, most of us giggle in bed as often as we moan and groan. Sex should be considered a serious matter only when it's unavailable!" In this summery spirit, Escott's "The Flower Girl" (above) provides a whimsical new bloom to the traditional image of the daisy chain. The flowers that bind her compel us to forgive any unnatural acts that may follow . . . And just what happens when those virginal blond beauties of fairy-tale lore reach the first blush of sexual maturity? This comely Alice in Wonderland (right) much prefers looking at herself in a mirror to peering down some rabbit hole. "Some of the ideas for these pictures sprang from my own erotic fantasies," says Escott, "and some from the fantasies of close friends. It seems as if everybody has them."





FAST WOMEN

Racing was a man's sport until these lady speedsters broke out of the starting gate to show the boys their tail pipes.

BY WILLIAM NEELY

PHOTOGRAPH BY T. ZIMBEROFF/SYGMA

"Six hundred miles an hour in a car feels *fast*. It's a lot like being pulled through water," the racer was saying. "Everything gets blurry, and there's all this pressure on your body—the g forces—and that's a little unnerving, but you know you have to stay calm. And if something really bad happens, you have to stay *super*calm. It's rule number one. Just like the record run, when I hit a rut at four hundred twelve miles an hour and the car went almost completely sideways, sliding to the left. I thought, 'Oh, shit!' And then I took this big, deep breath and pushed my shoulders hard against the seat-back. My arms were fully extended, and I was still on the throttle. I really had a grip on the wheel as I corrected for the slide.

The car came right back around to the center line, and I went through the timing lights at over five hundred. And then I exhaled."

It was racer talk, all right. No question about it. The only thing was that this time it was a *woman* doing the talking. Kitty O'Neil was sitting on the couch, twirling a piece of cauliflower in the horseradish sauce. She appeared pristine. And pretty. She spoke softly about the land-speed-record car and about the rocket dragster. And about the bone-chilling Hollywood

Betty Cook competing in the R.P. Warmington Grand Prix in Newport Beach, California.

stunts. The smoldering blue green eyes and the trim figure did not fit the race-driver image, and I kept looking for some telltale trace of masculinity to show through, some link with the hairy-chested anthropoids I remembered as racers. But she could have been pouring tea, for chrissakes.

She spoke of the 512-mile-per-hour record and of the lone run over 600 miles per hour with a gentle charm one would expect of, say, Dolly Madison. But, oddly, there was also exactly the same air of defiance that Gary Gablich had had when *he* went over 600 miles per hour. And Craig Breedlove before him. It is, I suppose, a sort of offhand respect for the outer edge that one gets from going very, very fast.

Kitty O'Neil, by virtue of her "fastest woman in the world" title, may well be the perfect spokesperson for all "fast women." But not the *only* one. There are a lot of women performing fearsome feats in superquick vehicles, hanging right in there in what has traditionally been a *man's* sport, perhaps the last bastion of masculine superiority.

Stevie Cederstrom, who races USAC midgets on dirt, put it well. It was her first appearance in a USAC main event, and the starter simply wasn't accustomed to giving prerace instructions to a mixed group when he said, "All right, you guys, you've been going too fast before I drop the green flag. I mean, you're all coming out of [Turn] Four balls out."

There was a pause. "Not *all* of us," said Stevie.

Obviously, it's only a manner of speech, because women are out there this very moment, balls out, driving the hell out of anything that will run fast. And a lot of them are breaking records, men's records. How about the 206 miles per hour in a quarter mile? On *water!* Or a ninth-place finish in the Indianapolis 500? Or first place in the World Offshore Power Boat Championship at 90 miles per hour on a stormy ocean course complete with 12-foot waves? Or the 618-miles-per-hour run on land?

I talked with ten of these superracers—racers who like to have doors opened for them but who will also blow *your* doors off just as surely as a Petty or an Unser. And I got a lot of heavy answers. "It's not a *man's* sport; it's a *racer's* sport," said Betty Cook, the best offshore racer alive. Or, in the words of Shirley Muldowney, boss drag racer: "Bring it right to the start line, fellows, because we'll show you the way home."

Take it from one who has been around racers for a long time: these women are just like their male counterparts. What these women do they do well, and that's the name of the game. Gentlepersons, start your engines.

Shirley Muldowney is probably the best-known name in drag racing. And she may damn well be the best driver. First, she raced modified stock cars, and then she worked her way up through the drag-racing ranks to top fuel cars. She was the first woman to gain the finals of a National Hot Rod Association (NHRA) event in a professional racing category, the first to lead the pro qualifying in an event, the first to win an event, the first to break the six-second barrier, and the first to exceed 250 miles per hour. In October 1980 she won the world championship in top fuel racing—for the second time, thus becoming the first two-time champ.

"I started my racing career right on the streets of Schenectady. I always liked cars, and I raced anything I could get my hands on—boyfriends' cars, whatever.

"You know, drag racing is a lot tougher than many people think. I mean, not just any dummy can drive one of these cars, because, well, mainly because they'll make a dummy out of *you* so fast you can't believe it. You've got so many variables with the nitro [nitro methane fuel] alone—the altitude and temperature and the fuel system, and you have the track surface to contend with, which changes as the temperature changes, and there's the combination of engine and tires. Goodyear makes ten or twelve different compounds; so you have to have the knowledge to put it all together, and then you have to have a driver that's having a good day, because in drag racing there's no second chance. A drag car is just not something you can go out and leg around the back stretch. Like, say, Janet Guthrie at Indy. She didn't *race* five hundred miles at Indy; she *drove* five hundred miles. But you really have to know a drag car, and it takes years of experience to be really, really good. You have to be able to retain what you know when you go to the starting line and not get the first-round jitters. It never bothers me—oh, I smoke a pack of cigarettes maybe, but I'm never really wired until the race is over.

> I saw a lot of blue sky, and I knew I was airborne. I thought, "I'm going to die. This is it. Good-bye."

"The NHRA was the first to accept women in what a lot of people consider a man's sport—and I suppose it is if you consider the mechanical end of it, but as for drivers, I can drive with anybody out there.

"I think the amount of exposure I get sort of rubs some of the other drivers the wrong way, but you know, I'm out there really hitting it, and they're probably playing cards in the trailer. So it's what you make of it. If you want to be good at what you do, you have to give it one hundred fifty percent. I don't have any groupies hanging around my camp, but some of the fellows seem to spend more time with the girls and partying than they do worrying about their race cars. At least, this is true with the ones who do the major complaining about me. It's a lot of sour grapes, but it doesn't bother me personally, because we deal with them at the start line."

Paula Murphy may well have started it all, the entire fast-women's movement. She began racing sports cars in 1958 and then met up with the STP people in the early 1960s and went to the Salt Flats with 12 stock Studebakers to set 360 USAC stock car records. Studebakers, indeed! She followed that act with the world land-speed record for women in an Avanti and then reset it in 1964 in Walt Arfons's jet dragster. She began drag racing the following year and was the first woman to be issued a fuel license in a funny car. She held the women's closed-circuit record in a NASCAR stocker and drove an Indy car long before women were supposed to do such things. Paula Murphy has the credentials to say anything she damn well pleases about racing.

"There will never be a female A. J. Foyt or a Richard Petty. Never. Oh, championship cars are easy to drive—a lot easier than stock cars—but a woman just doesn't have the mental makeup to go out there and push herself to the limit; at least, no woman has been able to so far—to go out there and be a front-runner. We're just not chargers enough.

"Oh, women are aggressive—a lot are horribly aggressive, to a fault—but for long-distance automobile racing we just don't have it. Drag racing, yes. It doesn't take any great strength or driving skill. I mean, you're only as good as your car or your mechanic, but it's racing. That's why I like it. I don't care if it's a foot race; I'll be right in there.

"I've always been interested in cars and speed, but I've also been conscious about how dangerous cars can be, because my mother was killed in one when I was very young. But even with that, I've never been afraid. You have to think you're immune. When I was driving funny cars, I would watch somebody else make a pass and I would think, 'My God, do I look like that?' And I would never let my son drive. I would have died if I had to watch him race.

"My most frightening experience? That's easy: it was Sears Point in 1973, when I crashed the rocket car. My chutes tore off, and I went a mile past the end of the quarter. I swerved to miss some men standing on the end of the pavement and careened down a dirt road. I remember clearly thinking, 'Gee, I'm glad I've got off-road experience.' Then I saw a lot of blue

sky, and I knew I was airborne. I thought, 'I'm going to die. This is it. Good-bye.' Then I don't remember anything else but a lot of endos [end-over-end flips]. I've got photos of the car flying ninety feet in the air.

"When the car came down for the final time, it was upright and I was sitting in the cockpit with the windshield torn away and my goggles gone. The firemen rushed up, screaming for me to get out, and they started spraying the car, which was, by then, on fire. I said, 'My suit isn't burning; so I think I'll just sit here for a while and compose myself.' After that everything was sort of mechanical. I got out of the car, waved to the crowd, and lay down on the grass. Later, at the hospital, they diagnosed it as a broken neck.

"But I didn't quit, because once you get hooked on speed, it's tough to give it up. The rocket car, now *that's* a rush. You get pasted to the seat, and it feels like your face is coming off. The skin seems to be slipping to the back of your head.

"A lot of people have tried to link racing with sex—you know, the *feeling*—but I don't think it's particularly sexual. It's just something people do, and I think the answer is fairly simple: ego. Most people won't admit it, but it's great to be a star and to have people say: Hey, you're Paula Murphy, or you're A. J. Foyt. Gimme your autograph. Or would you do my television show, or would you do this or that? That's a nice feeling. You know, no one watches you climbing mountains.

"It's just superneat to be able to do something and win and get recognition, something that's easy to do.

"As for the male syndrome, that definitely has not given me any incentive to drive harder. I know what I can do, and I don't care what anybody says, male or female. I was an oddity in the beginning, and I knew it, but that was good for me. I capitalized on the fact that I was a woman in a man's sport. I drove the Novi around the track at Indy in 1963, and it was an awful car. Maybe I was born twenty years too soon, or I'd be running Indy now, but I doubt it. If I'm gonna do something, I'm going to do it to win, and I just don't feel that women have a place in that type of racing."

Stevie Cederstrom grew up two blocks from Ascot Speedway, Southern California's premier track; so it was only natural that she would gravitate to the pits. Her high-school dates laughed when she sat down to drive a race car at 15 years of age, but the laughing stopped when she won the first race she was in. She started in micro-midgets, climbed up through three-quarter midgets, and finally landed a ride in a full-fledged USAC midget in 1975. In 11 years of racing she has won more than 100 races on dirt, and, fellow racing enthusiasts, that is an amazing accomplishment.

"I have more trouble with drivers' wives than I do with the men themselves. They don't like it at all when I beat their husbands. But the worst indignity I ever suffered did come at the hands of a man—a track promoter at the Speedrome in Indianapolis. Would you believe he actually

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made me take a pregnancy test before he would let me on the track? They wouldn't even let me in the pits, and I had to sit in a car in the parking lot for hours. They finally let me on the track, and listen to this: we came back to race there four days later, and would you believe they demanded I take *another* pregnancy test? The doctor asked the promoter, 'How in the hell can I tell if she got pregnant between Wednesday and Sunday?'

"There are some things a woman has a hard time doing in racing. I mean, midgets are easy for me to drive, but anything bigger is tough. Just look at the size of me: I'm five-three and weigh one hundred eight pounds, and you've got a lot of weight to haul around in, say, a sprint car. I drove one once, and I had to stand up in the cockpit to get the brakes down; so I said, 'Later, man.'

"I think women should be equal to men if they can do the job, but I certainly like it when a man opens a door for me. I think a woman, just like a man, should have the right to decide which way she wants to go. There's no way I'd take a banner and parade up and down in front of someplace, because I'm just not that verbal or radical. I like being a lady race car driver, not a girl who drives race cars. I like people to recognize me as, well, 'She's a lady,' and it's hard sometimes, because people piss me off—just like they do a man.

"I don't feel one bit differently than a man. I want to win, and I don't want to get hurt. I've been through that. I've been burned and scarred and terrified, but, you know, the times when I've crashed, the first thing I've thought of is how pissed off the car owner is going to be. I don't want to get my arm torn off or lose the use of it like a lot of people have done in midgets and sprint cars, but I also don't think about that when I crash.

"You know, it's really terrible for a man to get badly burned, but for a woman it's a catastrophe. Just think about it: what could you wear? Besides that, it hurts to get hurt. In my very first race in a midget my right front brake locked, and I hit the wall. It bent everything on the car and twisted me all up, too. But I knew even then that it was going to hurt when I saw the wall coming. The one thing that went through my head was 'duck'; so I did. And I held on, because I had been told to hold onto the steering wheel, and I wouldn't lose my arms.

"I don't intend to give up racing for a long time, because I get something on a race track I don't get anywhere else—certainly not on the highway. Street cars are so big and klutzy you have to go a hundred to get any sensation at all. But at someplace like Ascot, in a full midget you really get a thrill. You really go fast on the half-mile, but I like the quarter more, because you get to slide more. You just cock that thing coming down the chute, and you throw it into the turn.

"I just love to run dirt. It's a sensation that's hard to describe, just feeling it slide; it's sort of like being on a roller coaster but having control. I know one thing: you can't compare it with sex. I have more control over a race car."

Betty Cook is the World Offshore Power Boat Champion, a title she won in 1977 and again in 1979, defeating 18 Continental Champions from all over the world. In April 1980 she beat out 54 contestants to win the New Orleans–Halter 200-mile Power Boat Race with an average speed of 86.8 miles per hour. At five foot four and 112 pounds, she dominates a sport that requires standing up to three hours while battling smashing ocean waves. Elected in 1978 to the American Power Boat Association Hall of Champions, she is a former research administrator at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a fashion expert, and a grandmother.

"To race at all was a challenge. I had to establish certain parameters, and the main one was strength and endurance. I knew that by nature mine were not those of a man, and that this was a highly competitive field where there was no 'Ladies' Tee' fifty yards closer to the green. And then I wasn't a twenty-five-year-old, brought up in boats and money. In fact, I had never been interested in speed. Ever, ever, ever. I'm a very conservative individual. But my husband got interested in boats—particularly hull design—and it all got out of hand. The first thing I knew I had allowed one of the guys to talk me into trying my hand at racing.

> The times when I've crashed, the first thing I've thought of is how pissed off the car's owner is going to be.

"I was terrified. But not as much as everybody else at Long Beach that day, because I managed to hit just about everything floating, including the dock. But I raced. And, after a few races, naturally, I had to have a boat that would run in the open class, out there on those two-hundred-mile ocean courses.

"I found out that it's an enormously fatiguing sport. Any motor sport takes complete concentration, and this one is no different. You can't let your mind—or your body—rest for a fraction of a second from the time you climb into the boat until you cross the finish line. And you have to concentrate under horrendous conditions. You take a terrible physical beating. My neck and shoulders throb from trying to hold up my head against the wind, which is trying to push it all the way back. And the fingers on my right hand are always numb from repeatedly bashing my elbow on the gunwale. My forearm is usually black and blue, the bottoms of my feet are covered with blisters, and my legs are lifeless. You have to stand up, or you'd shake a kidney loose in the first fifty miles. So you brace yourself, hips against the padded seat and your knees against the dashboard. And you have to hold onto the wheel with all you've got, because when the boat comes out of the water, you must make sure it reenters in exactly the same attitude, or it can spin you around in midcourse and catapult the entire crew (throttleman, navigator, and driver) right out of the boat. At ninety that can hurt.

"When I won the world championship in 1977, the sea was so bad they had to run a storm course that kept us a little closer in, but it was still terrible, with twelve-foot waves.

"I always run my own race; I don't race other boats, which is a lot different from automobile racing. I simply pit my boat and crew against the water and the finish line. And, you know, I don't think I realized this until I went to my first auto race a few months ago. But I was fascinated with the race cars. I also couldn't believe how dangerous it is. I mean, you race around a track with walls on either side of you and cars all over the place. At least, we have the whole damn ocean to run in, but in an automobile it's terrifying.

"I was frightened for the auto racers more than I have ever been for myself. I've never really been frightened in a boat per se, frightened in the dictionary sense of the word. Oh, I've been concerned about my ability to handle some situations where if I did something wrong I might jeopardize another boat or my own crew, but I have never been just *frightened.* I think it's because I have such a dynamite crew and I feel so secure with them. So my only reservation or qualification is that I question my ability many times to handle a situation. But I have to make the decisions, and I make mistakes, and maybe I'm the only one who knows they are mistakes—or my crew—but I also know when I've done something right."

Sue Williams raced stock cars in powder-puff races against other women in Southern California, but it wasn't long before that became too tame, and she moved into the men's domain. Racing has changed a lot for the striking blonde in her ten years of stock car racing. When she started, there was a ladies' room in the pits, but nobody ever seemed to have the key for it. There were hassles in getting a license, and a lot of men objected to her even being in the pits, let alone on the track. But, after having served the very same appren-

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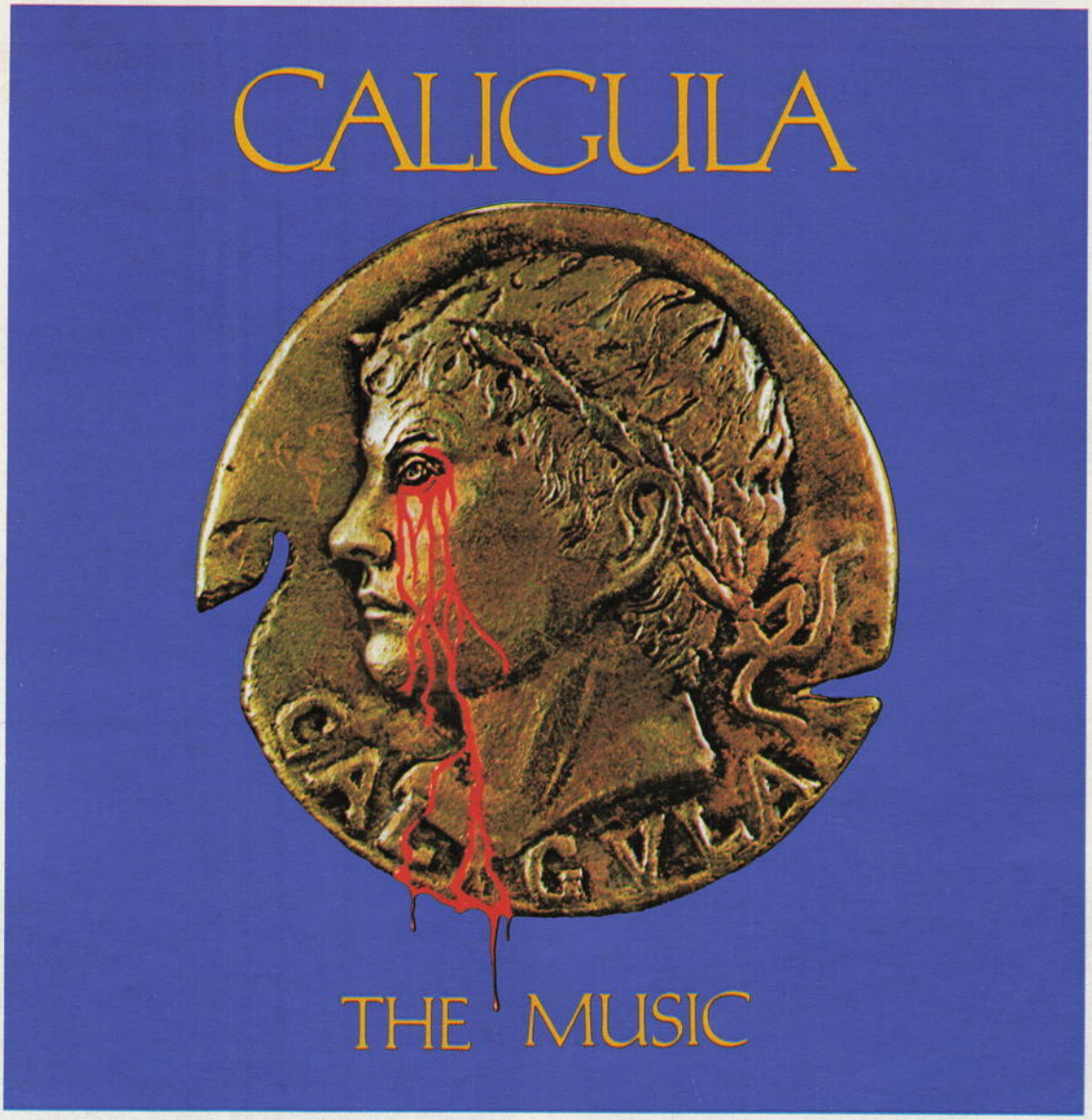

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Photographic quality is now available in a wide range of moderately priced cameras.

IT'S A SNAP

BY STEVE KRAMER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SILANO

Has a personal budget crisis come between you and the sexy 35 mm camera of your dreams? Well, cheer up, because the marvels of electronics have created a whole new generation of sophisticated automatic cameras that don't cost any more than a good suit. While they differ in specific features and details of construction, each one can easily give you crisp, well-exposed color prints and slides under a wide variety of shooting conditions.

Certainly the most sought-after type of "fine" camera is the 35 mm SLR (single-lens reflex), which offers a wide range of interchangeable lenses plus the ability to let you preview what each lens will "see." Add exposure automation—the ability of the camera to set the right shutter speed and/or lens opening—and you've got a superb picture-making package. If all that capability sounds a bit rich for your blood, don't worry—it need not be. Within the extensive product line of each major manufacturer, there is usually one model that provides all the capabilities you need at an easy-to-take price.

A fine example is the Minolta XG-1, the least expensive member of a superb family of automatic cameras. The XG-1 offers automatic (or manual) setting of shutter speeds, an optional motor winder for automatic film advance, a choice of matched electronic-flash guns, and entrée into the remarkable range of more than 40 Minolta Rokkor lenses. (You may also want to consider the brand-new Minolta XG-M. This compact SLR has full metering in both manual and automatic modes and a fast accessory motor drive.)

At an even lower price, the compact Nikon EM automatically sets the proper speed of its electronically controlled shutter. A beautifully matched film winder and automatic flash complement the EM, which accepts its own series of moderately priced Nikon series "E" lenses as well as the enormous range of Nikkor lenses.

It is not surprising that Canon—the best-selling brand of SLR—makes a model with features very similar to those of the Nikon EM. The Canon AV-1 shares its motor winder, flash, and lens system with the other members of the extremely popular

Canon "A" series of cameras. A special handgrip on the front of the AV-1 makes it particularly easy to hold. A companion nonauto model, the Canon AT-1, is also well worthy of consideration.

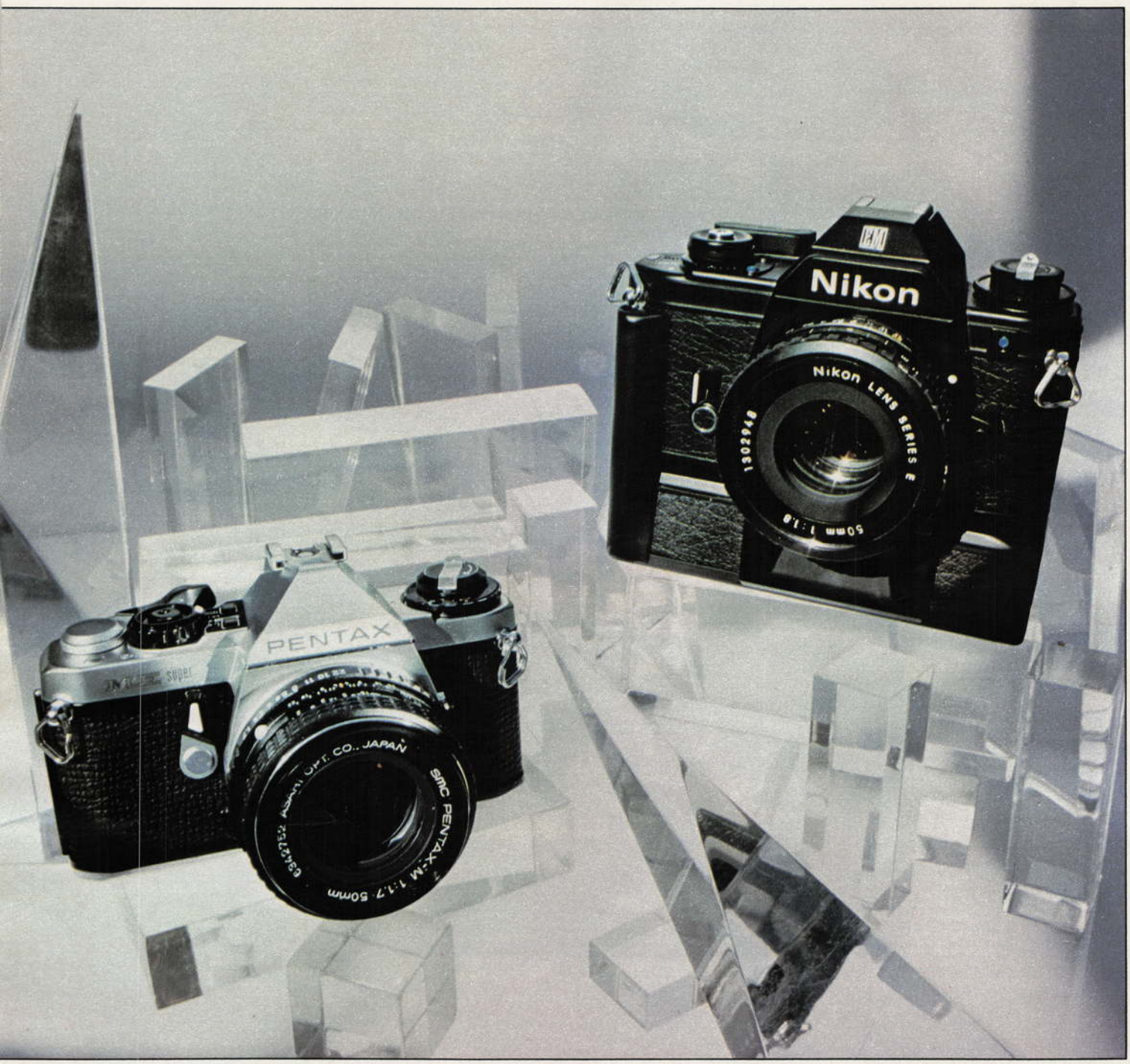
If you'd like an auto-exposure SLR with a difference, the answer may be the Pentax ME Super. This small, lightweight marvel lets you choose a shutter speed by pushing a button, which activates one of a row of lights in the viewfinder. Of course, the ME Super will also work automatically, and it accepts a full range of widely available K-type bayonet-mount lenses plus many other accessories. An auto-only version, the Pentax ME, is available at an even lower price.

Even in these days of increasing automation, there are still photographers who prefer to control all exposure settings by themselves. For them, a top-notch manual-exposure camera, such as the Yashica FX-3, is just the ticket. With its sensitive light meter and highly visible LED (light-emitting diode) viewfinder display, the FX-3 puts the user in charge of a vast range of Yashica and Zeiss bayonet-mount lenses.

From a company that specializes in building high-grade, moderately priced cameras comes the Chinon CA-4. An automatic model with full manual override, the CA-4 uses LEDs in the viewfinder to keep the photographer informed about exposure and lighting conditions. In addition to matching flash units and a range of Chinar lenses in popular focal lengths, the CA-4 will accept all lenses in the K bayonet mount.

A different type of economy is offered by the top-of-the-line Konica FS-1. In addition to a highly sensitive automatic light meter (with manual override), the compact FS-1 has a built-in motorized film

(far left) The MINOLTA XG-1 ($404, with 45 mm f/2 lens) offers automatic setting of shutter speeds. (far right) The CANON AV-1 ($394, with 50 mm f/1.8 lens) has a special handgrip for easy holding. (above, top) The CHINON CA-4 ($325, with 50 mm f/1.9 lens) offers full manual override. (bottom) The OLYMPUS XA-2 ($230, with 35 mm f/3.5 lens) can be purchased with a matching A-11 flash unit ($38).



winder. Not only do you save the expense of adding a winder later on, but you get the advantage of an easy-to-hold, one-piece unit. Of course, Konica also has a wide range of bayonet-mount lenses, plus flash units, remote-control triggers, and other add-on accessories.

Among the least expensive of today's SLRs is the Ricoh KR-5. A simple-to-use match-needle (nonautomatic) camera, the KR-5 uses Rikenon and other K-mount lenses.

The very popular Olympus OM-10, an auto-exposure SLR with optional manual-control adapter, is part of a family of small cameras. Surely the two tiniest members of the clan are the Olympus XA and XA-2. These companion models—each about the size of a cigarette pack—offer automatic exposure and direct (nonreflex) viewing but not interchangeable lenses. A sliding cover renders them virtually dustproof. In addition to a faster lens and more flexible exposure control, the XA has a coupled range finder for precise focusing. Either camera should be purchased in a kit that includes the minuscule, matching Olympus A-11 flash unit.

Once you have bought an SLR, the next major expenditure is for a set of wide-angle and telephoto lenses. But recent advances in the science of optics, facilitated by the use of high-speed computers, have lowered the cost of optical versatility. Instead of adding moderate wide-angle and portrait-telephoto lenses plus a close-up attachment, photographers can now buy a single zoom lens to replace them all. This saves time (otherwise spent changing lenses), space, and weight while allowing exact framing of the subject.

Virtually all SLR manufacturers, including all those already mentioned, offer a choice of high-quality zoom lenses to fit their cameras. In competition with them, a number of independent companies offer excellent zooms at surprisingly reasonable prices. As with the camera makers, most of these companies market a variety of wide-angle and telephoto zooms. Generally, however, one lens from each line stands out for its excellent balance between performance and price.

Four of the best-known "independents"

are Soligor (35–70 mm f/2.5–3.5 zoom, $325), Vivitar 28–85 mm f/2.8–3.8, $349.95), Sigma (35–85 mm f/2.8–4, $373.20), and Tamron (35–70 mm f/3.5–4.5, $320). Not as famous, perhaps, but well respected by those in the photographic field, are Kiron (28–85 mm f/2.8–3.8, $449), Osawa (38–70 mm f/3.5, $270), and CPC (70–140 mm f/3.8, $250).

Naturally, the universe of SLR accessories goes far beyond lenses. For those who crave a special look in their photos, an extensive array of filters can be of great help. While many companies make glass filters that thread into the front of each lens, a more comprehensive approach is taken by the Cokin filter system. Once the proper adapter has been attached to the lens, a vast array of colored and/or special-effect filters can be slipped in, one or even two at a time.

Finally, because zoom lenses tend to be rather slow and filters inevitably block out some light, you may want to add a dependable source of extra illumination. Almost every camera maker, as well as such companies as Vivitar and Soligor, sells a variety of automatic flash units. But Sunpak, a firm that specializes in electronic flash, offers one of the widest selections of models in the entire industry. In keeping with the need for economy, you might want to check out the Sunpak Auto 411 ($158), a particularly versatile unit that recycles quickly and can put the right amount of light just where it's needed.

Just put together the right combination of camera, lens, filters, and flash, and you'll be taking big-time photographs on a decidedly down-home budget.

(far left) With the PENTAX ME SUPER ($438, with 50 mm f/1.7 lens), the push of a button selects shutter speed. (right) The NIKON EM ($357, with 50 mm f/1.8 Series E lens) accepts the full range of Nikkor lenses as well. (above left) The KONICA FS-1 ($489, with 40 mm f/1.8 lens) has a built-in motorized film winder. (above right) YASHICA's FX-3 ($335, with 50 mm f/1.2 lens) offers manual exposure. (All prices suggested retail.)

For more information on merchandise featured here, see page 178

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

PAUL LEWIS

> We looked out the window, and it was an incredible sight: hundreds of Iranians, screaming and running helter-skelter all over the embassy compound.

For more than a year, "Redeye" Lewis kept one tall, cool bottle of beer apart from many others in the well-stocked refrigerator of his home in tiny Homer, Ill.

Through passing months and shifting political tides, through potential breakthroughs and shattering letdowns, through every rise and fall of the emotional roller coaster on which he and his family rode during the 14½-month Iran crisis, that bottle served as a symbol of hope in a season of despair. It was for his son, Paul, a marine sergeant held hostage at the U.S. Embassy in Tehran.

When Paul returned home last January, free at last and fresh from a historic Washington reception and White House ceremony, he walked slowly through the front door, wandered through the familiar rooms, then went into the kitchen. He opened the refrigerator and removed his beer, downing the brew slowly while savoring the quiet moment alone with his father.

"You know, everything's been great," he said, referring to the hostages' welcome in Wiesbaden, their family reunion at West Point, and the outpouring of emotion they received in Washington. "But nothing matches what I'm feeling right now. Being back here—that's the best."

By "here" he meant home in the fullest, most literal sense: a modest white, wooden-frame house in a small, central-Illinois farming community some 150 miles south of Chicago. It was in this part of heartland America that Paul had been born and raised, together with his younger sister and two younger brothers; and his return, after being held hostage by militants in an alien country halfway around the world, was no small thing.

Nor was it any small thing for Homer's 1,400 residents, who tied yellow ribbons around every tree in sight, put posters with Paul's picture in every store along the three-block stretch of their main street, and staged a celebration that was unparalleled in the town's 125-year history.

They hooted and hollered and called his name as Paul rode proudly by on a vintage fire truck, flanked by his father and mother, Gloran. They applauded with fervor when he was saluted by the governor and other state officials, and they roared with approval when Maj. Gen. Norma Brown, commander of nearby Chanute Air Force Base, broke off her welcoming speech to plant several solid kisses on his cheek. "I talk short so I can kiss long," the general announced. "So does he," shouted a young lady who, according to reliable local sources, is in a position to know.

"You see, this place is not like New York," observed Margaret White, 65, who works in Wienke's Shoe Shop and, like virtually everyone else in Homer, has known Paul since his infancy. "There is a sharing and caring here, and having Paul back is like having one of your own return. He is everyone's son coming home, and we in Homer wanted to welcome him accordingly."

Paul Lewis deserved that welcome. Like the home and town from which he comes, he represents a slice of old-fashioned Americana. At 23, he is a bright, good-looking, well-mannered, high-principled, and patriotic young man. In past years he was a high-school football hero, homecoming king, top student, and outstanding marine recruit. Now he is a full-fledged hero in Homer.

After graduating first in his 100-member class at the U.S. Marine security school in Quantico, Va., where the nation's elite teams of embassy guards are trained, Paul—who stands five feet nine inches, weighs about 185 pounds, and has arms as thick as most people's legs—was assigned to the U.S. Embassy in Budapest. In October 1979, after a year there, he volunteered for duty at the besieged American mission in Tehran.

When he phoned his decision to Redeye, who is known by his formal name of Phil only to family, State Department officials, and two American presidents, the elder Lewis, a lean, laconic man of 48, responded with a fatherly mixture of pride and concern. "You darn fool," he said, recalling how the Tehran embassy had been overrun eight months earlier. "You don't know what you're getting into."

True, but Paul did have a certain sense of what his job was about. "Somebody's got to do it," he said. Afterward, with 444 days in captivity lost from his life, the ruggedly handsome, soft-spoken sergeant was saying much the same thing. "Well," he remarked, "somebody *did* have to do it. I figured I'd go there, do my six months, and get out. Took a bit longer than I expected, but I'd do it again."

Is that plain posturing, or are overriding personal principles at work? Consider the little-known but highly revealing story about the time Paul faced disciplinary action at Homer High, from which he graduated in 1975, for the alleged misdeed of cursing in public.

Now, even today that is no small transgression in Homer, where people still talk about the 1950s robbery of the

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAT HILL

town's only bank; where alcoholic beverages are not sold; where children are brought up to be seen and not heard. Accused by a teacher of uttering a foul epithet, young Lewis was ordered to do 100 push-ups. Although he could have done them easily and ended the matter, he denied the charge and refused to accept the punishment, even after being brought to the principal's office. Unaccustomed to such recalcitrance from anyone in his 150-member student body, the school administrator summoned Paul's father. Redeye came, listened, and rendered a verdict. "Do it!" he commanded his son.

Paul dropped to the floor and did 100 push-ups. "Fine," the principal said when the punishment had been met. "Now, return to class, apologize, and shake hands with your teacher. Then we'll forget the whole thing." Paul shook his head. "No," he said.

Stunned, the principal turned to Redeye Lewis, who looked long and hard at his son. "I can't, Dad," Paul explained. "I can't apologize and shake his hand, because he's wrong, and I don't respect him." Redeye Lewis pondered that, then turned to the principal. "Well," he said, "I told him to take his punishment, but I'll be damned if I'll order him to apologize to a man he don't respect." Back to class went the youth—with no apologies and no handshakes.

"That's Paul," says his high-school football coach, Bruce Miller. Having taught at Homer for 16 years, Miller, 43, considers his former star something special. His reasons go beyond Paul's performance as an all-conference linebacker and outstanding halfback. "It's a matter of character," Miller says. "Paul has pride and principles, and he's willing to back them up. He is tough and strong and intelligent. He is the kind of guy you want with you if you have to be held captive in a place like Iran. He also is the kind of son every parent wants."

Such talk embarrasses Paul, but his behavior in captivity bore it out. Humiliated by the mode of his surrender, which came by order without the firing of a shot, and unafraid of his captors but frustrated by his helplessness in their hands, Paul resorted to the one weapon Iranians could not confiscate: humor. He and fellow marines ridiculed the so-called students, laughing at them, arguing with them, making them the butt of raunchy marine jokes. Their tactics included:

- Mocking the captors by mimicking their accented English. "You liiiiike the foooood?" a militant would inquire. "Foooood is goooood," the marines would reply. "We looooove the foooood."
- Defacing pictures of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the supreme Iranian leader.
- Farting frequently and effectively, which forced Iranians from their presence and finally prompted a formal warning to cease the practice.
- Smearing butter on specially constructed peepholes, which were designed to allow guards to observe them without entering the room.
- Confounding their guards by including on weekly supply lists such items as plane tickets, electric drills, and saws.

"Saw?" said a perplexed Iranian after spending several hours trying to sort out one list and track down the requested items. "What is saw?" "You know," Paul said, walking to the barred window and making a sawing motion with his hands. "Saw, see?" The guard saw, then seethed. "No," he said, stalking out. "Eeeeez not necessary." "Wrong," countered Paul, convulsed with laughter. "Eeeeez very necessary."

In the larger scheme of things, Paul conceded, such antics did not change much. "But," he said with a boyish grin, "they sure helped us get through some hard stuff."

Although Paul's treatment was not so harsh as that of some of the other hostages, he endured plenty of hard stuff. Now ready to resume civilian life and enrolled in college, he recounted the ordeal in a series of interviews with Arnold Abrams, who befriended Paul and his family while covering the hostage story for *Newsday,* where he serves as a national staff correspondent.

Penthouse: What happened to you on November 4, 1979—the day of the takeover?

Lewis: I'd just arrived in Tehran about 11 o'clock the night before, and I had been billeted with several other marines in a building across the street from the embassy compound. I had been told I didn't have to worry about waking up early the next morning, so I didn't. I got up about 10:30 A.M. and was gathering some things to take a shower when a marine rushed in and yelled that the embassy was under attack, that the building was cut off, and that we'd better get upstairs to the top floor.

I threw on a pair of fatigues and ran upstairs with four other marines. We looked out the window, and it was an incredible sight: hundreds of Iranians, screaming and running helter-skelter all over the embassy compound. They were trying to get into buildings and crawling on top of cars and just running everywhere. It looked like everything was crazy.

Penthouse: It's your first day in the country, and you're under siege. What was your reaction?

Lewis: I couldn't believe this was actually happening. I just walked into the place, and already things are coming apart at the seams. I was dazed at the whole thing. It was almost something you'd sit back and laugh at. I couldn't believe it.

Penthouse: What happened after you went to the top floor?

Lewis: We advised the embassy by radio of our position. They told us to stand by and wait for government reinforcements. They told us not to resist any sort of capture unless it was absolutely necessary—meaning to preserve our lives. Then we watched through the window as they came across the street and entered our building. We heard them coming up, floor by floor, breaking doors down. In about 20 minutes they were at our door. They kicked it open, and that was it. We were prisoners.

Penthouse: What were your thoughts as this was happening?

Lewis: When I saw police and revolutionary guards just standing around and making no effort to stop the crowd, I thought it would be something similar to the earlier takeover in February, which lasted only a few hours. I wasn't afraid. I was disgusted—that we would have to give in to these guys without a fight.

Penthouse: Was it a mistake to order the marines not to fire?

Lewis: I suppose there will always be two views on that. If you're talking about loss of life or the political situation, yes, it was wise not to fire, because we would have lost. There were only six or seven armed marines inside the compound, and my group was unarmed, because weapons were not allowed to be taken outside the compound. There was just no way Americans could have defended the embassy effectively. But then you can always say that if we had fired and gone down, we at least would have saved American honor. It's a tough decision, especially when things are happening as fast as they were.

Penthouse: What decision would you have made?

Lewis: It was probably better not to fire. We just weren't equipped to handle that sort of thing.

Penthouse: Back to the story. What happened after they broke the door down?

Lewis: Well, there was one guy with a pistol who appeared to be in charge. The rest had sticks and clubs and pipes, maybe 15 to 20 of them. They had us stand up, and we were frisked, checked for weapons. We had tried to hide our pocket radios, but they found those. And they said not to make a sudden move, that there was a great danger, but that if we didn't resist we wouldn't be harmed. Then our hands were bound, we were blindfolded, and they led us out of the building and across the street to the compound.

Penthouse: What happened in the compound?

Lewis: First, they just took us and tied us to chairs and left us there for about nine hours. We were blindfolded and tied to chairs.

Penthouse: Were you able to talk to each other?

Lewis: No. They told us not to speak.

Penthouse: You sat in complete silence?

Lewis: Yes. We could hear others being brought in and being moved about, but we weren't allowed to speak. We weren't unblindfolded yet.

Penthouse: Did anybody try to speak?
Lewis: People were asking, "Who's there?" and someone would tell them to be quiet.
Penthouse: Were you scared at that point?
Lewis: No. I was just angry at the whole thing.
Penthouse: What did they do with you?
Lewis: I didn't have a passport or an ID card with me, because I hadn't had time to pick them up. So they didn't know who I was. They took me back to a bedroom, tied my hands and feet, and put me on a bed. They couldn't decide what to do with me. They claimed I was some kind of a CIA agent, because I had a camouflage outfit on and no ID.
Penthouse: Did they interrogate you?
Lewis: Not at first. For the first two and a half days or so, they just left me in a room by myself, tied and blindfolded and lying on a bed. Then the questioning started. An English-speaking Iranian came in and wanted to know the combinations to the safes. I told him I had been in the country for about 14 hours before being taken, and I didn't know anything. I told him he was wasting his time with me.

He left and then came back with another guy, who was armed with an Uzi [an Israeli-made automatic weapon]. He asked me again about the combinations. I said I still didn't know anything. Then they cocked the gun and said, "Now you better tell us." I laughed and told them to forget it, that I didn't have what they wanted.
Penthouse: Did you actually laugh?
Lewis: Yes. It was a ridiculous situation. I had been all through the prisoner-of-war training and had been told that you resist as long as you can but that everyone has a limit. And I thought to myself that when I meet my limit, I still won't have anything to tell. I thought they would probably start to work me over and that then they would think I was real tough because I didn't crack. Hell, I just had nothing to tell them.
Penthouse: Did they mix political material with their questioning?
Lewis: Yes, in a general way. They were trying to tell me how I was being exploited without knowing it. That I should sympathize with their cause because they were the only people in the world that were right. They were right, and the rest of the world was wrong.
Penthouse: What did you say?
Lewis: I told them to go . . . well, I told them I didn't believe it.
Penthouse: What did you actually say?
Lewis: I told them they were full of shit. I said, "Where do you come off saying that you're right and everybody else is wrong?"
Penthouse: Did you still think, at that point, that this was going to be a temporary situation, a short-lived takeover of the embassy?
Lewis: Not so much. I could see they were pretty well armed and seemed to be in control of the compound. It was not someone letting them be there. They were

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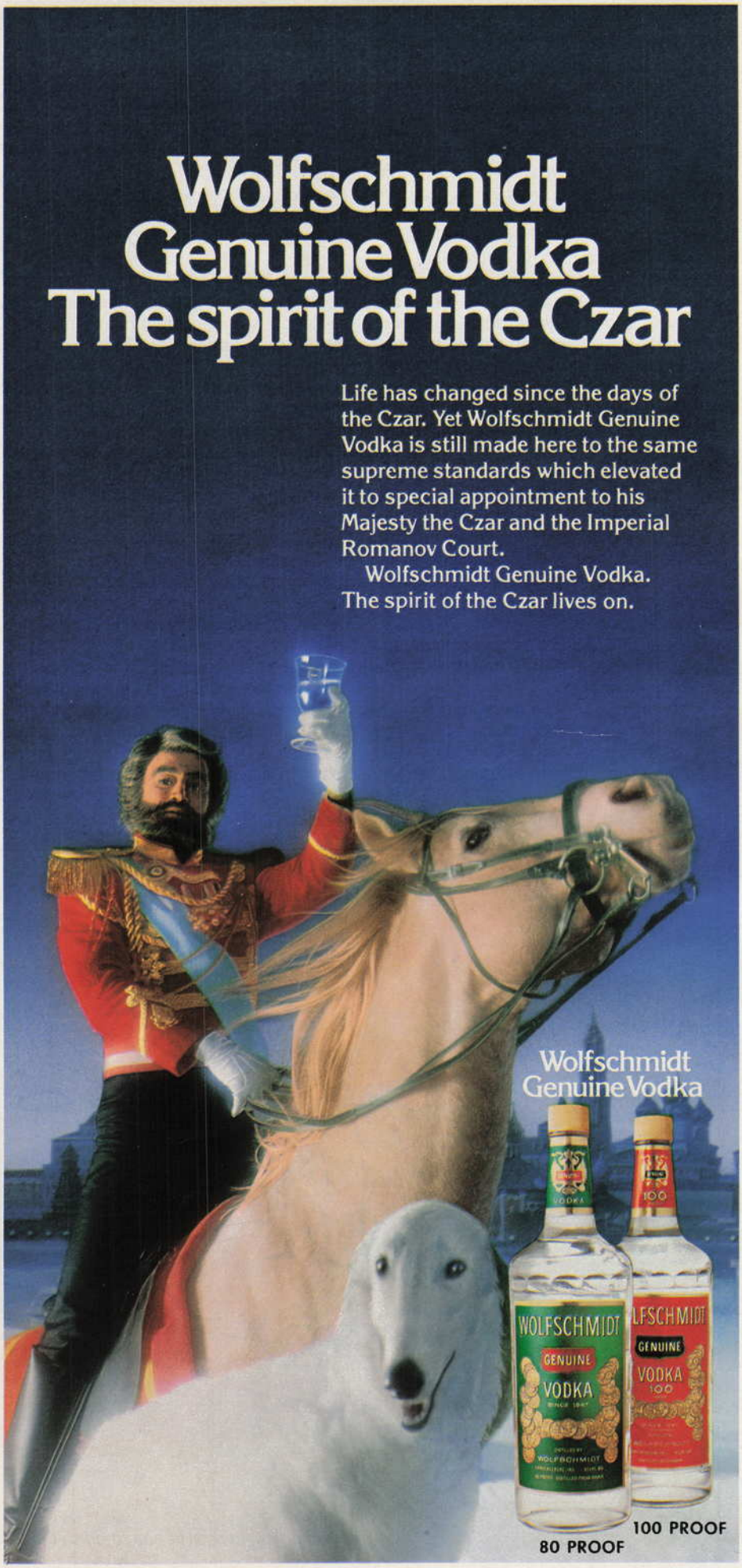

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there, and it seemed that they could put up a fight to keep it if they wanted to. And then, a little later on, when they began showing up with new, army-issue items and with weapons that they hadn't captured from the compound, I knew they were getting direct government support. I knew then that this was a serious situation.

Penthouse: Other former hostages have described those initial weeks as the most terrifying. What were they like for you?

Lewis: I was angry the entire time, because that was the pushing and shoving and slapping stage, as I call it. They were still trying to intimidate us, push us around, or play games with the cigarettes they would issue or about letting us go to the toilet—this sort of thing. So most of that time I was angry. I wasn't frightened.

Penthouse: How did you let your anger out?

Lewis: There wasn't much to do, because we were tied. But when they'd come around, trying to tell us their Islamic philosophy, I'd call them hypocrites and liars and tell them they were no better than the shah himself for what they were doing. Because what they were doing to us was what they fought to get rid of—the abuse of power or arresting people without any sort of investigation. To me that made them hypocrites.

Penthouse: How did they respond?

Lewis: They usually became angry and left, or threatened us in some way. They said they could make it harder on us if we continued to speak like that. They'd take our packages of cigarettes away or take our books away, that sort of thing.

Penthouse: Did they explain why they were holding you?

Lewis: They said they wanted to trade us for the shah. We told them there was no way it would ever happen and that we were going to be there a long time if that's what they wanted.

Penthouse: What were they like?

Lewis: Physically, they were smaller than most of us, and they ranged in age from about 18 to 35. Aside from the age, I couldn't believe a lot of them were students. I just couldn't understand how someone who considers himself an intellectual or a student could simply accept what Khomeini said without questioning it or wondering why he said it or what kind of effect it would have. They just did it, and there was no room for argument.

One time we asked a guy, "Why don't you just take us out and shoot us and be done with it?" He said, "No, no. We're not murderers. That's not Islam's way." "Well," we said, "what if Khomeini tells you to take us out and shoot us?" "Of course we would," he said.

Penthouse: What were your physical circumstances and daily routine in those first weeks?

Lewis: I was in a room by myself for the first seven or eight days. I was tied up, on a bed, and they would untie me about 15 or 20 minutes in the morning so I could exercise a little bit. There would be so many to watch me that it was nearly impossible to exercise—there would be 15 or 20 people watching me do push-ups. They were paranoid about my escaping or attacking one of them.

Penthouse: Did you talk to them?

Lewis: Sometimes I'd sort of banter with them, just kind of talk nonsense. Tell one he was ugly or looked stupid standing there or ask him why he was there. That sort of thing. A lot of times they couldn't understand me, so I sort of had fun abusing them when they didn't know what I was talking about. One would come up when I was working out and ask me how many push-ups I'd do, and I'd say, "You know, you're awful ugly." And they'd have to go and talk to their friends to see what I'd meant. Or sometimes you would say something to them and they'd misinterpret it, or they would misunderstand you. One time I told a guy he was dumb. He thought I called him a donkey. And I told him that was good enough; if he wanted to be a donkey, that was fine.

Penthouse: How did you spend the rest of your time?

Lewis: Well, there were some books in the room, and they would let me read them.

Penthouse: Your hands were free?

Lewis: They were tied together, but I could hold a book in the middle by the binding and read.

Penthouse: What kind of books?

Lewis: There were some old magazines and a couple of paperback books lying around that they let me have. Also, I slept a lot.

Penthouse: What happened when you had to use the bathroom?

Lewis: I had to ask permission, and then

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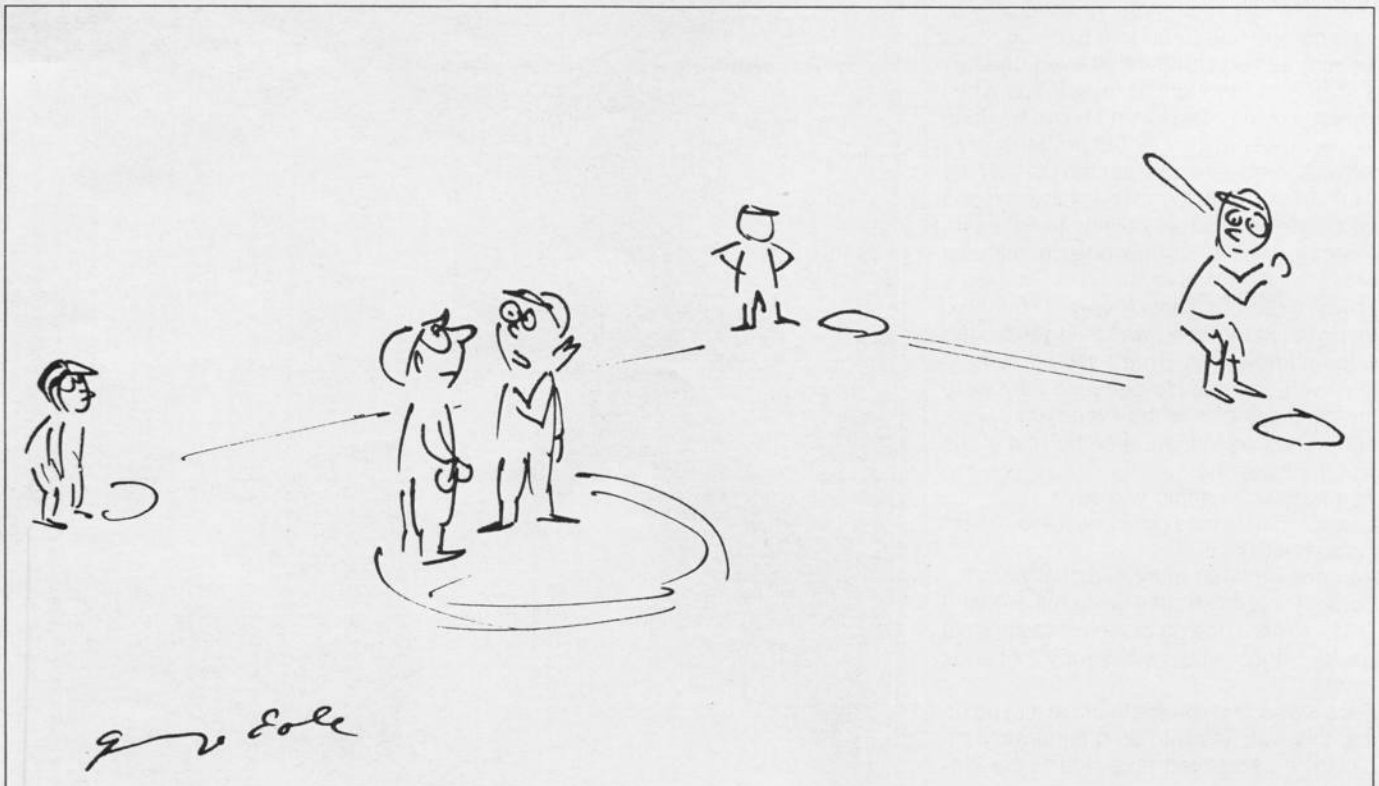

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SEX LIVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

came involved with Danish journalist Inga Arvad, whom he affectionately called Inga-Binga and who was suspected in certain intelligence circles of being a Nazi spy. After cold water was thrown on the affair by government officials, Kennedy rapidly moved on to other conquests.

During his congressional years Kennedy was dubbed "the gay young bachelor" and was rarely at a loss for female companionship, although the word among some Georgetown women was that the senator was a disappointment in bed and had a talent for making love with one eye on the clock. Indeed, former Senator Smathers commented that "just in terms of the time he spent with a woman, he was a lousy lover. He went in more for quantity than quality." Others indicated that Kennedy enjoyed the pursuit and conquest almost more than the act. Kennedy himself once told reporters, "I'm never through with a girl until I've had her three ways."

According to Smathers, "No one was off limits to Jack—not your wife, your mother, your sister." During their Senate days Kennedy and Smathers shared a *pied-à-terre* where they could carry on discreet affairs. Once, when Smathers was called away to the Senate, leaving Kennedy with both of their dates, he returned to find the ambitious senator chasing both girls around the apartment. Having two girls at once was one of Kennedy's "favorite pastimes," Smathers said.

When Kennedy finally decided in his mid-thirties that he needed a wife, he chose Jacqueline Bouvier. The elegantly attractive Jackie was an ideal wife for a presidential candidate. However, marriage did not mean monogamy to Jack Kennedy, and the opportunity for sexual liaisons was wide open on the campaign trail. Kennedy maintained a cool nonchalance about the potential stir his meanderings might cause. Some years before, when aides became frantic over a picture showing Kennedy lying next to a nude and very buxom brunette on a Florida beach, the senatorial candidate merely smiled and remarked, "Yes, I remember her. She was great!"

Kennedy also refused to let anything cramp his style. Fond of swimming in the nude in the White House pool, he was even fonder of being accompanied by well-endowed beauties similarly unattired. That Jackie knew of her husband's infidelities seems fairly certain, and it was reported that Kennedy's father offered her a million dollars not to divorce his runaround son on the brink of the presidential campaign. Friends said Jackie would often turn a blind eye on Kennedy's affairs, although once, upon discovering a pair of panties stuffed in a pillowcase, she icily asked him, "Would you please shop around and see who these belong to? They're not my size." However, despite all of Kennedy's wanderings, the two shared a certain intimacy, and the White House staff had strict orders not to disturb them when they retired to their quarters in the early afternoon while their children were napping.

HOWARD HUGHES

Probably no other person in history invested as much money in his sex life as did Howard Hughes, who obsessively searched for the woman with the perfect face, body, and especially breasts. For, besides his heavily publicized affairs with well-known actresses, Hughes established another outlet for his sexual urges. Over the years he developed a system for procuring young women for what was to become a veritable harem. Hughes operatives across the country were told of their boss's need for new faces and bodies. These agents found likely candidates, promised them screen tests and movie careers, and then shipped them off to Los Angeles. At one time Hughes owned or leased five houses in different areas of Los Angeles. Each one was occupied by a hopeful starlet or show girl, who was kept on salary. Thus, whichever neighborhood Hughes found himself in, he would have privacy and a girl.

> JFK's performance was "very democratic" and "very penetrating," Marilyn Monroe said with a giggle. "I think I make his back feel better."

Hughes himself was constantly looking for talent in magazines, on television, and on the streets. He set up his own detective agency to research and contact these prospects. One friend, studio executive William Fadiman, was sent to check out the star of the Ballet de Paris, Zizi Jeanmaire, after Hughes saw a picture of her. When Fadiman heartily approved of what he saw, Hughes bought the entire ballet company and installed it on the second floor of the RKO Writers Building. He hired a writer to do a screenplay for the company and set out to seduce Jeanmaire. After two years of failure, Hughes abruptly dropped the ballet and the planned film project.

Beauty contests were always a good source for Hughes's reconnaissance missions. In 1960, after viewing the Miss Universe pageant on television, Hughes ordered his detectives to contact seven of the finalists, who were subsequently registered in Los Angeles hotels. The operation failed, however, when the seven became suspicious of the promises of stardom and bolted for home. At one point during the 1950s, a Hughes aide claimed there were 108 active files on various candidates for Hughes's bedroom. After reading the files and looking over the photographs of these women, Hughes decided which were to be contacted—his favorites being teenage brunettes with large breasts.

The case of one Riverside, Calif., 15-year-old who won a local beauty contest was typical. She was investigated, contacted, moved to Los Angeles, and given a home in Coldwater Canyon. Chauffeured by Hughes's drivers, she was given singing, voice, acting, and dancing lessons. At the same time she was cut off from old friends, especially men. Forced to live a life of seclusion, she became lonely. Hughes waited for that vulnerable moment, stepped into her life, and began taking her to dinner. Soon they were lovers. But the girl from Riverside realized that, although she lived in luxury, her movie career was still nonexistent. It took her five more years to realize that Hughes had never intended to make her a star.

At least one of these operations at seduction backfired. A 16-year-old blonde with a 40-inch bust was brought to Hollywood from North Carolina. Her mother, who had also gone west, suggested a trip to Palm Springs, Calif., for her daughter, herself, and Hughes. He readily agreed and once there took the girl to bed. In the middle of their lovemaking, the mother burst into the room, claiming her daughter had been ruined. To avoid statutory rape charges, Hughes was forced to settle out of court for $250,000. Sometime during the early 1960s, Hughes's sex life ended when his overwhelming fear of germs precluded physical contact with another person. Sex was replaced by drugs and his around-the-clock viewing of movies and television.

In the early 1940s Hughes had a big chow named Chang. One morning Chang got into a fight with another dog. When Hughes tried to separate them, the other dog bit him on the penis. It took six stitches to sew up the wound. Although he was temporarily disabled, the injury didn't seem to have any lasting effect. However, Hughes never owned another pet.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

"I was in love once when I was young," Hoover remarked, "but then I became attached to the Bureau." In fact, there is no evidence that Hoover ever made love. He did date in high school but never "went steady." He became captain of the school cadets, and his friends teased him that he was "going steady with Company A." He was a champion debater, particularly when arguing against woman's suffrage. His father died when he was 26 years old,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

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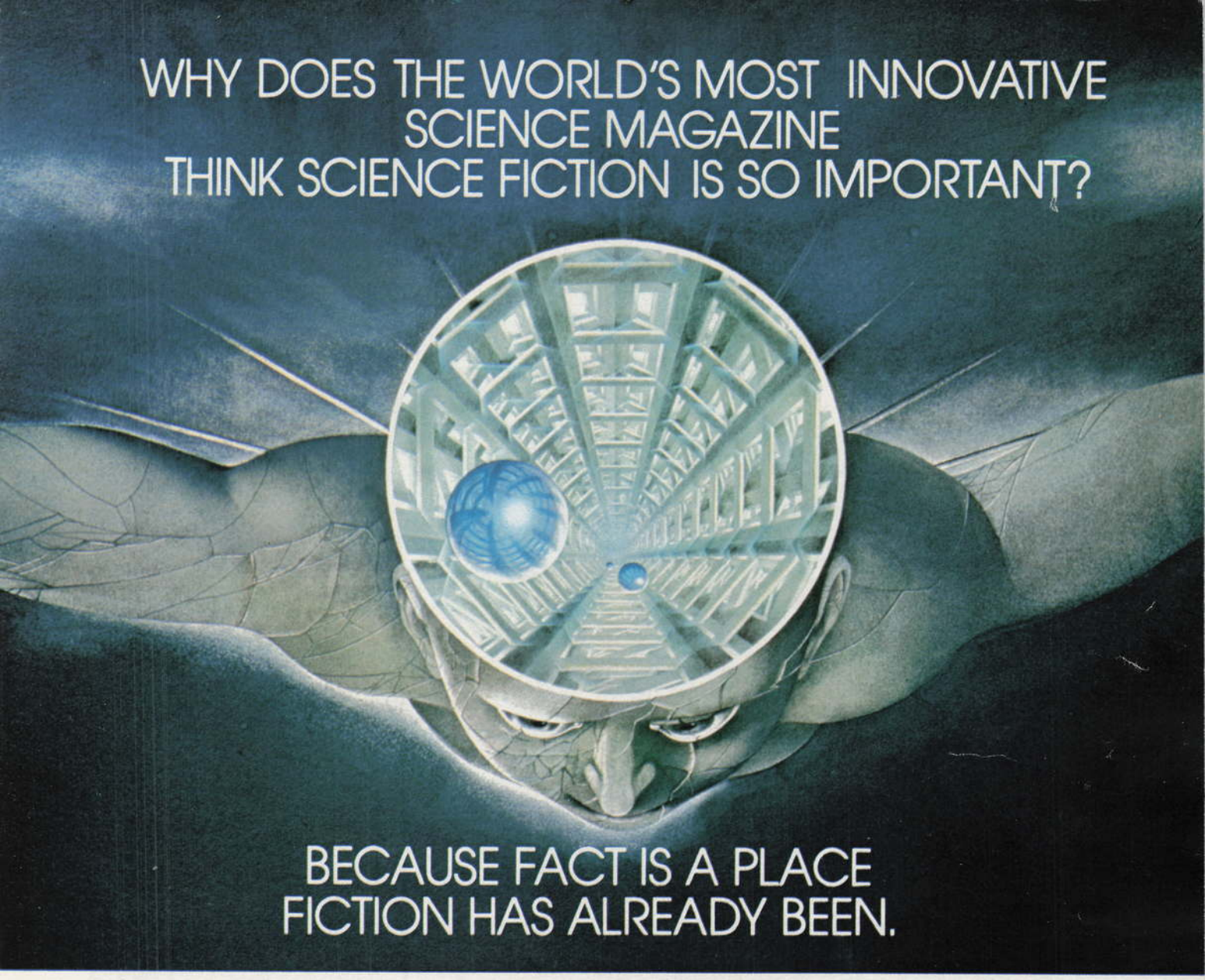

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PET OF THE YEAR

PLAY-OFF

It's time once again for our readers to cast their ballots for the girl most likely to succeed–succeed to the Penthouse *throne as our glorious new 1981 Pet of the Year.*

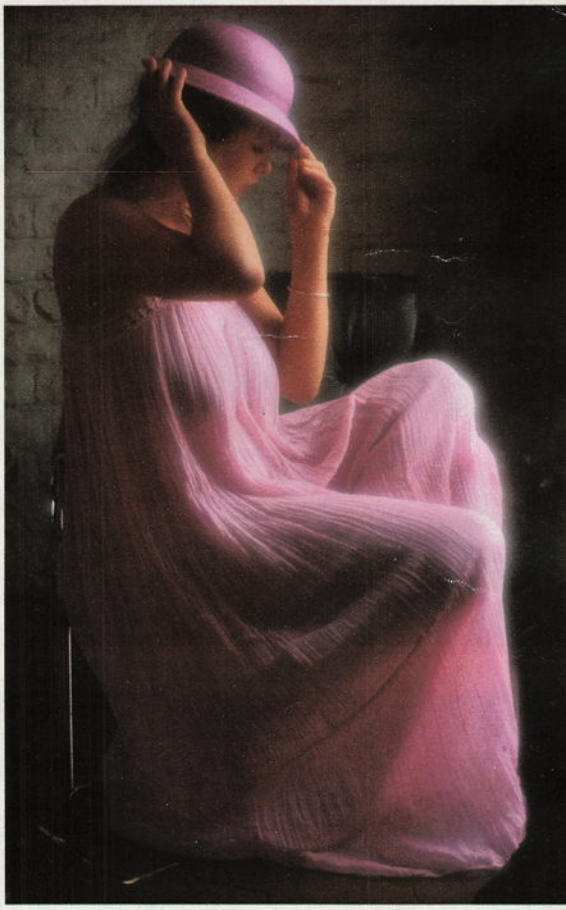
I don't simply want to be a beautiful object; I want to *create* them," declared Isabel Lanza, our svelte and sophisticated 1980 Pet of the Year, the latest in a long and distinguished *Penthouse* dynasty. Her sentiments reflect the achievements of recent Pets past. Although relishing the acclaim and the queen's ransom of gifts, these able and ambitious beauties were not content to rest on their laurels. Traveling the world over as elegant and eloquent goodwill ambassadors, they have epitomized *Penthouse*'s high aesthetic standards as well as the flowering force of modern womanhood. Lending their considerable talents to a host of worthy causes, these lovely ladies have also proven that victory is sweetest when its benefits are generously shared with others. Equally sweet are the glimpses, on the following pages, of four possible heirs apparent to the *Penthouse* crown and all the benefits that accrue to the winner of the world's most prestigious and lucrative beauty contest. As always, you can help in this delectable decision-making process by sending the name of your favorite to the New York or London office of *Penthouse*. Even in this age of shrinking expectations, such a profusion of perfection should put a man in the most expansive of moods!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

JOANNE LATHAM
September 1979

"Looking at my figure," said the astonishingly sumptuous British beauty when she first burst onto our pages, "you might say I've had more than a bit of blooming luck!" Eyeing her resplendent 40-23-36-inch form, we'd say that the luck is all ours. She refuses to let mass adulation turn her pretty, flaxen head, however. "My friends nicknamed me 'Shuga' because of my sweet disposition," she maintains, "and I intend to stay nice—though someday the right man might come along and persuade me to be a *little* bit naughty." Still just a tender 20, Shuga admits she has yet to get sweet on one particular man. In other words, she's up for grabs!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



DANIELLE GINIBRE
November 1979

"The first man I ever fell for," claims this strawberry blonde adventuress, "was a freckle-faced 12-year-old winner of a Soap Box Derby. But I must be wired for speed, because I've been hooked on fast cars–and fast men–ever since!" Judging from the evidence on this page, we'd say our 35-24-35-inch contender is still in fabulous racing form . . .

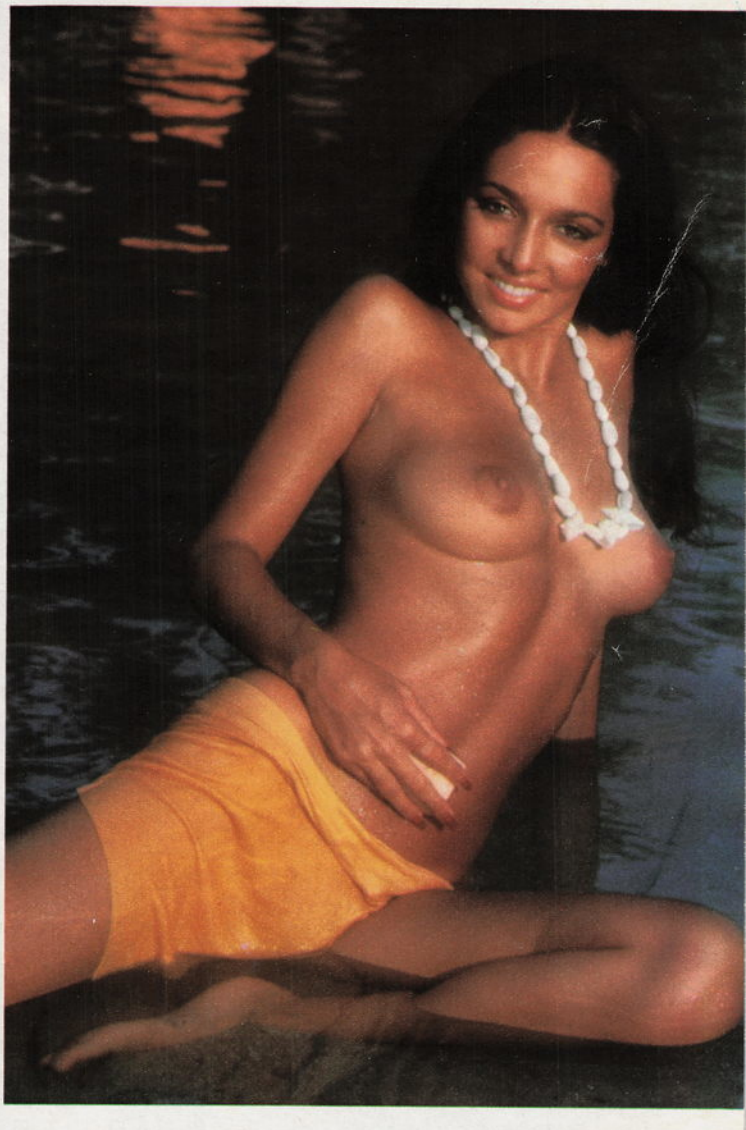
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI

CAROL "TAMARA" DAVIS

January 1980

"I like to take unsuspecting men by storm—like a friendly hurricane," declared our tawny 37-24-36-inch temptress. True to her word, she's also taken the entertainment world by storm since her triumphant appearance here. *Snap*, an upcoming romantic film comedy, features Carol in the lead role, opposite Chris Lemmon, son of Jack Lemmon. Her musical career is also gathering hurricane force. "I've just signed with Jerry Ragavoy [producer of such goodies as *Piece of My Heart*]," she tells us, "to do my first solo album—including several songs I've written myself." One of these, "It's Only Lust," was inspired, she says, by her debut in *Penthouse*. Carol, it's safe to say, is an inspiration to us all!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL



DANIELLE DENEUX

June 1980

"I've always been turned on by challenges, and being a Pet of the Year contender is no exception!" Though our Pet is pleased with her raven-haired beauty, the thing she is proudest of is her pride. "I left home at fourteen rather than take orders from a stepfather, and ever since then I've run my own life–and things in general. In fact," she quips, "I'd rather *direct* traffic than stop it!" Danielle, who pursues a dual career as a model and a professional accountant, claims she'll never depend on men for the essentials but does like the luxuries they offer: "like companionship, affection, and, of course, sex!" With her gorgeous face and enticing 37-25-36-inch form, we're certain such offers will always be in abundance!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

and Hoover, a devoted son, chose to live alone with his mother for the remainder of her life, which was 17 years. He never married, expressing the belief that women are a hindrance to the development of a man's career.

Hoover's only intimate friend for the last 44 years of his life was Clyde Tolson, a tall native of Missouri, who served as confidential secretary to three United States secretaries of war before joining the FBI in 1928. Hoover and Tolson lunched together every day, and on Saturdays they went to the races. Tolson called Hoover "Eddie" and never seemed to take his eyes off him in public. People who knew them said they were so alike in their thinking that they became known as the "unipersonality."

Periodically, rumors spread that J. Edgar Hoover and Clyde Tolson were homosexual lovers. Hoover took these charges very seriously, claiming that they were made by "public rats," "guttersnipes," and "degenerate pseudo [which he pronounced "swaydo"] intellectuals." When Hoover died, Tolson received most of his $551,500 estate as well as the flag that had draped his coffin.

Although Hoover and Tolson were definitely a tight couple, it is true that two men can remain close friends for decades without engaging in sex together. And Hoover was not without certain traditional attitudes of male sexuality. For example, he displayed a gallery of famous nudes in his home, including Marilyn Monroe's celebrated calendar photo. He enjoyed cracking jokes about sex, and it was rumored that he kept pornographic magazines in his desk. If J. Edgar Hoover did enjoy sexy stories and pictures of naked women, he did not have to seek out commercial publications. He had his own private collection. The "OC" files (official and confidential) were kept in Hoover's office under special lock and key. These files contained potentially embarrassing information, sexual and otherwise, about government officials and various public figures.

Sometimes when his agents turned up a particularly juicy item, Hoover would pass it on to the current president and to members of the cabinet. However, the OC files were also said to contain stories about the extramarital affairs of Franklin D. Roosevelt and his wife, Eleanor, as well as incidents from the lives of Richard Nixon and John F. Kennedy.

Once, FBI agents raided the apartment of black radical Angela Davis and found some photographs taken while she and her boyfriend were making love. When Hoover learned of the existence of these photos, he was outraged that they hadn't been brought to him immediately and the agent who had held them back was denied his next promotion.

BILLIE HOLIDAY

Ten-year-old Billie was sentenced by a judge to a Catholic reform school. Her crime: being raped by a middle-aged neighbor, Mr. Dick. The event was "bloody and violent," as was her first voluntary sexual encounter two years later with an older musician on her grandmother's parlor floor. Around that time she started running errands for a whorehouse, where she heard her first jazz records. As a teenage prostitute in New York City, she preferred white customers because the blacks took too long. A black man she refused to service tipped off the cops about her, and she was jailed for prostitution. Later she admitted to having had lesbian relations in prison but claimed she had taken a passive role.

In her first singing job she refused to pick up customers' tips from the table in the customary manner—using her vaginal lips—and the other girls started calling her "Lady." Yet she wore no underwear on-

Rumors spread that J. Edgar Hoover and Clyde Tolson were homosexual lovers. Hoover took these charges very seriously, claiming that they were made by "public rats."

stage, and one night she expressed her sentiments to an unappreciative audience by raising her skirts as she stalked off.

"Lady Day" could really sing the blues with passion, and the men she chose to sleep with gave her violent inspiration. She liked them big and pretty. Of one drummer she remarked: "They don't call him 'Big Sid' because he's six foot three, you know." In her twenties she had many musician-lovers and often sang with her pretty face marred by black eyes and her body covered with bruises. If her friends warned her away from a bad character, she usually went after him with more determination than ever. Men used her and spent her money; before long she had a reputation as an easy mark.

ERROL FLYNN

Errol Flynn boasted that he had spent between 12,000 and 14,000 nights making love. If he never actually reached that figure, it wasn't for lack of trying. Although he had three wives—actresses Lili Damita and Patrice Wymore, and Nora Eddington—Flynn did not practice fidelity during any of these unions and preferred to live apart from his wives and four children, once claiming, "The only real wives I have ever had have been my sailing ships."

Despite his constant sexual urges, Flynn rarely bragged about his endurance as a lover but did claim to practice Oriental sexual techniques learned during a stay in Hong Kong. He was concerned about being able to perform whenever called upon and was known to apply a pinch of cocaine to the tip of his penis as an aphrodisiac. His enjoyment of sex was much heightened by watching other couples make love at the same time, and he also got a tremendous kick out of exhibiting himself—with a full erection—to his "straight" male friends. Flynn even installed a one-way mirror in his home so that he could observe his houseguests making love. He often indulged his taste for kinky sex in Mexico, where one could see men and women copulate on stage or have intercourse with animals. Flynn made no apologies for his seif-proclaimed "wicked ways" and even urged his son, Sean, to follow in his footsteps, once sending the lad $25 for "condoms and/or flowers."

Certainly, Errol Flynn had a penchant for teenage girls. Nora Eddington was barely 18 and pregnant when they married, and at the time of his death he was planning to marry Beverly Aadland, then 17. When not working at the studio, Flynn would often drive with his good friend David Niven to Hollywood High School, where he would linger on the sidewalk and lament that the beautiful young girls he saw were "jailbait" or "San Quentin quail."

In fact, Flynn's reputation as a lover stemmed partly from his being charged with statutory rape. In 1942 he was accused of having had intercourse with Betty Hansen, 17, and with Peggy LaRue Satterlee, 16.

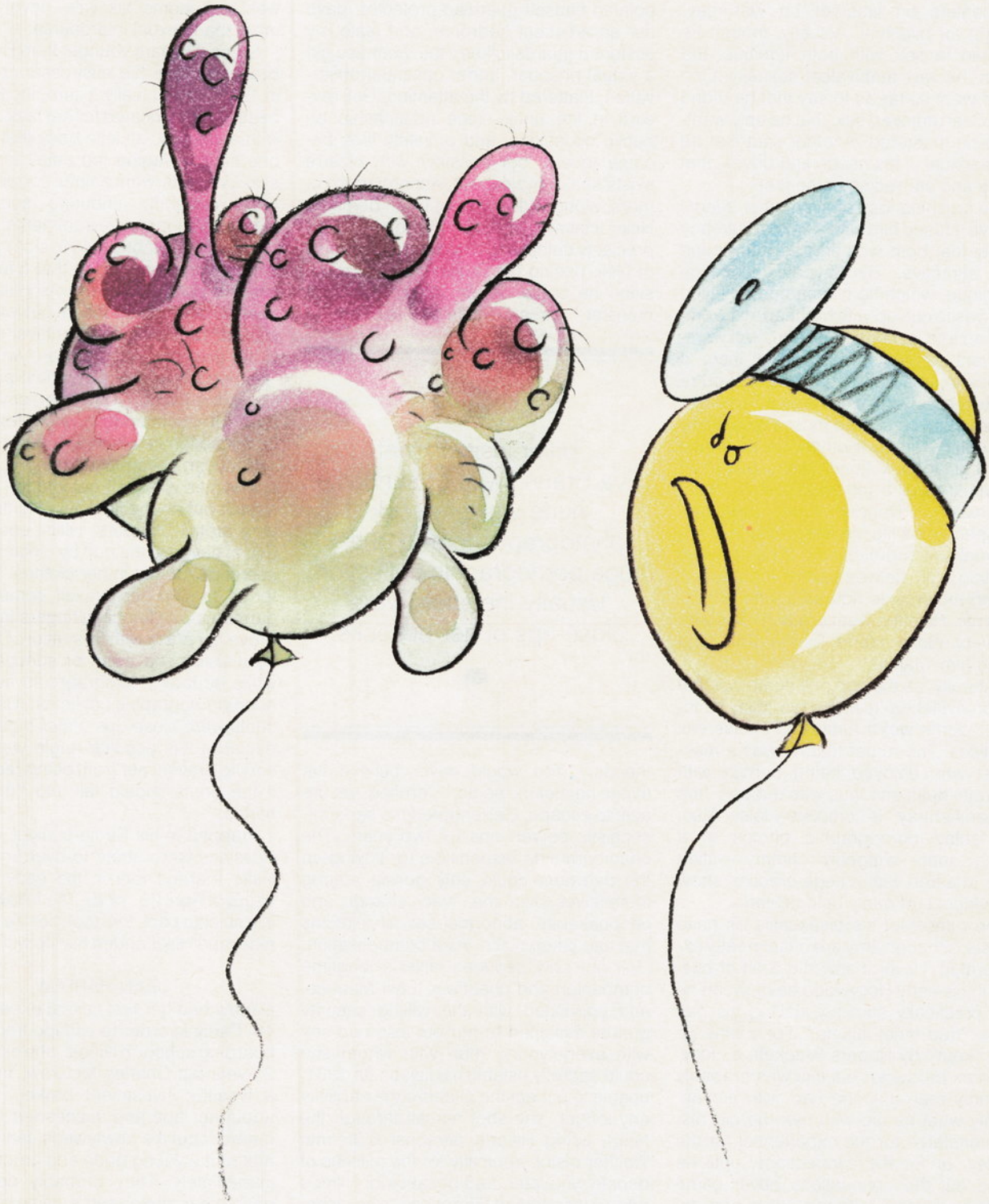
After a much-celebrated trial, Flynn was acquitted amid suspicions that the charges were not based on fact but reflected the desire of certain corrupt city officials to extort large bribes from the studio bosses. Also, the defense was able to establish that pending charges against the two girls—Hansen for oral intercourse and Satterlee for an illegal abortion—had been dropped after they agreed to testify against Flynn. Neither of these activities had involved Flynn.

Years later he was charged with raping a young French girl. Again he was acquitted, but the publicity intensified his self-destruction, which by this time included a dependence on vodka and an addiction to morphine.

In 1980, some 20 years after his death, Flynn was again in the news. Author Charles Higham published a biography, *Errol Flynn: The Untold Story,* which claimed that the swashbuckling actor had aided the Nazi and Japanese causes during World War II. Further, Higham claimed that Flynn had been bisexual and had participated in homosexual affairs with actor Tyrone Power and writer Truman Capote. Two of Flynn's daughters, Deirdre and

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I'm a doctor, Madam, not a magician."

Rory, angered by the allegations in what they labeled "a dirty book," determined to prove the author's so-called facts were falsehoods. To clear their father's name, they have been planning to file a lawsuit against Higham.

JAMES DEAN

The great debate over Jimmy Dean's sex life centers on whether he was gay, straight, or bisexual. Actually, though he dabbled in sex with both females and males, he was ambivalent sexually. One friend went so far as to say that he didn't think Dean enjoyed sex, that he only wanted to be mothered. Another said that he was asexual in his needs and drives, that acting and car racing came first.

The crushing loss of his mother seems to have infused him with a kind of little-boy quality that both women and men found very attractive. His favorite seduction technique, which he claimed never failed him, was to curl up with his head in a woman's lap and let her cuddle him. "All women want to mother you. Give them a chance to, and before you know it you're home free." By the time he was 21 he discovered that he scored most successfully with older women. Sometimes he would date a girl for sex alone, and just as often he would date a girl repeatedly without ever making advances. As with every other aspect of his life, he was capable of yo-yo emotions and behavior. When he was courting a girl, he would take her on a hair-raising motorcycle ride as a kind of initiation rite. He often went on such rides with his very close friend Eartha Kitt, who called him "Jamie."

Naturally, as the god of a death cult that fed on hysterical teenage worship, he inspired some weird rumors about his sex practices. The rumor that he was a masochist who enjoyed being burned with cigarette butts and thus was dubbed "the Human Ashtray" is completely false. Also, the fabled pornographic photos of a young man—allegedly Jimmy—sitting nude in a tree with a huge erection show no evidence of really being Dean.

The rumors of his bisexuality do have a basis, although they are often greatly exaggerated. He probably did a bit of hustling in his early Hollywood days, when he was practically starving, calling his gay dates "free meal tickets." For a time he was "kept" by Rogers Brackett, a Hollywood ex-producer, but this was probably the only real affair he had with a man. Mostly what he did with men he did dispassionately—for the experience, for the money, or for the connections, until he found out the connections never came through. He told a friend, "I've had my cock sucked by five of the big names in Hollywood, and I think it's pretty funny, because I wanted more than anything to get some *little* part, something to *do*, and they'd invite me for fancy dinners. . . ." When asked if he was gay, he replied, "Well, I'm certainly not going through life with one hand tied behind my back."

ADOLF HITLER

Hitler's first true love appeared to be Angela ("Geli") Raubal, the 21-year-old daughter of his half-sister. In September 1929 the attractive brunette went to join her mother, then the housekeeper at Hitler's sumptuously furnished Prinzregentenplatz apartments in Munich. Forty-year-old "Onkel Adolf" promptly appointed himself guardian-protector, gave her an adjacent bedroom, and jealously assigned guards to keep the Viennese girl a virtual prisoner, under continual observation. Flattered by the attention, Geli reveled in the uncle-niece relationship on public occasions, and privately they became lovers, but possibly with bizarre twists she didn't expect. According to rumors, along with a coprophiliac demand, Hitler claimed artistic privilege to draw precisely detailed, pornographic sketches of Geli, posing her in every obscene position he could devise. "My uncle is a monster," she reputedly sobbed to friends. "You would never believe the things he makes me do." Terrified, yet unable to escape, Geli endured the sadomasochistic perversions for two years. The chambermaids responsible for tidying up the bedroom could only gossip among themselves over the "very strange and unspeakable" abnormal sexual relations that had taken place. As a compensation, Geli not only seduced Hitler's longtime companion and chauffeur, Emil Maurice, and copulated with the willing security guards assigned to her but also had sex with every young man with whom she could secretly establish a liaison. In 1931, unable to accept the gilded-cage captivity any longer, she shot herself through the heart, using Hitler's personal 6.35 mm Walther pistol. Ironically for the millions of people who later died because of Hitler's rule, a despondent Führer had to be closely watched to ensure that he, too, did not commit suicide.

Hitler insisted that Eva Braun swim or sunbathe nude while he took photographs to add to his huge pornographic collection. Usually the shots were close-ups of her buttocks.

In the mid-1930s, Hitler met Renate Müller, then 29 and an established star in German movies. The petite, blue-eyed blonde—a typically Aryan beauty—accepted a command invitation for sex in the private quarters of Germany's master. In October 1937 the meetings ended abruptly. Renate Müller either jumped 40 feet from her Berlin apartment window or was thrown out on Gestapo orders, after being charged by them with secretly having a Jewish lover.

The preponderance of evidence suggests that Hitler's longest and most publicized love affair—with Eva Braun, who was to become his wife—involved little more than sexual intercourse.

Some 23 years younger than Hitler, Eva Braun became his mistress-in-residence in 1932. Intellectually a zero, the Bavarian beauty compensated for her lack of brains with a shapely, athletic body that had but one flaw: a vagina too small for normal sex. Eva underwent painful corrective surgery, doggedly enduring secret and lengthy postoperative treatments. (Her gynecologist promptly died in a car accident shortly after announcing that a full recovery had been achieved.) As Hitler's mistress, Eva kept a confident but low profile, seldom appearing with her lover in public. In her diary she was less sure, writing that "he needs me only for certain purposes. . . . This is idiotic." Otto Skorzeny, Hitler's chief of commandos, once reported a conversation in which Eva had confided, "He doesn't even take his boots off, and sometimes we don't get into the bed. We stretch out on the floor. On the floor he is very erotic." Indoors, Hitler encouraged Eva to cavort in the buff by hinting that she seemed "too hot in her clothes." He preferred to strip her himself, removing her garments with fumbling fingers that nearly drove her crazy with frustration. Outdoors, he insisted she swim or sunbathe nude while he took photographs to add to his huge pornographic collection. Usually the shots were close-ups of her buttocks. He declared this peculiar angle was necessary to prevent her from being recognized if the prints should fall into "the wrong hands."

Trapped in his Berlin bunker, while the Russians were about to overrun the city, Hitler married Eva in the early morning hours of April 29, 1945. The following day, in a suicide pact, Eva took her life with cyanide, and Hitler ended his life with a bullet.

JEAN HARLOW

Harlow had her first sexual experience at 16. Partly in order to escape from a girls' boarding school in Illinois, she eloped with 21-year-old Charles McGrew, the son of a wealthy investment broker. She lied about her age and succeeded in getting married, but the newlyweds' families separated the young bride and groom almost immediately. They probably never saw each other again, and a divorce was obtained in 1929. Jean remembered her first act of love as "messy."

She had no other lovers until she married her second husband, Paul Bern, in 1932. This was a highly unusual and much-gossiped-about courtship. Bern was a small, mustachioed, almost weasely-looking man twice her age—an odd

choice for a woman who had her pick of the great Hollywood leading men. Most likely she was seeking a father figure and enjoyed the fact that Bern appeared to be interested in her mind rather than in her body. He was suave, intellectual, and gentlemanly. He was also Irving Thalberg's assistant at MGM and was called Hollywood's "little father confessor" because he loved to listen to other people's problems. Before he married Jean, he had had an unusual arrangement with another girl. He had set the girl up in a Hollywood flat and visited her every afternoon. The girl would disrobe and lie naked on the bed while he read poetry to her. Then they would have tea and he would leave.

But the mystery of the Harlow-Bern liaison has still not been solved. The most famous story of the fateful wedding night and following weeks is this. After a happy wedding the couple went to their home to consummate the union. Several hours later Jean's agent, Arthur Landau, received a tearful phone call from his distraught client. He picked her up outside the house, and she revealed that a drunken Bern had beaten her with a cane, leaving long, ugly welts all over her snowy body. He had also bitten her thighs so savagely that they bled. Jean spent the remainder of her wedding night with the Landaus. Entering the house the next morning, Landau found Bern nude and weeping. He said to Landau, "Every man I know gets an erection just by talking about her. Arthur, didn't I have the right to think Jean could help me at least that much?" Apparently Bern had the penis and testicles of an infant boy and was completely impotent. (A variation on the story was told by Jean's maid, who quoted Bern as saying, "The Baby's still a virgin.")

Whatever happened was not good, but they kept up appearances for the sake of Jean's career. Finally, one night two months after the wedding, Bern gained entry to Jean's usually locked bedroom. He strode in wearing an enormous dildo, with huge testicles and a bulb, which shot water out of the end of the artificial penis. Jean burst into hysterical laughter, and Bern pranced around the room sporting the giant phallus until the two of them removed it and flushed it down the toilet.

The next evening, probably while Jean was out (the sequence of events is fuzzy), the butler discovered Bern's naked body sprawled before a full-length mirror. It was drenched in his wife's favorite perfume, Mitsouko. Bern had shot himself in the head with a .38 caliber pistol. The note he left gave the press a field day. It read: "Dearest Dear, Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you, and to wipe out my abject humiliation. I love you. Paul. You understand that last night was only a comedy."

Three days later the body of a blonde was found in the Sacramento River. The suicide was Dorothy Milette, who had claimed to be Bern's common-law wife before Jean had married him.

A distraught Jean turned to promiscuity—as self-punishment, to find out what sex was all about and because she suddenly wanted to have a baby. She cut her hair very short (studio heads were furious when they found out), wore a black wig and sunglasses, and began to pick up men, starting with a salesman with whom she spent two nights in a sleazy hotel in San Bernardino. She met one of her pickups in front of a San Francisco movie theater showing *Red Dust,* her latest film with Clark Gable. The man told her she resembled Jean Harlow and ought to go to Hollywood to try out for the job of stand-in or double. But Harlow could be choosy; when Louis B. Mayer himself propositioned her, dangling a fur coat as bait, she turned him down. In any case, her attempts to get pregnant failed, and she eventually found out she was sterile.

Harlow was the first actress in Hollywood to appear regularly in films without a bra; in fact, she rarely wore any underwear. When a high-school teacher reprimanded her for this, the 15-year-old replied, "I can't breathe when I'm wearing a brassiere." She also rubbed her nipples with ice to make them stand out for the camera, and dyed her pubic hair platinum to match the hair on her head.

"I can't breathe when I'm wearing a brassiere," said a 15-year-old Jean Harlow. She also rubbed her nipples with ice and dyed her pubic hair platinum.

WASLAW NIJINSKY

Nijinsky's tumultuous love life contributed significantly to his insanity. He had a passive nature in love, perhaps because he reserved his full vitality for dancing on stage. A naive and beautiful young man, Nijinsky began an intimate relationship with 30-year-old Prince Pavel Dmitrievich Lvov in 1908. Tall, blue-eyed, and handsome, Lvov was instantly attracted to the muscular Nijinsky. The prince initiated his friend into the intoxicating delights of nightclub life and provided him with his first homosexual experience. However, Lvov was disappointed with the dancer's small penis; as one biographer described him, "Nijinsky was small in a part where size is usually admired." The prince was not possessive; he even arranged Nijinsky's first sexual experience with a woman—a prostitute. Nijinsky was frightened and repelled by the encounter.

Before they parted, Lvov introduced Nijinsky to Sergei Diaghilev, a cultivated ballet producer who had founded the Ballets Russes. Twenty years older than Nijinsky, Diaghilev was an unabashed homosexual. His first—and last—experience with a woman (his 18-year-old cousin) had been marred by a subsequent venereal infection. The two men became lovers. Nijinsky had grown accustomed to being passed around, but his initial lovemaking with Diaghilev disturbed him. "I trembled like a leaf," wrote Nijinsky. "I hated him but pretended."

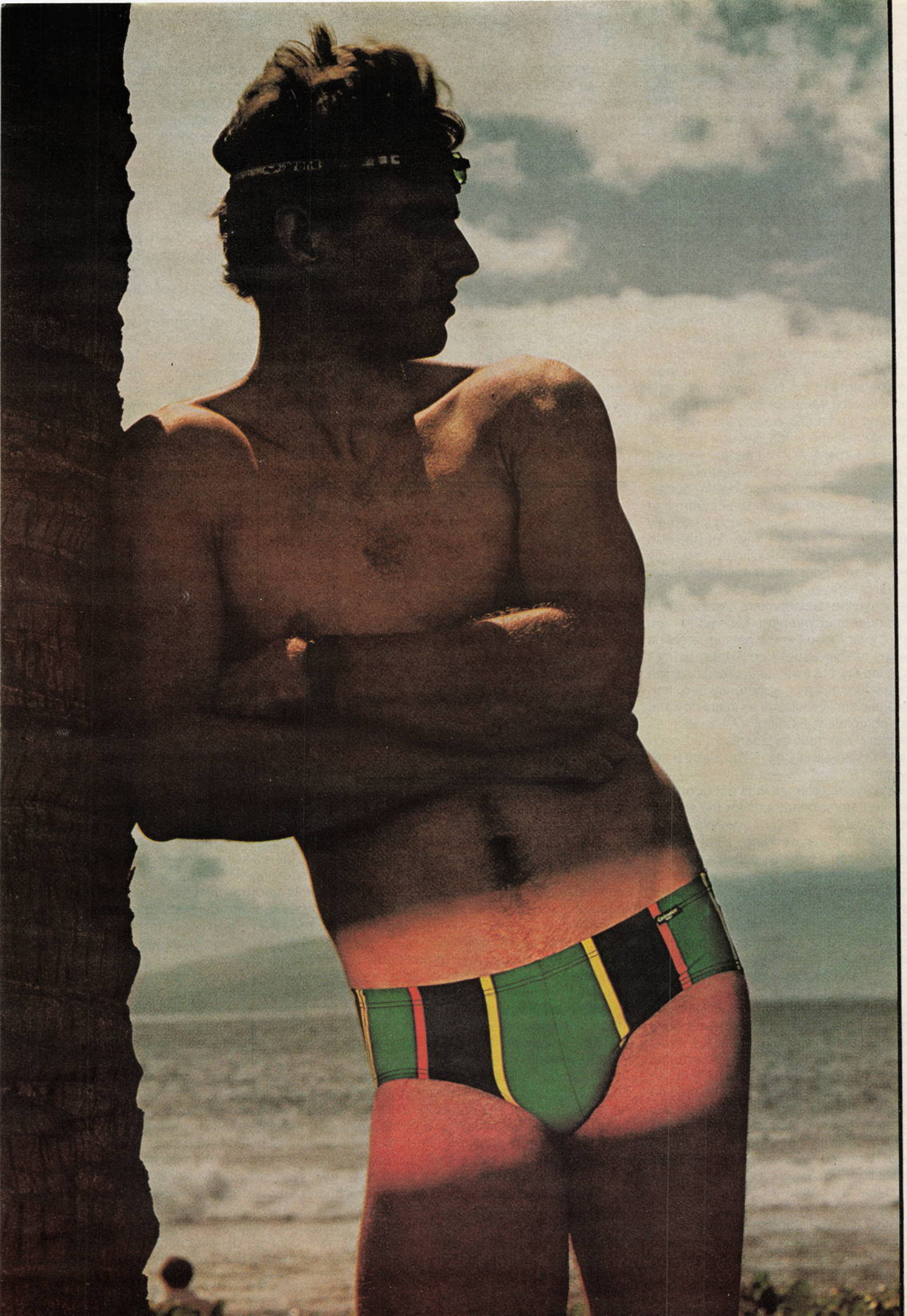
"Chinchilla," as Diaghilev was called because of the white streak in his dyed black hair, stripped his lover of independence. He scrutinized Nijinsky's personal and professional life and warned him against ever sleeping with women, telling him such acts would impair his dancing. So persuasive and insistent was Diaghilev that Nijinsky once turned down a sexual offer from Isadora Duncan, whom the two men met in Venice in 1909. She had suggested to Nijinsky that he father her next baby, but he refused.

Diaghilev repeatedly encouraged his lover to consent to a *ménage à trois* with a young boy, but Nijinsky was already finding the act of love extremely difficult with just one person. By 23 he felt he was growing too old to be Diaghilev's "boy." In September of 1913, while the entire Ballets Russes was en route to South America aboard the S.S. *Avon,* Nijinsky became engaged to coquettish Romola de Pulszky but did not consummate their romance until after their wedding on September 10, 1913.

Diaghilev was surprised and insulted by this wedding and retaliated by firing Nijinsky. He refused to answer his former lover's letters. Soon after the marriage, Nijinsky gained another ardent admirer. The Duchess of Durcal, a beautiful redhead, fell so desperately in love with him that she offered herself as his mistress. Romola had no objections, and Nijinsky had sex with the duchess at least once. He regretted it later, saying, "I am sorry for what I did. It was unfair to her, as I am not in love."

As Nijinsky's mental health began to deteriorate, he and Romola took separate bedrooms. Sometimes he would slip out at night and walk the streets, searching for prostitutes—just to talk. He would return home, sexually aroused by these women, and masturbate in his bedroom "in order to protect myself from catching a venereal disease."

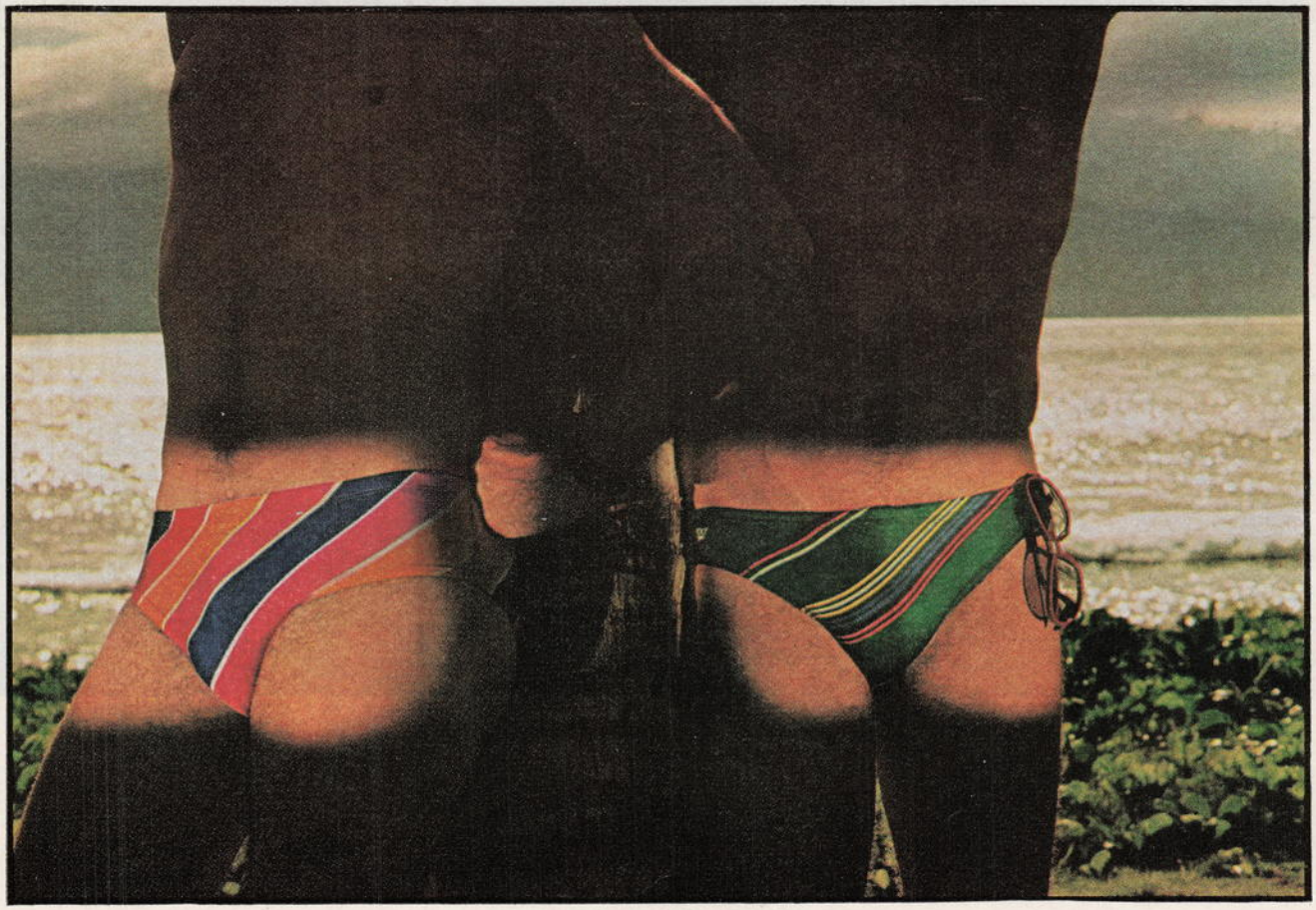
Romola gave birth to the first of their two daughters in 1914—the second was born in 1920—and a few years after that Diaghilev reentered Nijinsky's life when he made an overt move to win back his old lover. She pulled one way, Diaghilev pulled the other way, and Waslaw Nijinsky, no longer dancing and with no outlet for his frustrations, lapsed into a catatonic world.



Looking hot is no sweat
this summer in swimwear that
proves less is more.

ON THE WATERFRONT

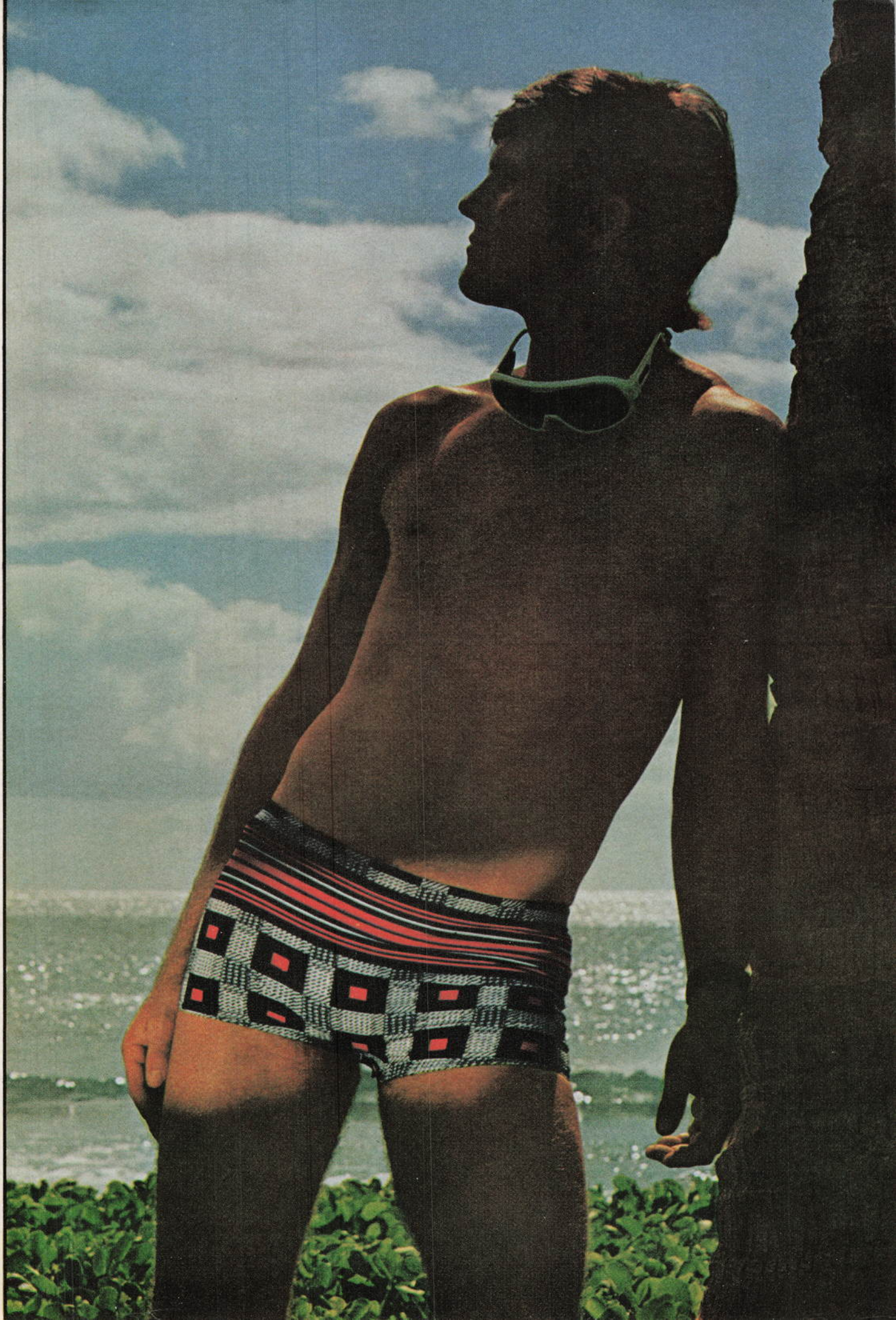
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE TURNER

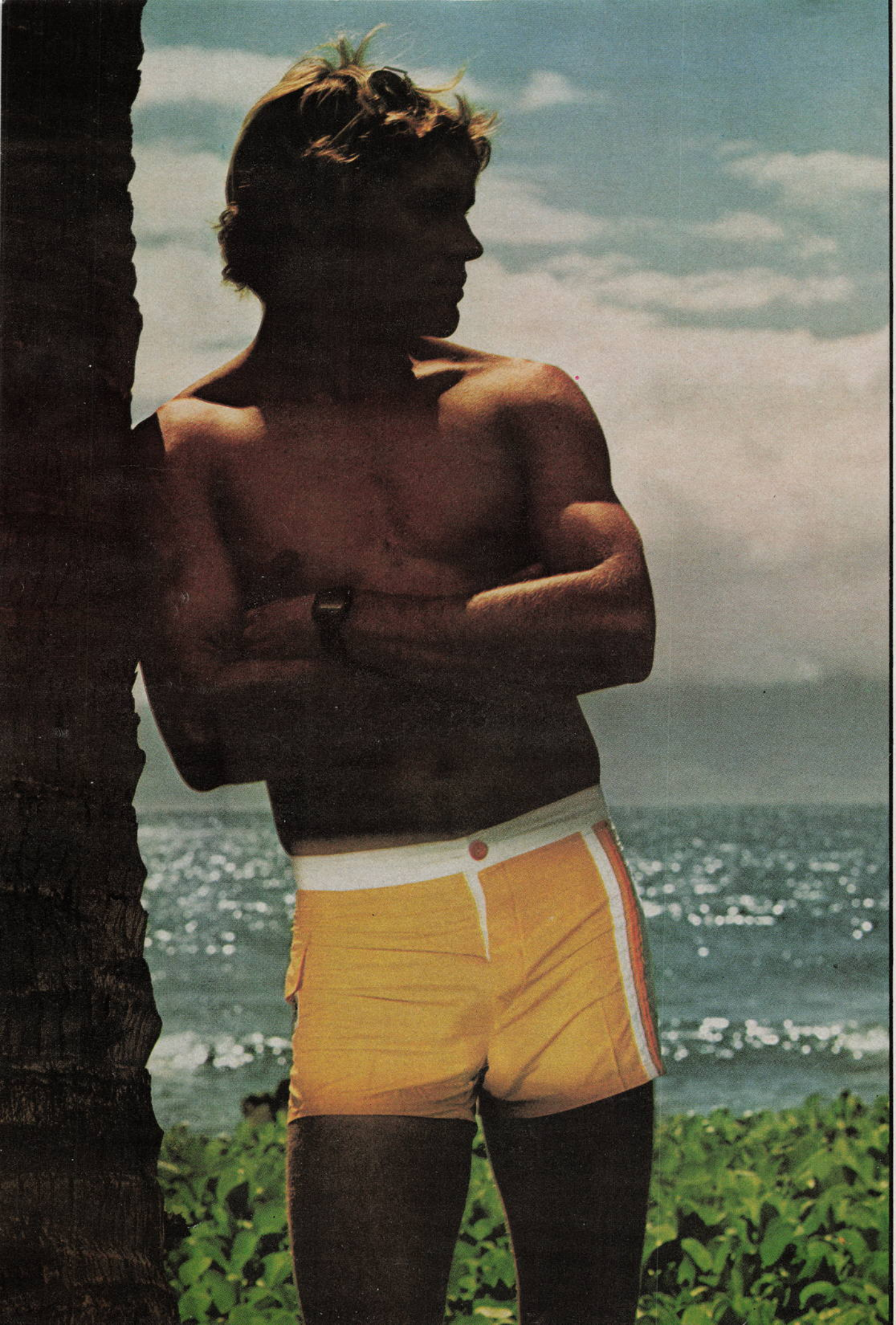


The heat is on, and suiting up for the summer of '81 are three expert young windsurfers preparing for the PAN-AM National Windsurfing Championship, which will be held at Kailua Bay on the Hawaiian island of Oahu. Surfacing here on Kaanapali Beach in Maui, they reveal a masculine look in sleek-as-a-seal racer-inspired briefs of synthetic blends that dry almost immediately upon landing. Also indicating that the fashion tide has turned in favor of ease and comfort is the freshly revived, fuller-cut trunk. Whether you're headed for surf or turf, catch the look that ensures you hot fun in the good old summertime.

Ken Winner (opposite page) has been windsurfing since he was six years old. Currently the world champ of the one-design Windsurfer class, he has also coauthored a book on the sport entitled The Wind Is Free. *Our Winner wears a bold green-and-blue-striped Lycra-and-polyester brief ($35) by Eminence. His goggles are by Arena, and his diver's watch is by Casio. Featured above are sleek briefs with racy stripes. The red, orange, and blue diagonally striped suit at left is made of Lycra and nylon ($19); the other in emerald green is all nylon fiber ($11); both are by Speedo. The sunglasses are Foster-Grant.*

Fully exposed this summer is the newly fashionable trunk-style swimsuit. The gray fuller-cut trunks (above, left) with red-and-navy trim in cotton-polyester ($15) are by Catalina. The suit in shiny red nylon with navy side panel ($14.50) is by David Axel. The Ambermatic Ray-Ban sunglasses are by Bausch & Lomb. Basking in his glory (opposite page) is 25-year-old Cort Larned. Winner of many windsurfing competitions, he crested in 1980 as the national champion. Cort wears a brightly printed nylon-and-Lycra brief ($22.50) by Robert Buck Leisure for George G. Graham. Waterproof watch is by Casio; the "floating" windsurfing glasses are by Cerrara.





Mike Waltze (opposite page) has been among the top five windsurfers since the age of nine. A native of Virginia, he went with the wind to the island of Maui, where the sun-soaked beaches offer tranquility for body and soul. Mike wears bright yellow polyester, nylon, and cotton surfer trunks with contrasting white waistband ($18) by Laguna. The mirrored sunglasses are by Foster-Grant; the watch is by Casio. The all-nylon surfer trunks (above, left) in bright yellow with elasticized waist ($19) are by Jantzen. The other suit, shiny blue polyester-and-cotton trunks with white zippered pocket ($17), is by Catalina. The sunglasses are by Cerrara.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 170.

Make every day your Brut Day.

Great Days seem to happen more often when you're wearing Brut® by Fabergé. After shave, after shower, after anything.®

GENOCIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

Those kids lived right on that fine line."

While the most blatant abuses appear to have ceased in recent years, more subtle and long-term problems still exist. Dr. Martin Topper, an anthropologist at the University of California, San Diego, studied a group of 25 Navaho children in the church's placement program over a seven-year period. Topper found that the separation from family and tribe experienced by placement children resulted in "serious emotional stresses."

The most wrenching experience, he found, occurs when the children have to return home to the reservation for summer recess. They then have to tear themselves away from the middle-class white world to which they've become accustomed and return to the poverty of the reservation and the realization that they will never be white but are destined to grow into Navaho adulthood and all that implies. Some students, he found, would try to change their reservation home into a typical Mormon home and to "convert or reaffirm the Mormon church membership of other household members. This activity was encouraged by the Mormon missionaries," said Topper.

Others would fall into hysterical seizures and "severe identity conflicts." Topper personally witnessed three such seizures in reservation homes during one summer: "The girls were highly agitated, hyperventilating, and often hallucinating. . . . [They] pushed themselves to the opposite side of the beds on which they were lying [and] would begin to scream and yell that they were being murderously assaulted by the ghosts of dead Navahos or that their family members were turning into ghosts, which were beckoning them into the grave. They screamed and struggled furiously when approached and then fell briefly into unconsciousness. Their insecurity was enormous, and they were expressing a great deal of anger about having to accept a major identity change."

So traumatic was the constant, yearly identity changes forced on the 25 placement children whom Topper studied that 23 of them dropped out of the program and returned permanently to the reservation before graduation from high school. The mounting criticism about the adoption and off-reservation placement of Indian children finally resulted in the passage of the Indian Child Welfare Act in 1978. The law was designed, originally, to provide for careful supervision of all placement programs. Has it changed the Mormon Placement Program? "I wish it would, but the answer is no," says a weary and disgruntled BIA social worker in Window Rock, who requested anonymity.

No sooner had the act been passed, he said, than his office received a memo from M. E. Seneca, acting deputy commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, stating that the church's powerful Washington law firm, Wilkinson, Cragun, and Barker (which Seneca once worked for), was complaining that the act was being "misinterpreted" to the L.D.S. staff people on the reservation. "The L.D.S. program," stated the memo, "is exempt" from the act. "Please have any misinterpretation corrected."

How did the Mormon church escape the restrictions placed on virtually every other public and private program dealing with Indian adoption and placement? Our sources in the Indian Subcommittee of the Senate Interior Committee, which handled the legislation, claim that Wilkinson, Cragun, and Barker lobbied intensively on behalf of the church to change the initial bill, which would have put the Mormon placement program under greater government supervision. They were ably assisted in the effort by Utah Rep. Gunn McKay, brother of former church president David McKay. In fact, the language in the bill exempting the Mormon program "was adopted by the House Subcommittee on Indian Affairs at the specific request of the church . . . ," said a letter from Robert Barker to Seneca.

According to the BIA social worker, it is now up to the Tribal Council to come up with a tribal policy that addresses the problems of the placement program. But there is serious doubt that it will ever be enacted. Says a tribal official, "Mormons are tied into what is happening in the leadership of the tribe—both the council and the bureaucracy. I wouldn't be surprised if half the tribal council is Mormon." While that estimate is probably exaggerated, it is incontestable that Mormons are well represented in the council, and that many of them gained their political influence through the very program they will be asked to restrict—Mormon placement.

Said a Navaho woman who works in the tribal bureaucracy, "If the *Dineh* [the word for *Navaho*, meaning "the people"] doesn't develop a tribal policy [on placement], we won't survive as a tribe. They will literally conquer the Indian people."

Just as Mormon attorneys, legislators, and bureaucrats were able to rewrite the law that would have terminated the church's program for expropriating Indian children, so did they manage to create the law that continues to terminate Indian lands. In fact, much of the history of U.S. government–Indian affairs in the Southwest over the last 50 years has, in very large measure, involved a handful of highly placed Mormon attorneys and lawmakers and the still-growing legions of Mormons in both the federal Indian bureaucracy and the tribal governments themselves. Indeed, in many cases the BIA has literally served as an extension of the church.

The close relationship between the church and the government is most apparent in the recent history of what has happened to Indian land, which, besides

children, is the Native Americans' last great resource. Though once thought worthless, Indian land today is among the most highly valued real estate in the West, thanks to this nation's voracious appetite for uranium, coal, oil and oil shale, tar sands, and the water required to mine and process those resources and to supply the ever-growing cities.

Despite Brigham Young's paternal admonition that it was "less expensive to feed and clothe than to fight them," there has never been a time when the Lamanites have been welcome in the new Zion of the Saints. True, the early Mormon settlers tried, with little success, to convert the neighboring Shoshoni, Bannock, and Ute—even experimenting with placing the reluctant heathens on church-owned farms. But for the most part, the fast-growing body of Saints in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake had no room for anybody who was not of the faith. In fact, in 1857 Brigham Young was able to marshall fully 1,100 Mormon militia to guard the mountain pass east of Salt Lake against a U.S. Army expedition, mounted by President Buchanan, which was seeking to install a non-Mormon governor over the Utah Territory. The territory, as far as the Saints were concerned, was a semi-independent kingdom.

By 1865 the Utah Indians, battling both the Mormon militia and the U.S. Cavalry, had been defeated militarily, cut off from their traditional hunting grounds, and wracked by white man's diseases. The chieftains signed a treaty with the government, negotiated in part by Mormons, in which they were forced to cede their vast landholdings in exchange for reservations in remote areas. The Ute, once the most feared warriors in the Rockies, were assigned to about 2 million acres of majestic but arid land in the Uinta Basin in the mountains of eastern Utah. In one generation they had been reduced to a few pathetic bands of stragglers, their number reduced from 4,500 to about 800. In roughly the same period, the Mormons—infused by a constant flow of new blood from England and Scandinavia—grew from about 50,000 to more than 110,000.

The residue of bitterness is still felt on the Ute reservation today. A young woman tribal employee in Fort Duchesne, the tribal headquarters, tells us that "a lot of things are not recorded in the histories that you read. I remember my grandmother telling me about how her people, who lived in central Utah, would be invited to big feasts by the Mormons. Then the Mormons would slip poison into the Ute's food. There were lots of stories like that." Fact or fantasy, such oral history may reveal more about the tone of Mormon-Indian relationships than do most written histories.

As the plows of the Mormon settlers overturned more and more soil, the original 2.5 million acres that had been granted to all the Ute bands dwindled to about 360,000 acres by the early twentieth century. Lost in their own land, the Ute died faster than their children could be born.

And so it continued until the 1930s, when President Roosevelt brought about an "Indian New Deal" under the leadership of Harold Ickes, secretary of the interior, and John Collier, who became commissioner of indian affairs. Sincere and well-meaning for their time, they imposed on the Indian tribes the greatest gift they could conceive—formal, elected government.

For decades Washington did not know how to deal legally and officially with the various Indian bands. How could the U.S. government or, more to the point, certain U.S. corporations execute treaties, land leases, and mineral-exploration contracts with unelected leaders of informal, unofficial bands of Indians? Thus, in order for the tribes to reap the harvest of federal and corporate royalties, on the one hand, and in order for the government and the corporations to reap the Indian land and minerals, on the other hand, the New Deal bequeathed the wonders of elected, representative tribal government to the often reluctant tribes.

Despite the inherent ironies of the new benevolence in Washington, the period marked a turning point for the Ute, whose new BIA-approved government received $1.2 million for a million acres that had been appropriated for a national forest. Their future seemed assured, their land base slowly began to grow again, and for the first time in 80 years Ute births began to exceed the number of Ute deaths.

And then the second critical event of the twentieth century occurred for the Ute. The tribe hired young Ernest Wilkinson, an enterprising Mormon attorney whose Washington, D.C., law firm had gained a reputation for its expertise on Indian law issues and would go on to become an energetic official representative of the Mormon church. The tribe wanted Wilkinson to press its other land claims before the government.

Ernest Wilkinson proved so adept in his new role that he established a pattern that Indian-claims law still follows today. Before he could get on with the work of adjudicating Indian land claims—for he had his eyes on not only the Ute claim but also Indian lands throughout the country—Wilkinson had to engineer a neat little piece of legislation. Accordingly, the Indian Claims Commission Act, written in part by Wilkinson, was sponsored by Nevada Sen. Pat McCarren and Utah Sen. Arthur Watkins.

This law, perhaps the most disputed piece of Indian legislation ever passed, called for the creation of an Indian Claims Commission, which would rule on the legitimacy of tribal land claims, then set the date when the land was lost, and finally determine the amount owed the Indians for the lost land based on the value of the land *at the time it was taken*, which was in most instances anywhere from 50 to

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100 years earlier than passage of the act.

Wilkinson would later boast in a letter to a Ute leader that "as your attorney, I spent considerable time assisting in the writing of that particular bill." He would go on to call it "the biggest victory ever obtained by the Indians in Congress with respect to settling their claims against the government."

The land claims law was, in fact, the biggest victory ever obtained by the government and by lawyers over the Indians. It was designed to end, once and for all, all legitimate Indian claims to traditional homelands. The claims would be "terminated," not by the restoration of lands, as many Indians had been led to believe, but by allowing the government to "buy out" the claims using land prices that had prevailed several generations back. The law—dubbed the "Indian Lawyers Welfare Act" by its critics—also provided that tribal lawyers would receive settlement fees ranging from seven to ten percent of the total purchase price. Since settlements, even at nineteenth-century prices, often reached into the millions, the lawyers were highly motivated to encourage tribes to sue. According to one authoritative estimate, Indian-claims lawyers, virtually all white, have reaped at least $60 million by "selling off" Indian lands.

"It also became an incentive for lawyers to prove how much the Indians no longer owned," said one lawyer familiar with the Ute case. "The more land the Indians lost, the more money the lawyers got." At the heart of the controversy over the law was the stipulation that all settlements be made in cash. Time and again Indian leaders have stated that they never understood this provision of the act and that their lawyers, including the most prominent of the Mormon attorneys, led them to believe that by filing a land claim they stood a good chance of actually getting their lands back. Even today traditional Hopi, Paiute, Shoshoni, Gosiute, and others argue passionately that they never realized that in making a claim they were offering to sell their land. Ernest Wilkinson, who would go on to become head of B.Y.U. and one of the most respected and richest elders in the Mormon church before his death in 1978, represented each and every one of them.

In the first claims settlement, the Ute received $31 million for lost Colorado lands plus oil and gas lease royalties from leases that were worked out by the tribe's Mormon attorneys. They were getting rich, or so it looked. But instead of contributing to tribal prosperity, the funds quickly resulted in widespread unrest among the various bands that occupied the Ute reservation.

Foremost among the causes of that unrest was a new piece of legislation introduced by Utah's Senator Watkins, Wilkinson's old Mormon ally. Watkins, following the lead of the claims act, was determined to carry the "termination policy" to its logical conclusion. Under the guise of freeing the Indians from the "yoke of federal supervision," termination *à la* Watkins amounted to extermination. The new policy called for the end of all government services to Indians, the imposition of state jurisdiction over all Indian lands, the eventual sale of all Indian lands, and, in the meantime, the transfer of title to an appointed trustee.

In the end, the infamous Watkins policy "terminated" 20 tribes, bands, and remnants of tribes. Watkins would go on to become head of the Indian Claims Commission. Wilkinson's partner, John Boyden, would soon succeed his mentor as one of the nation's most controversial Indian land-claims attorneys.

Salt Lake City attorney Parker Nielson, who now represents the terminated mixed-bloods, says that Boyden was "not intentionally devious, but he had a very myopic view of Indians and their problems. He saw it as a problem of converting them to round-eyed Caucasians and particularly Mormon round-eyed Caucasians. That was the intention of [Watkin's] termination policy, which he helped to design. It contributed to the urban Indian problem. It forced the Indians off the reservation and into the cities. I am told that Paiute (once terminated but recently restored to tribal status) are actually going out and committing suicide by walking under motor vehicles." Nielson calls the whole affair "a cultural tragedy."

> The highest-ranking Indian in the Mormon church complained about Indian militants: "They criticize the government for stealing all their land—they make a stink about every little thing."

Nielson's view of Boyden closely corresponds to that of an official in the Department of the Interior who, after working with Boyden for five years on another Ute case, wrote in an official memorandum that the attorney is "first of all a Mormon, secondly, a very strong state's advocate, and, thirdly, an advocate for Indian people."

Boyden, who began his legal career as a U.S. attorney in Salt Lake City and later was an unsuccessful candidate for governor, soon left the Wilkinson firm to set up his own, known as Boyden, Kennedy, Romney.

Boyden and his son Steve continued to represent the Ute tribe until recently, when our old friend Martin Seneca from the BIA took over as a private attorney. In the early 1970s, the tribal council launched a second effort to fire Boyden as general counsel for his part in negotiating a Ute water-rights deferral that would divert Ute water to Salt Lake City. The expanding city, led by the expanding church, needs the additional water if it is to continue to grow as a western energy center. The tribal council's attempt to dump Boyden was rebuffed by the Department of the Interior's solicitor in Utah, William McConkey, who overruled the tribe.

Ute water continues to be of paramount interest to the church, city, and state (which are inextricably interlocked), but it is not the only Ute resource coveted in Salt Lake. Oil and gas leases from the tribe currently bring in some $9 million a year to tribal coffers, and the reservation sits on some of the best shale oil land in the West, waiting patiently to be developed in the promised era of synfuels.

The Ute's most significant gas leases were negotiated by Boyden with Mountain Fuel and Gas Supply, the largest gas supplier in Utah. Not surprising, it is also a firm in which the Mormon church has extensive interests and interlocks. The church's first president, Nathan Eldon Tanner, the church's leading business adviser and a former energy entrepreneur in his own right, sits on Mountain Fuel's board of directors, as does church official and former CIA man Neal Maxwell. Maxwell, who is regarded as one of the most important figures in the next generation of church leadership, is also a member of Mountain Fuel's executive committee. Mountain Fuel chairman B. Z. Kastler, in turn, reciprocates the favor by sitting on the boards of two church-owned corporations. According to our research among state legal documents held by the Utah Insurance Board, the five Mormon church-owned insurance companies alone control $1.5 million worth of Mountain Fuel. It is impossible to calculate how much more extensive the church's financial stake in the company might be, since control of stock can be disguised in many perfectly legal ways and the church itself never reveals an iota of financial information.

Ute council chairwoman Ruby Black (one of the few women ever to head an Indian tribe) was guarded on the subject of their attorney, as were virtually all the tribal leaders with whom we spoke on the record. "There were times when they tended to do things *their* way," she says. "We told the Boyden firm not to go out and do things on their own. We said, 'You sit back and take orders from the tribe now.'" Steve Boyden, she says, was "very loyal" to the tribe, despite tremendous pressure from Uinta Basin Mormon ranchers who called him everything from a "traitor to the faith" to a "Communist," particularly since the tribe forced Boyden to press its claim for jurisdiction over all Ute in the Uinta Basin.

Our own retracing of the Wilkinson-Boyden trail lead us not only through the val-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

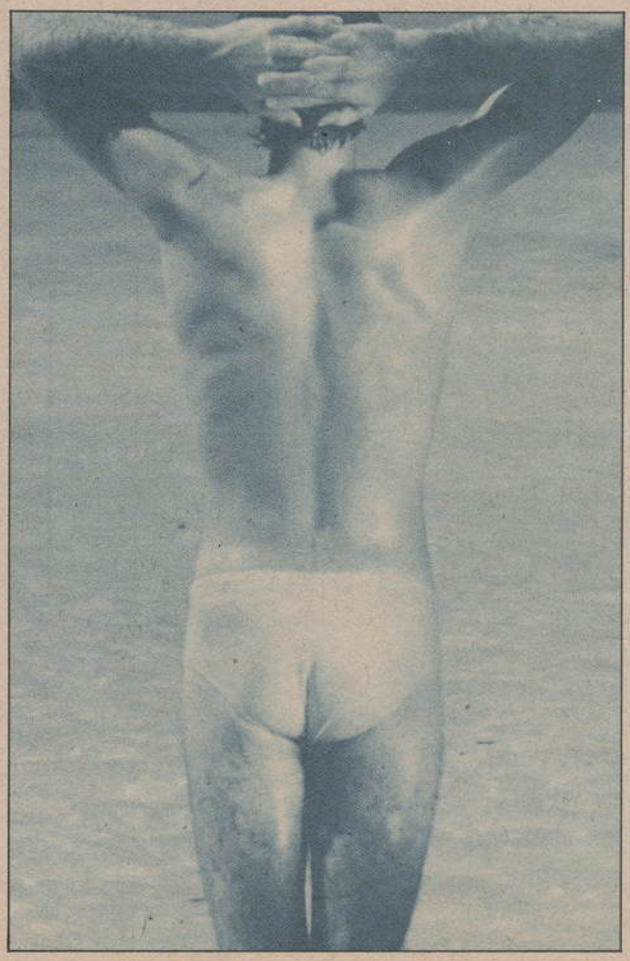
What do you do in L.A.
when you're young, male, and beautiful
women insist on paying?

CALIFORNIA HUSTLER

PROFILE BY ALAN CARTNAL

Stewart was anal. That was the word he used to describe his condition that afternoon—a condition of constant constipation of the spirit that came from the fact that he was in Beverly Hills and he was not making it. Stewart was 30, and as every salesgirl and even most of the Beverly Hills lesbian population (which was incredibly large and very active) would tell him, he was "beautiful." In a town that fell to its knees over movie stars, Stewart possessed the kind of movieland gloss and glitz that caused women to linger lovingly as they sorted out each recognizable beauty mark. The brown hair was fine and cut in the athletic style of Nick Nolte. The all-American face was tanned and saved from adorableness by the finely contoured cheeks and the cold, honest brown eyes. He seemed to the women who paid $100 an hour ($200 overnight) like a bored Burt Reynolds. He dressed casually for a male prostitute, but with care—selecting tight, formfitting jeans and billowing sport shirts in colors that were subtly masculine.

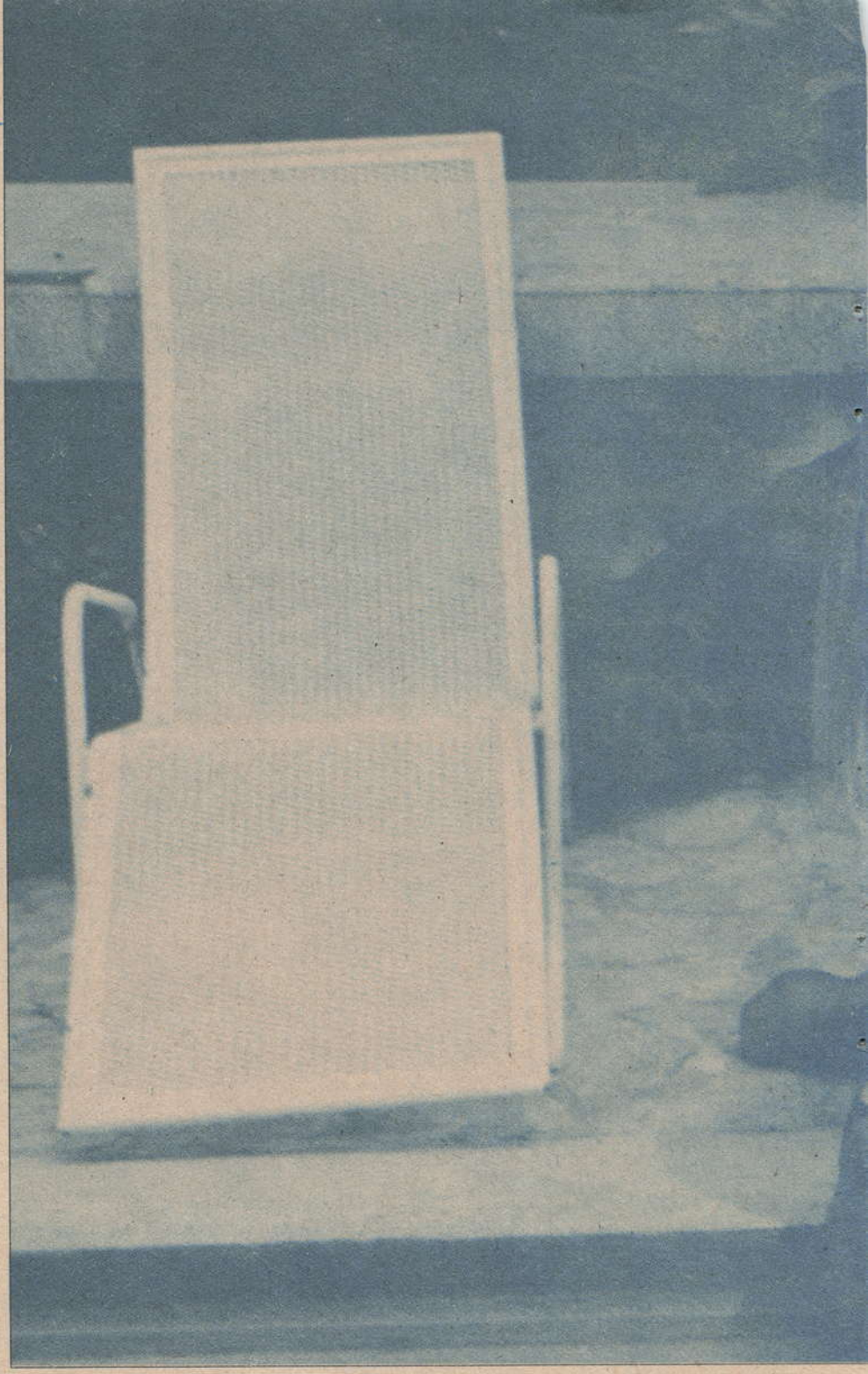
Prince Charmings were very big in Beverly Hills. Each woman felt she had the right to mate with such creatures as Stewart. Yet they couldn't quite figure him out. He wasn't one of the dandies who strolled down the spotlessly clean sidewalks awaiting fashion photographers' flashes or slowly taking in the displays of Paris-approved menswear in the immaculately designed windows at Jerry Magnin's. He wasn't one of the hip businessmen carting cocaine and stocks in status briefcases, marching like charm-school models into the sumptuous, chandeliered banks along Wilshire. He wasn't even a modern fuzzy-wuzzy, driving a Jeep, mellowed-out with self-improvement courses, desiring an "enlightened" romance and, of course, dinner for two at the Ginger Man. No, when women hit on Stewart, they found themselves drawn to the fact that he assumed no airs of self-importance, no lunchtime Ma Maison manners, no gigolo drawing-room-comedy, Cary Grant charm, no phony charisma. Stewart had a straightforwardness that, mixed with his English-boarding-school manners, simply sent women up the walls. There was something about him—probably that cool detachment—that encouraged fantasies in women of a man who would cause no problems, could dispense all the amenities, and bring them to multiple orgasms with marvelous ease.



So beautiful and yet so lost. They would all want to mama him, wrap him in the ultracurrent clothes of, say, Maxfield Bleu, and await with pleasure undressing him and watching his totally tanned manhood move stoically and cleanly through the fantasyland of all the sex scenes in those novels tucked conveniently under their movie-star-fantasy beds. But they could never reach him. Never possess him completely. Women enjoyed the mystery of Stewart—the fact that he got down to business without ever boring them with autobiographical stories. He was orderly, prompt, perfect, and always seemed brand-new. They could buy him the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

From the forthcoming book *California Crazy*, to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company. © Alan Cartnal



way they ordered $200 vials of Bal à Versailles perfume at Giorgio's on Rodeo. He seemed to fit their package-deal sensibility. The perfect male toy.

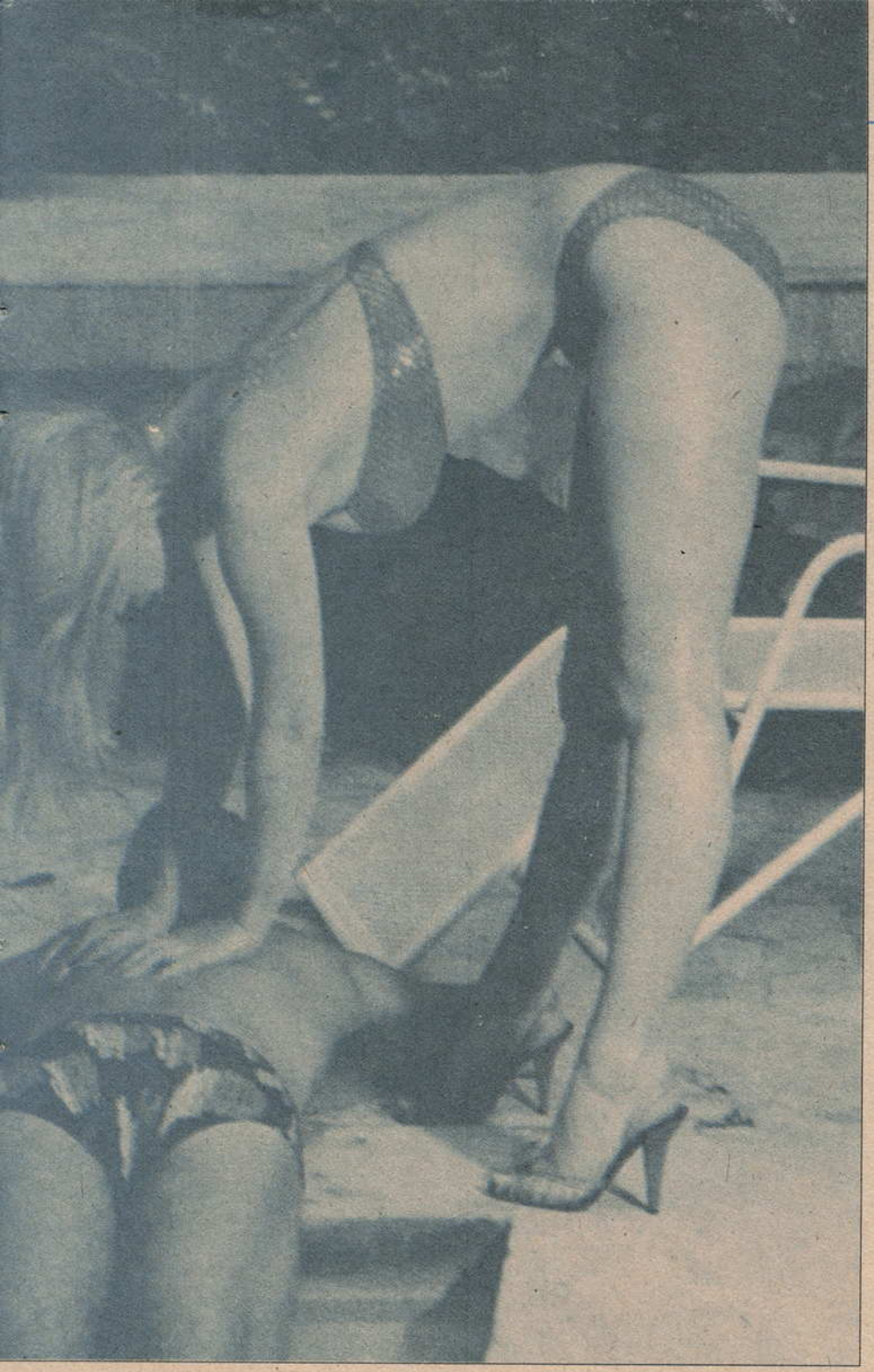
It wasn't that Stewart wasn't passionate. He was incredibly passionate. He lusted for every single accoutrement of the untotaled pleasure that the city offered. Beverly Hills was a bejeweled candy store to Stewart. It represented style and class and money and bullshit. He delighted in the spectacle of it all. Most of the men and women living in Beverly Hills had money, wit, charm, plastic-surgeon looks. But they lacked beauty or youth. Most of them. Stewart, the *haute* hustler, was loaded with both. Besides that, he knew all there was to know about silk crepe de chine. In Beverly Hills *that* was important. Stewart had grown up in Beverly Hills.

Stewart's favorite memories were of the times his mother would lend him the white Rolls-Royce, in which he glided up and down the avenues, waiting for *The Look*. The rich, gray womb of the sweet-smelling interior of the classic automobile caused him to flash back on his childhood—a time when such luxury was taken for granted and Stewart was treated as the little prince whose every wish was granted. On his first day of school in Bevery Hills, Stewart, like the other children living in this rarefied world, had been dropped off in a Rolls. He remembered being certain that the thing he wanted most in all the world was to be exactly like his father. Stewart could easily remember his father—tall, golden, impeccable—escorting him to school. That trip seemed as frozen in his memory as a religious painting, bathed in golds and fuzzy, because his father was magic. He made everything seem larger than life. He lived for pizzazz. He raised Stewart to inherit the earth.

There was only one thing wrong with this production. His father was running an old reel from *Citizen Kane*. He was self-righteous about his wealth, and he came from the school of tyrant that expects children finally to make their own fortune in the world. On the day Stewart finished high school—the very day that he had run a Gucci jock strap up the school flagpole—Stewart's wonderful, stingy father died. There were no more lavish parties thrown by the studios for the children. There were no more Rolls-Royces waiting at the school exits. No more boarding schools, where Stewart was trained like a Pakistani prince to treasure fine, fine women and a lavish life-style. His father had left him a little something—but nothing like what Stewart needed to survive in the golden jungle. His father had never given Stewart the minibike he craved at 12. Now he left him nearly penniless, working as a waiter at the Saloon and peddling his flesh to the readers of *Scruples*.

It was then that Stewart realized that the city was truly anal. A bitch. Stewart peered at himself in the rearview mirror of his tacky red Triumph sports car (a gift from an admirer of the late Jacqueline Susann) and admitted the truth. He had been trained to live this life. His father had taught him about fine wine, dope, and women. Fine toys. Then he left Stewart with nothing. The city had become a ghetto in which hustlers like Stewart needed to be surrounded by refinement the way movie audiences craved Sensurround. There was no exit, until Hollywood invented it. The American Dream had been within Stewart's grasp, and then it vanished.

Very few people realized Stewart's sadness. He hid it and his intelligence beneath a bored facade that blended with his environment. When he would hang out at the Ginger Man to listen to co-owner Carroll O'Connor ("Hey, Archie Bunker!") play the piano for his guests, he seemed glamour incarnate. He also made the rounds at Carlos 'n' Charlie's discotheque on the Sunset Strip, using a card he



filched from a rich South American customer of young flesh. Women in tight leopard-print jumpsuits and calla-lily-white dresses would buy him brandy and soak up his body on the dance floor. Underneath all this posing, Stewart was romantic. At night he returned to his apartment ($450 a month furnished) in the tacky, lower end of Beverly Hills and stretched out in his luxurious Spanish bed, smoked a joint, and dreamed of a girl who might be rich, sensitive, affectionate, warm, and would immediately sense that he wasn't a hustler. Someone who could make some kind of difference in the world.

When the telephone rang, the caller would be a woman, wasted on Quaaludes or uppers, saying that Stewart had been referred to her and that she might want to get together with him that evening. Stewart knew all his clients' questions by heart. What did he look like? Six-foot-two, green eyes, brown hair, 44-inch shoulders, 28-inch waist, tanned, and he liked to have a good time. Most of the women pressed for more information of a vital nature. Stewart never lied. Did he like to eat them out? Yes. Did he like anal intercourse? Whatever you dig, baby. Did he have any grass or drugs? Anything you like, sweetheart.

Stewart was a class prostitute. He could provide a "safe space" for women to experience their fantasies, and everything he offered was agreeable. There were days when he would make seven calls. Each client was listed in a black book by his telephone—name, number, her preferences in bed, in drinks, and in drugs. Each woman would be called on a regular basis so that Stewart could depend on a certain stable to pay his rent and bills. He drew the line at S & M and bondage—but anything else was okay as far as he was concerned. His clients: a 16-year-old heiress who played the soundtrack of *Grease* endlessly and visited Stewart in his apartment but had to be home by midnight to return her parents' Porsche; a 56-year-old divorced woman playwright who read him chapters from her forthcoming script about the sexual exploits of Beverly Hills housewives. This woman, who practiced transcendental meditation and went to a $900-a-week ashram in the San Fernando Valley to get in touch with herself, had Stewart reenact each scene of her play in the bedroom and played a cassette of each of their sessions the next day for material for her novels. Many of the calls Stewart received were out of curiosity—but Stewart had prostitution down to a science. He *never* spent more than three minutes on the phone with a client and would bring the sale to a close by asking: "So, when shall we get together?" Always in their homes, the date set by a telephone call. Women who were too afraid to chance an encounter met him at the Beverly Hills Hotel lobby and tucked an envelope with $100 into his jeans pocket. This entitled them to call for several hours of what Stewart dubbed "fantasy phone calls." One of the leading socialites of the city, a woman who could buy and sell most of the other residents, was fond of masturbating while listening to Stewart on her Princess telephone as he brought her to a climax with his voice. Some of the women were incredibly beautiful. Most of them were not.

He was like a surgeon with the clients. Quick, incisive gestures—aimed at bringing them to a climax. No appointment lasted longer than an hour, and most times women would fill that time just talking about their endless problems with husbands, lovers, and friends. Stewart fit into Beverly Hills life like a fancy caterer. He provided a service.

When telephone business was off, Stewart knew exactly where to go to make an extra $100 or so. To the pool of a Beverly Hills hotel, where the suites cost $200

a day and the pool was filled with young divorcées who would throw their Vuitton luggage on the luxe carpets with glee and scamper down to poolside in their Norma Kamali cutout swimsuits to enjoy the only game in town—lust. Stewart would park near the hotel, remove his clothes in his car, and then, presto—a nylon Speedo brief swimsuit over his powerfully built, grade AAA frame, a frame built like a Ferrari at the posh European boarding schools—glide in bronzed splendor to the pool. He knew he had it made.

Stewart was on a down curve from a joint he had smoked a half-hour earlier, and he was enjoying the panorama set before him. The hotel had a classic reputation as a prim and proper establishment. Yet around the pool Stewart was reminded of a Fellini movie he had once seen in boarding school. His eyes darted from white lounge chair to white lounge chair, looking for women who wore exaggerated sunglasses, formfitting swimsuits, and looked as if they were living DO NOT DISTURB signs. Stewart had no fear of women. He knew that Beverly Hills was nothing more than a huge beauty spa. That most of the women had been massaged and toned down and given immaculate haircuts—royal treatments—during the day and were now ready for the party.

Stewart felt an itch in his crotch. It was time to begin the party. He rose gracefully from his lounge chair and moved to the pool. Waiting until every tinted eyelash was pointed in his direction, he plunged into the pool. His massive frame causing water to spray the poolside regulars. He swam like Jon Hall in *Hurricane*. Swift, smooth strokes, each one more cleverly conceived because he was high. Stoked. He swam ten laps of the pool before raising himself like a gladiator onto the hot, pink pavement. He noticed that Miss Do Not Disturb had removed her sunglasses but still lay glacially in her chair. That was a good sign. He flashed his million-dollar smile as he walked toward her.

Stewart had the same approach with all his prospective clients. He would love them and love them and love them. He would look for an asset—their legs, tan, hair, clothes—and begin by complimenting them repeatedly. He would be totally with them. That meant if he saw insecurity—the need for a daddy—he would play Daddy. If they were bored and looking for someone outrageous, Stewart would become completely off-the-wall. Stewart realized that everyone there wanted to play. And he massaged Miss Do Not Disturb with compliments. She turned out pretty much as Stewart had expected. A young woman with an older, although monumentally wealthy, husband. Stewart realized that the woman was aware of the fact that their encounter was being recorded by the other women poolside out of the side of their raccoonlike, Aida Gray–made-up eyes. He began rubbing sun gel over her back, carefully stroking her like a masseur until she purred.

"Do you want a joint?"

"Yes, for God's sake."

Miss Do Not Disturb was now throwing the door of her suite open, running inside like a small child at her grandest birthday party. She cranked up the upbeat music piped like air conditioning into her room, which was decorated like a contemporary art gallery in wild, metallic aluminum and hot-red colors. He produced a thin, finely rolled joint from his pack of Marlboros. It was Hawaiian Gold—not only a high but also an aphrodisiac that caused the smoker to gaze out on the world through a golden, sensuous prism. While they smoked he stroked. He made women feel like superstars in a marvelous movie in which all the cameras were directed on their every movement. He noticed the woman staring at his swimsuit, now full. He glanced at her as if to suggest that any fantasy was available. But he was a pro. "You realize, this will be exactly one hour," he told her. She understood that a price was to be paid. While the woman closed the drapes, Stewart finished the joint. She loosened her bra, then her tight bikini bottom. There could be no doubt she was beautiful—as probably Elizabeth Taylor had been beautiful. Voluptuous. Stewart began dancing; she joined. Producing the vial of butyl nitrate, he took a deep, intoxicating snort. He kissed a scar under her belly button. She took the butyl nitrate bottle, holding it to her nose while she breathed deeply. "Let loose, baby," Stewart commanded. He worked his blue swimsuit like a male dancer in a boylesque joint. When he was naked, they danced close together, Stewart rubbing his ample manhood in every crevice of her lush femininity.

Stewart carried the woman to her bed, far up the stairs and to the right. Looking into her eyes, he could sense that this woman wanted it slow, and she wanted it hard, and she wanted it to last and last.

For a moment he stood above her, smiling. She pulled him down into the sweet air of sachets provided by maid service. The music pounded in the background like a sensuous chorus, and the late sun falling on the red wallpaper sent blushes of pink across their bodies. It all went very slowly. Very beautifully. His strong arms enfolded her body. Her hands slid up and down his body, counting the muscles, feeling each bulge of flesh. She sighed. Stewart existed off other people's fantasies.

For the woman, this was temporarily the end of boredom. The climax of her day, a day of routines of which she had long since tired—the shopping, the makeup, the exercise, the late lunches at the Bistro. She had only come to the hotel for the weekend for *this*. She did not want it to end. But Stewart's sexuality lasted only as long as the top-rated TV newsmagazine "60 Minutes." Like a Las Vegas entertainer, he had to rest and prepare for another show. There were others by the pool who had seen him move in on the woman, and they were tasting rich fantasies of their own as they broiled in the tropical sun. As he showered, the woman watched him. She reached for her Hermes purse, the kind she knew Princess Grace carried on royal functions. She wrapped a $100 bill around the vial of butyl nitrate with a rubber band and rose to look at herself in the ornate mirror facing the bed. First, she studied her tan, then let her eyes cruise her figure. She began making plans for dinner. She felt glowing.

Stewart walked out of the hotel into the warm, sultry night. Beverly Hills at night. A few tourists parading up and down the thoroughfares, dreaming fantasies of being caught in a magnificent picture book and turning the pages as they pause before each shop window. Black limousines with blacked-out passenger windows buzzed sleekly into the torchlight parade of automobiles. Two crazy girls—dressed up as Air Force WAFs—cruised him and asked him for a light. The town had shut down under the tinsel-perfect blaze of a full moon. He had always searched for a metaphor for the city. Now he was close. Beverly Hills was simply a rich Disneyland. A game. Everyone was a hustler. He stuffed the butyl nitrate into his trouser pocket, placed the $100 bill in his bag. A tourist yelled from a car. "Look, there's Ryan O'Neal." And his friend called back, "No, that's nobody."

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU EXPOSED?

OPEN OR CLOSED?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to see if you reveal or conceal

PSYCHOGRAPH

Some men spill their guts to a woman on the first date; others can be married for 50 years without ever revealing more than their name, rank, and serial number. This psychograph may give you some idea about which type of man you resemble: the one who's honest and self-revealing in his relations with women or the one who bottles everything up inside himself. It focuses on what psychologists call *self-disclosure.*

Sidney Jourard, the psychotherapist who began investigating this field almost single-handedly in the early 1950s, describes self-disclosure as "the act of making yourself manifest, showing yourself so others can perceive you." The ability to open yourself up is crucial to forging successful bonds with women. Says Jourard, "In a healthy interpersonal relationship, an individual is willing and able to communicate all of his real self to the other person."

In the wake of Jourard's pioneering work, the field of self-disclosure has grown to become one of the most complex, important, and heavily studied areas of psychological inquiry. Thousands of research papers have been written by experimenters throughout the world. (The best overview of this research has been compiled by a team of academics headed by University of Georgia psychologist Gordon Chelune. It's called *Self-Disclosure: Origins, Patterns and Implications of Openness in Interpersonal Relationships,* and it's a good place to start if you want to pursue this subject further.)

Psychologists point out that our personalities are not the only things that determine how open or closed we are. Environment, circumstances, and the women in our relationships also play important roles. Researchers have found that almost all men will disclose more to women who are high disclosers and will clam up when faced with women who don't reveal themselves. Self-disclosure is a two-way street. We confide in those who confide in us.

It has also been discovered that men reveal less negative information and more neutral information about themselves than women do. And it's been found that just about all of us will be more self-revealing if we're in a softly lit, attractively furnished room than if we're in a harshly lit, barren one.

While investigators have not yet been able to devise a personality test that can be absolutely predictive of self-disclosure in every case, they have uncovered traits that many feel distinguish the man who is open in his relationships from the one who remains tight as a drum. It's on that research that this questionnaire is based. If you are honest with yourself in answering the questions, you may get an inkling of how open you are with others.

1. Would you say that your most enjoyable pastimes are those spent
   (a) alone (walking, reading, playing nonteam sports like tennis, etc.)
   (b) with others (partying, pub crawling, playing team sports, etc.)

2. If you had to choose one of these two careers, which do you think you'd be better at?
   (a) historian
   (b) salesman

3. Would you say that you're basically a nervous person?
   (a) yes, very much so
   (b) no, not at all
   (c) probably no more than average, but I have my moments

4. Do you usually complete satisfactorily the jobs you do?
   (a) yes, in most cases
   (b) no, I fuck up a lot

5. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
   (a) Our lives are basically governed by forces over which we have no control: fate, luck, heredity, big government, etc. There's very little the individual can do to shape the outcome of his life
   (b) Life is a combination of our own actions and outside forces. Some things you have control over; some things you don't
   (c) It's up to each individual to shape his own life. There may be such a thing as luck, but if you really want something badly enough, you can get it . . . no matter what

6. Do you feel that most people have more power than you do?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. Which of the following statements more closely describes you?
   (a) I like to do things on the spur of the moment. Spontaneity is important to me. I rarely plan ahead, because I can't predict how I'll feel at any given moment. Why make plans if you're no longer in the mood by the time you get to carry them out
   (b) Planning ahead is important to me. I like a sense of structure in my life. I like to make lists, plans, and schedules of what I'm going to do

8. Would you say that you were rebellious as a teenager?
   (a) yes, very much so
   (b) I was but probably no more so than most teenagers
   (c) no, I never felt much of a need to "act up"

9. How do you feel a worker should behave toward his boss?
   (a) You should tell your boss when you think he or she is wrong. Just because someone is your superior, that doesn't give him the right to do stupid things or make unfair demands
   (b) You have to use a degree of common sense in dealing with your boss. If he's wrong, sometimes you tell him; other times you let it pass. Your job is to keep him from looking stupid. You shouldn't embarrass him, but on the other hand, you shouldn't just be a doormat
   (c) If your boss wants to act like a jerk, you should let him. Your job as a subordinate is to carry out his orders. If he makes an ass out of himself, that's his problem, not yours

10. How's your social life? How often do you go out to parties, have people over for dinner, etc.?
    (a) three times or more a week
    (b) once or twice a week
    (c) less than once a week

11. When you're out socially, do you
    (a) generally behave tactfully, tailoring your behavior to the tone of the occasion (if everyone is sedate, you are sedate; if they are outrageous, you are outrageous)
    (b) occasionally behave in ways that embarrass even your closest friends

12. Think back to times you've been at social functions where you didn't know most of the people. At such times do you usually
    (a) sit with your legs crossed and your arms folded
    (b) sit in relatively open positions (legs spread, arms draped over the back of a chair, etc.?)

13. Do you generally wear formfitting clothes that conform to your body? (European-cut suits as opposed to Ivy League styles, bikini underwear as opposed to boxer shorts, tight designer jeans as opposed to baggy corduroys, fitted shirts, skintight bathing trunks, etc.)
    (a) yes
    (b) no

14. How do you feel about this statement? "The most important thing in life is to succeed. You've got to get out there and compete. If you're not a winner, you're a loser."
(a) agree strongly
(b) agree moderately
(c) disagree moderately
(d) disagree strongly

15. How do you feel about this statement? "Everybody has to solve his own problems. All that stuff about being 'my brother's keeper' is a lot of crap. I've got problems of my own; so don't bother me with yours."
(a) agree strongly
(b) agree moderately
(c) disagree moderately
(d) disagree strongly

16. Which of the following descriptions comes closer to your idea of "ideal" sex?
(a) I like sex to be tough. I want to be in control. I want the woman to know her job is to please me
(b) I like a lot of fooling around during sex. I like to cuddle and laugh. Sex should be fun for everyone involved, not just a way for me to get my rocks off

17. Were you the firstborn kid in your family?
(a) yes
(b) no

18. How often do you feel anxious?
(a) just about always
(b) often
(c) occasionally
(d) just about never

19. Do you often feel guilty about things you've done?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) not often
(d) just about never

20. Do you think most people respect you?
(a) yes
(b) no

21. Would you say that your parents were aloof when you were growing up?
(a) yes, very much so
(b) somewhat
(c) a little
(d) not at all

22. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement? "Work and homelife should be separate. No matter how bad your family problems are, they shouldn't affect your job performance. And you shouldn't bring work problems home with you."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

23. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Men and women are basically so different that they can never truly understand one another"?
(a) agree
(b) disagree

24. Would you say that you solve problems better than most people do?
(a) yes, I'm probably above average
(b) I guess I'm about average
(c) no, I'm below average

25. When stress builds up on your job, how is your performance affected?
(a) I like the stress. My adrenaline flows, and I often do better work than on occasions when there isn't much stress
(b) It doesn't make a lot of difference to me one way or the other. I plug along, doing my work the same as always
(c) The stress gets to me, and my performance suffers. If the stress gets heavy, I sometimes verge on falling apart completely

SCORING

Each possible answer has been awarded a point value. These values are listed below. Add up the points of the answers you chose to get your score. The highest possible score on this psychograph is 97 points. The lowest is 24.

1. a-1, b-4	14. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4
2. a-2, b-4	15. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4
3. a-1, b-4, c-3	16. a-0, b-4
4. a-4, b-1	17. a-1, b-3
5. a-0, b-2, c-4	18. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4
6. a-1, b-4	19. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-3
7. a-4, b-1	20. a-4, b-1
8. a-4, b-2, c-0	21. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4
9. a-4, b-3, c-1	22. a-1, b-4
10. a-4, b-3, c-1	23. a-0, b-4
11. a-2, b-4	24. a-3, b-2, c-1
12. a-2, b-4	25. a-3, b-2, c-1
13. a-4, b-1	

If you scored 81–97 points:

You seem to possess an extraordinary number of the traits that many researchers ascribe to the "high discloser." You're the type of guy who inundates every new woman you meet with the story of your life. You're likely to be outgoing and impulsive, with little concern for social norms. This means that you probably put your foot in your mouth with above-average frequency. Your total willingness to reveal everything about yourself may sometimes hinder your relationships with women. You may tell too much too soon. You may lack an understanding of the time when certain things should be revealed and when it is the better part of valor to shut up. While a sensitive woman appreciates a man who is not afraid of revealing his innermost self, she does not necessarily want to hear play-by-play descriptions of every sexual exploit he's had. Especially if it's on her first date with him.

61–80 points:

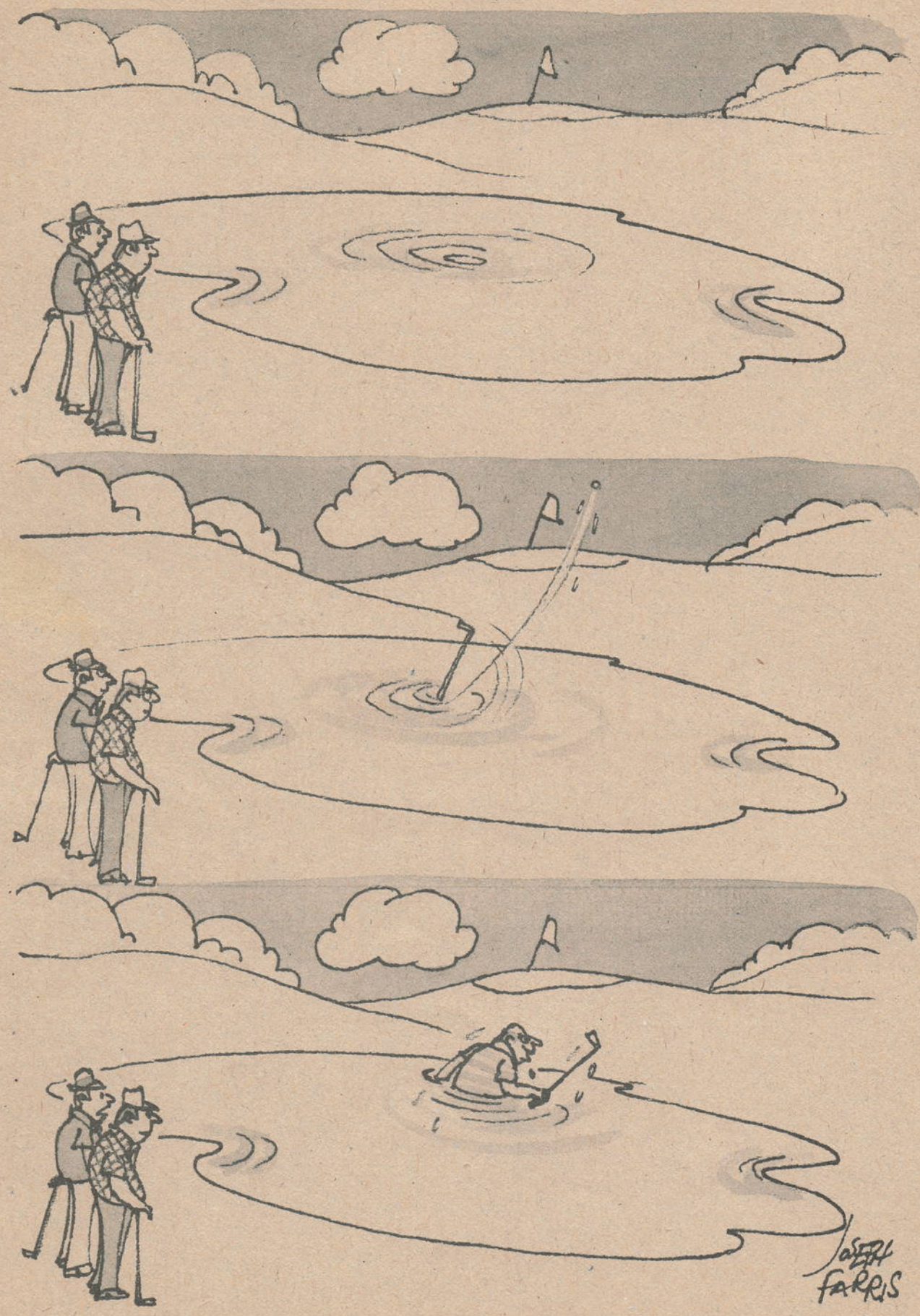
If there's such a thing as the "perfect self-revealing man," he would probably be found in this category. Men in this group are extremely open in their relationships with women. They share their deepest thoughts and desires with the women in their lives. They tend to have a playful, nurturing view of sex, and they use their own emotional openness to give a relationship strength and closeness. They are not compulsive about revealing *everything* to every woman they meet. They understand that there are times when it's best to leave some things unsaid. They use openness as a building block in a relationship, not as a weapon ("I'm more honest than you are"). They tend to be gregarious men who mix easily with others in most any social situation. They are flexible.

41–60 points:

Like many men brought up in our macho society, you probably keep your feelings to yourself. You may think that it's unmanly to open up to a woman. You may have trouble dealing with your emotions and find it easiest to bury them. Men in this category are often highly competitive and take a tough-minded view of the world. They may be extremely successful in business but often have trouble sustaining deep relationships with women. They are sometimes more anxious and introverted than other men, and they adopt a strong, silent posture to cover up feelings of insecurity. These days, men are no longer required to act like emotional icebergs.

24–40 points:

It seems you may have extreme trouble in telling anybody anything about your feelings. You are not just a strong, silent type; you are a goddamned sphinx. Men in this category tend to hold *everything* in. If they feel extremely close to one woman, they *may* open up but it's usually only after the relationship has existed for a long time. And even then they may open up only in moments of extreme stress. They let their problems build up until suddenly everything pours out, like water breaking through a weak dam. Men like this often have a high need for respect and approval from others. Ironically, their emotional tightfistedness often has just the opposite effect. People instinctively shy away from someone who comes across as an icy, impenetrable stone. Try a little openness; you may get to like it.



"That's why we're vice-presidents and he's president."

GENOCIDE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

leys of the Utah Ute, the Shoshoni, the Gosiute, and the Paiute but also south to the high red-rock mesas of northern Arizona, to the very heartland of ancient America.

There, among the gentle Hopi, the direct descendants of the cliff-dwelling Anasazi (the Ancient Ones), we found the Mormon-Lamanite struggle written in high relief. The Hopi, befitting a tribe that has lived centuries on this continent, have a way of speaking of the distant past as though it were the immediate prelude to the present. Nothing is forgotten. Everything is interconnected. Add to this characteristic their intense religiosity, and it is not surprising that their relations with the Mormons past and present should so consume reservation life today.

"To the Hopi these sacred mountains were set up as a village plaza," says Thomas Banyacya, pointing out the rock houses perched precariously on the razor edge of the mesa above us. The village is Old Oraibi, which, with nearby Shungopavy, is considered the oldest continuously occupied community in North America. Banyacya's forefathers lived in this place as long as 1100 A.D. and perhaps 500 years before that.

As an official interpreter of the traditional Hopi leaders, known as the village *kikmongwis*, since 1948, Banyacya has come to know every detail of the long struggle waged by the Hopi. The last person he tried to tell his story to was President Carter, but the president had more pressing business, and Banyacya delivered to a Carter aide a detailed report on the Hopi problem commissioned by the traditional leaders.

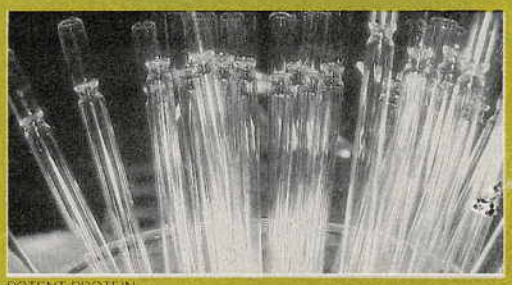
The report he left was a remarkable 200-page history of the Hopi's efforts to survive in the midst of an alien society that imposes its own rules and then breaks them with impunity, a history of struggles against government officials and Mormon attorneys who are determined to turn them into rich, law-abiding Americans, even if it kills them. The background of this struggle is a long history of governmental and white-settler encroachment on Hopi land. A prominent Mormon missionary, Jacob Hamlin, led a Mormon expedition to Hopi mesa tops more than 100 years ago, and the descendants of Mormon settlers still farm on surrounding lands that the Hopi claim as their own. In all, the Hopi have "lost" some 4 million acres of their ancestral lands.

By the late 1940s the BIA was very anxious to finally "extinguish" the Hopi land claims by paying out a monetary settlement so that the energy companies could get on with the work of mineral exploration. But before this could be done, the Hopi had to be made to elect a legal tribal council as well as hire a BIA–approved attorney. Previous efforts to establish a tribal

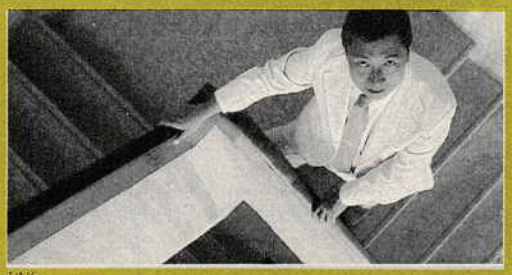
THIS MONTH IN OMNI

ON SALE MAY 26

ART



POTENT PROTEIN



TING

RENEGADE ROCKETEERS—The short but troubled history of a private space transportation company called OTRAG (Orbital Transport and Rockets, Aktiengesellschaft) reads like a sizzling spy thriller. These German ex-rocket technicians wanted to offer the world an alternative to government-monopolized space programs. And yet, in its efforts to compete with NASA and the European Space Agency, OTRAG became ensnared in political maneuvering, international propaganda campaigns, espionage, and outright war. Frustrated in its efforts to set up a launching site in Zaire, OTRAG has since built a launchpad in Libya and is reportedly conducting test firings there. *Omni* contributor James Oberg reveals the full story behind this secretive outfit, explaining why the Communist press made up the lie that OTRAG is a front for Neo-Nazis.

THE ONCE AND FUTURE TING—Einstein may be the popular image of a physicist, but the king of today's subnuclear explorers is neither fuzzy-headed nor forgetful. Samuel C. C. Ting handles the business of big-time science as easily as the intricacies of quarks. Ting revolutionized our view of matter's core. He discovered particles that shouldn't exist but that may explain the basic forces holding the universe together. We take you inside the head of a genius who jousts with atoms in the June issue of *Omni*.

ART AS MAN—What people wear and how they decorate their bodies form an important part of social communication. Clothing establishes a persona and transforms it into statements of age, sex, and status. Adornment preserves the delicate boundaries between group identity and the assertion that we are individuals. The power of nonverbal communication is displayed in a rare pictorial study of New Guinea tribesmen by Malcolm Kirk. Painted bodies and clay masks mirror the primal forces still evident in our own societies. You may even see some of yourself in this special feature for June.

RISE OF THE POTENT PROTEIN—Joan Karafotas is among the chosen few. The Illinois housewife is one of eight cancer patients who received the first dosages of genetically engineered interferon. This unique natural protein is hurtling to the forefront in the fight against disease. It has been touted as a cure, or at least as tomorrow's treatment of choice, for ills from leukemia to the common cold. *Omni* associate editor Mike Edelhart examines where interferon research stands today and suggests how this substance will change our lives.

SCIENCE FICTION—A girl is obsessed with space travel in Orson Scott Card's "A Sepulchre of Songs"; hoboes are the only free men and women in Russell M. Griffin's "Angel at the Gate"; a child in a postholocaust society unexpectedly encounters Frank L. Calloway's "Mr. Mouse."

council among the Hopi had met with repeated defeat, thanks to the traditional Hopi leaders, who clung to the nonelected theocratic form of government that had served the tribe well for more than 1,000 years.

Without a "representative" council nothing could happen. "It does not appear that leases acceptable to oil companies may be made under existing law unless the Hopi Indians will organize a tribal council . . . ," lamented one Interior Department official at the time.

Enter John Boyden. By 1950 Boyden was well connected, to say the least, among the Indian bureaucrats. As a U.S. attorney in Utah, he had handled Indian cases for more than ten years. With the FBI before that he had written a new criminal law code for the Navaho Reservation and had even sought the job of Indian commissioner. With this background, Boyden would have no difficulty in getting the government to sanction him as the Hopi's claims attorney; all he had to do was get the Hopi to go along.

Since there was no tribal council to appoint him, the BIA decided that Boyden should go meet with the people of each of the Hopi villages, explain to them the meaning of the lands claim, and then conduct an election in each village. If a majority wanted him, he would be legally recognized as a Hopi attorney and would file the claim.

Boyden found only five "progressive" villages that would give him a hearing. Five other villages, populated by the "traditionals," who opposed any monetary settlement, refused even to meet with him. Despite abysmally low voter turnouts even in the progressive villages that would admit him, the BIA concluded that "the people from the villages who favor the resolution represent the majority of the Hopi people." John Boyden had won the election to tribal-claims attorney.

The traditional Hopi, outraged by the hiring of Boyden and the filing of the land claim, decided to file their own claim. They pressed the claims court for restoration of their entire ancestral lands, adding that "we cannot, by our tradition, accept coins or money for this land, but must persist in our prayers and words for repossession of the land itself to preserve the Hopi life." The claim soon lapsed for want of any BIA–approved attorney to carry it to court. Despite the setback, the traditional Hopi have petitioned virtually every president and high BIA official over the last 30 years, demanding restoration of lands and refusing to accept any amount of money in settlement. In 1958 the traditional Hopi even met with traditional Ute, who were also fighting Boyden, and they jointly demanded that a federal grand jury conduct an investigation of Boyden's activities. No such investigation was ever held.

The creation of a "representative" tribal council proved a long and arduous task for Boyden and the BIA. But by 1955 the commissioner of Indian affairs finally granted recognition to a group of nine progressive Hopi who claimed to constitute a tribal council. The eight other seats that make up the constitutional tribal council remained unfilled because traditional leaders refused to participate.

Six years later, and many more extralegal manipulations later, the new tribal council entered into its first mineral-lease agreement. As Boyden had predicted, the mineral leases would bring a steady flow of funds into the tribal coffers. Early oil leases in 1964 resulted in a reported $3 million. To show its gratitude, the tribal council, which Boyden had helped create, voted to pay its attorney a $1 million fee for his efforts. His prediction, made a decade earlier, that oil leases would eventually pay his fees, proved correct.

In 1966 the tribal council, guided by Boyden, signed a lease that entitled Peabody Coal to strip-mine 58,000 acres of the Black Mesa, a mining operation that would come to be known in the environmental movement as The Angel of Death. In the view of Banyacya and the traditionals, the council and Boyden had not only participated in the rape of their sacred land but also sold out the Hopi's historic duty to protect the earth on behalf of the Great Spirit.

> "The land-claims law was the biggest victory ever obtained by government and lawyers over the Indians. It was designed to end all legitimate Indian claims to traditional homelands."

"We Hopis have to hold the land for the Great Spirit," says Banyacya. "We cannot take money for it; the land cannot be sold."

Clearly, the Hopi's Mormon attorney was eminently successful in opposing the interests of the traditional Hopi. But how well does the Mormon church fare in the Hopi nation in other respects, such as the saving of the Lamanite?

Not so bad, at least from a first glance. Down the road a piece from Banyacya's home is a modest frame house once owned by Wayne Sekaquaptewa, the editor of the local Hopi newspaper, who died shortly after we visited him. Except for the government, Wayne was the biggest employer on the reservation. He was also the most unabashedly Mormon of all Hopi, and viewed himself as a reincarnation of Jacob Hamlin, the nineteenth-century Mormon missionary to the Hopi. The Hopi religion, he wrote in an editorial, "is not worth practicing and pursuing. It is time to burn up the rest of our supposedly sacred altars and ritual paraphernalia."

Wayne was also a member of the Hopi's most prominent Mormon family. His brother Abbot is chairman of the tribal council, while his brother Emory has served as executive director of the tribal council.

For a time, a decade ago, it looked as if the Mormon church were going to be as successful at gathering Hopi souls as Boyden was at gathering Hopi mineral leases. The traditional leaders spoke darkly of a Mormon conspiracy to take over the reservation. Boyden was clearly in control of the council and its relations with the outside world. Stewart Udall, a member of another politically prominent Mormon family, had direct interest in the Hopi and could make his interests felt as the secretary of the interior, who is ultimately responsible for all Indian affairs. In addition, the commissioner of Indian affairs was a Mormon, as were prominent local and national BIA officials. Everywhere a Hopi looked he saw Mormons, and they were inevitably in positions of great power.

Nonetheless, there is no evidence that the Mormons have won the hearts and minds of the Hopi people. Relatively few Hopi children enter the Mormon Child Placement Program, and even fewer remain in it long enough to become indoctrinated. While some Hopi claim that as much as 70 percent of the reservation has been baptized Mormon, most knowledgeable Hopi laugh at such a figure.

And, according to confidential sources within the tribal bureaucracy, distrust of John Boyden himself was beginning to grow in the tribal government. Some of the council members, though they were progressives, were even beginning to talk seriously of hearing from at least one other law firm.

The matter was taken out of their hands when John Boyden died late in 1980, leaving his son Steve in charge of his lingering business and his old BIA Mormon friend Martin Seneca to take over the Ute account. But Boyden had won large cash settlements for the Gosiute and the western Shoshoni, even though tribal leaders from both tribes fought long and bitter battles to fire him and get their lands back. And his firm won a contract from New Mexico's Zuni tribe and was expected to file a claim that would lead to the extinguishment of another 6 million acres of Indian land, much of it already settled by Mormon ranchers.

The future? Boyden, Wilkinson, and Watkins have gone to their Mormon rewards with the angel Moroni. The church remains, and Tom Banyacya and America's Indians remain. Two visions of life on earth, two intensely spiritual interpretations of the meaning and value of land and mankind, clashing down through the past and rumbling like distant thunder in the future.

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Kings and Box, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine,
100's, 3 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Also available in 100's and Box

The pleasure is back.

99% tar free.™

BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Fiat has given new life to
the perennial Spider by adding fuel injection
and a 100,000 rpm turbocharger
to the 1981 model.

SUPER SPIDER

BY WADE HOYT

Ordinarily, a 15-year-old sports car would be completely outdated and tottering on the brink of extinction. However, a unique combination of circumstances has kept the Fiat Spider in brisk demand since its introduction in 1965. First, the styling by Pininfarina was neither radical nor trendy when it was originally drawn, so that, like so many other Pininfarina designs, it has aged remarkably little over the years. Second, it is about the only 2 + 2 convertible still available that doesn't cost more than the average condominium. Lastly, Fiat has managed to maintain and even improve the Spider's performance over the years by increasing its engine size, adding fuel injection, and, for 1981, making turbocharging an option on about ten percent of the 12,000 Spiders that they expect to sell this year.

Legend Industries of Hauppauge, Long Island, has built an excellent reputation with their Windblown brand of turbocharger kits, and they are familiar with meeting U.S. emission-control laws; so they were able to produce a reliable, workable installation in less than 18 months.

The turbo package consists of the blower itself plus low-profile 185/60-x-14 Pirelli P6 radial tires on Cromodora alloy wheels and the mandatory vinyl "graphics" treatment and perhaps some other goodies that had not yet been decided upon at press time. This will add about $2,000 to $2,500 to the standard Spider, bringing its price to $13,000.

There are two schools of thought when it comes to turbocharging. The Power School, as exemplified by the Porsche 924 Turbo, runs the little exhaust-powered turbine as fast as it can go in order to jam as much air-fuel mixture into the cylinders as possible for maximum horsepower gain. The drawback is that the power all tends to come on with a great whack at about 3,000 rpm. At lower speeds, the engine is a bit strangled.

The Torque School, favored by Saab and Fiat, uses lower boost pressures and sacrifices some peak horsepower for a smooth, even flow of extra torque across the whole rpm range. The result is that it feels like you've got a big, torquey engine under the hood. You'd swear there were six, maybe eight, cylinders smoothly churning out the power for passing or climbing hills with no drama, no unseemly rabbit punches in the small of the back from your bucket seat.

In fact, the broad torque band makes a manual transmission almost superfluous. The automatic Turbo is not only easier to drive; it's also faster than the stick shift all the way up to 80 mph, which is about as much as most Americans can get away with anyway. The automatic Turbo goes from zero to 60 in 8½ seconds and through the quarter mile in 16½ seconds at 82 mph. The five-speed Turbo takes 8.8 and 17 seconds, respectively, although it is doing 83 mph at the end of the quarter, when it is just about to overtake the automatic.

If you haven't been in a Fiat Spider in a few years, the Turbo will knock your socks off. Spinning at about 100,000 rpm, the tiny I.H.I. turbine provides a modest 6 psi of boost. This results in 120 hp at 6,000 rpm and 130 ft-lb of torque at 3,600 rpm, compared with 102 hp and 110 ft-lb by the fuel-injected 1981 engine and an anemic 80 hp from the carburetored engine of 1979.

Although the turbo's boost doesn't look startling on paper, it feels startling on the road. I had a chance to try out four versions of the Spider—normal and Turbo, five-speed and automatic—during a day's outing in and around New York's Bear Mountain State Park. Both Turbo versions combine the Spider's tenacious handling with enough power to break away the rear wheels if you want to. The Turbo has a quick and responsive feel, whereas the normal engine, although peppy, often seems to be laboring in its effort to show its worthiness.

The infamous "turbo lag" has been engineered out of this installation, as the boost gauge on the dashboard clearly demonstrates. If you are coasting in gear and then suddenly floor the pedal, you can watch the needle zoom from 21 inches of vacuum to full boost in under a second. If you pick a gear that keeps the needle near zero, the transition to full boost is instantaneous. It's a lot of fun, and although the turbo addition has hardly changed the Spider's excellent fuel economy (25/36 mpg for the five-speed, 22/29 mpg for the automatic), the enthusiastic driver who likes to keep the needle in the boost zone will no doubt have to pay the piper at the gas pump.

The Spider's two recent improvements, fuel injection and turbocharging, have brought a graceful evolution of a classic 1960s design into the 1980s.

Fashions by Neo 80 and Clacton & Frinton, Los Angeles, Calif.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARY E. HEERY

FAST WOMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

ticeship as a man, she is today considered one of the best stock car drivers on the West Coast.

"I'm just not a spectator; so I had to get out of the stands and onto the track. The first time I ever hot-lapped my husband Dave's car, I liked it better than anything I had ever done. Anything. I guess the term today would be a 'natural high.' And it is. It's neat.

"At first I usually qualified somewhere just back of the twentieth spot—with fifty or sixty cars—just this close to making the main event each night, but not quite; so I ran the semimain with the slower cars. And I did all right. I was really accepted by those guys, because I wasn't taking them out, and I wasn't just out there getting in their way. I think they felt, 'Well, it's okay if she's not going to be crashing and making more of a mess for us; so we'll just accept her.'

"Then Dave built me a new Chevelle, and I went right out the first night and made the main; so here was this bunch of *hot dogs* who were shocked. They congratulated me a lot and smiled all over the place, and then I think it hit them: 'Hey, wait one minute; she's running with *us* now.' But it didn't take them long to see that I was out there racing and trying to *win*. And if you're really racing, every car is the same.

"I'll never forget the night they really accepted me: I ran side-by-side, wheel-to-wheel with this guy through the entire main. There wasn't an inch between us, and neither one of us would back off, but I finally got by him on the last lap. Well, after the race he got out of his car and came looking for me in the pits. I mean, he was really moving. He was walking sideways, and Dave was looking for something heavy, because this guy was really big. And he came up to one of the guys and said, 'Who was driving this car?' The guy pointed to me and said, 'She was.' So this big guy said, '*She* was?' He came over and slapped me on the back so hard I almost went to my knees. And he said, 'Well, you're one hell of a race car driver.' I knew I was in.

"It's really a hard point to get across to most people because men are so into the strength thing, but I don't think I have any physical limitations. Even in Dave's first car, which was big and heavy—a real 'man's car,' they said—I didn't have any trouble. And it was ill-handling, to boot. But I didn't notice any of that during a race. None of it. Oh, there's some physical side to it, I suppose, but mostly it's mental. Your arms could be falling off, and you'd never notice it. Until the race is over, and then everything hurts.

"And as for fear, that usually doesn't enter my mind. I've crashed, and I've been hurt, but I wasn't overcome with any sort of fear. I guess the only time you could say I'm 'frightened' is at that one point on the track when you're coming out of a turn and you're on the inside of another driver, and it's just really his choice. Listen, on these short tracks when somebody wants to win, they'll take you out. It's not like Grand National. But that's the one thing that bothers me. It's the scary point. So I say, 'I'm going to do it,' and I stick right in there, because I've made up my mind.

"Still, when they're right there, I always think about it. But even when someone does take you out, it's all over so quick that you haven't even had time to be afraid. And then there are the times when I take them out.

"The whole thing boils down to just shutting everything out and making split-second decisions—gut reaction. It's over if you have to think, 'Should I hit the brake, or should I hit the accelerator, or should I spin this guy or let him spin me?' It's too late, and you've lost."

Jackie Pratt became the world-record holder in competition hydro-class drag boats, with a record run of 134.39 miles per hour. That was enough of that; now the 800-horsepower boat is not fast enough for Jackie, a glamorous brunette, who plans to move up two classes to blown-gas hydros. And if that doesn't sound like

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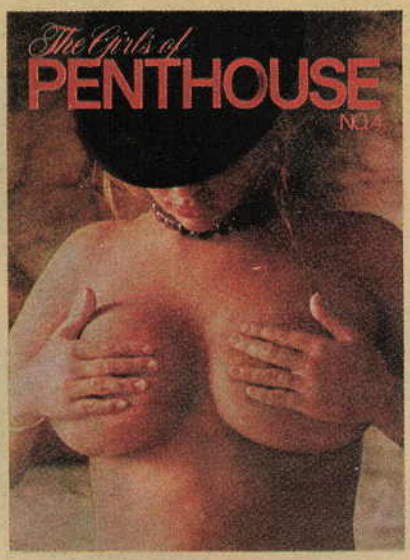

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a "typical" racer, I'll eat my crash helmet.

"I'm definitely in a man's sport, but they don't seem to resent me. Everyone, that is, but the guy whose record I broke. He has a kind of funny attitude, but then I can understand. After all, he held the record for years and then lost it. To a girl.

"There were a lot of wisecracks at first—particularly when I made mistakes—you know, things like 'Look at that dumb girl,' and I used to worry more about that than anything. You know, it never occurred to me that men were making the same mistakes, but nobody said, 'Look at that dumb guy.' Now I'm just one of the boys. Now that I hold the record, that is.

"In the first races I had to concentrate so hard that I didn't even see anything around me, and I never did experience any sensation of speed, because I was so busy and so tense I didn't have time to think about the sensation. But now that I'm used to going fast and I can forget being tense, I have time to look around. I like to watch the water skim past, and there are times when I find myself thinking about what we're going to have for dinner or the laundry or some crazy thing like that—the same things I think about when I'm driving a car.

"It's actually worse for the men. I had a guy tell me recently that he'd 'been apprehensive about racing certain people before, but this is the worst ever. And it's all because you're a girl. I just don't want you to beat me.' So the next day I beat him. He brought me a beer and said, 'Well, it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be.'

"One of the guys brought over a bottle of champagne when I broke the record; so I think I've gotten over the hurdle. The only thing I have to do now is deal with the jealousy and the pettiness of some of the women. The only static I get is from some wives and girl friends. And that's tough to handle. I can deal with the men on the water, but how do you deal with the women?"

Mary Rife does a thing so fearsome that you have to see it to believe it. She drives a blown-fuel hydro, which is to water what a top-fueler is to the drag strip. And, what's more, she has driven it to 206 miles per hour in the quarter in an elapsed time of under seven seconds. This would be incredible at the drag strip, but on water it boggles the mind. She established the world's record at Bakersfield, Calif., in March 1978 in *Proud Mary*, a boat powered by a 426 Chrysler hemi engine that develops 2,000 horsepower.

"I shouldn't even be racing boats. I mean, I can't even swim. I don't like water. Period.

"But twelve years ago my husband bought an outboard, and in a weak moment I drove it. It went forty-eight miles an hour and really scared me, but at the same time, I sort of liked it. Then we started going to boat races, and that impressed me enough that I agreed to buy an eighty-five-mile-an-hour inboard ski boat. I was hooked. In spite of the water.

"The only racing I had ever done was on the streets, but we went racing with the boat. It's been uphill—or maybe it's *downhill*—ever since. I've got my eye on a hydro that would do one hundred twenty-five, and my husband retired as a racer, said he didn't want any part of that speed.

"A top fuel boat is just so superquick that it feels like you're going four hundred miles an hour. It's like getting dropped down an elevator shaft. You get to the other end, and your stomach's still back at the starting line. Everything's so blurry along the way that there's no use even trying to look at anything. So I just aim it toward the finish line and look straight at that. There's no use trying to steer it, because there's no way you can turn a rudder in water at those speeds. I just put a piece of tape on the top of the steering wheel and line it up with the finish line just before I nail it. And I hope I don't get out of shape, because if I do, I'll just have to shut it down.

"I have to make sure I don't go too far past the quarter, because it'll burn up the whole motor. They're built with a lot of tolerance, and if you pass the light by a lot, everything starts melting in there. And the mechanic gets pretty upset.

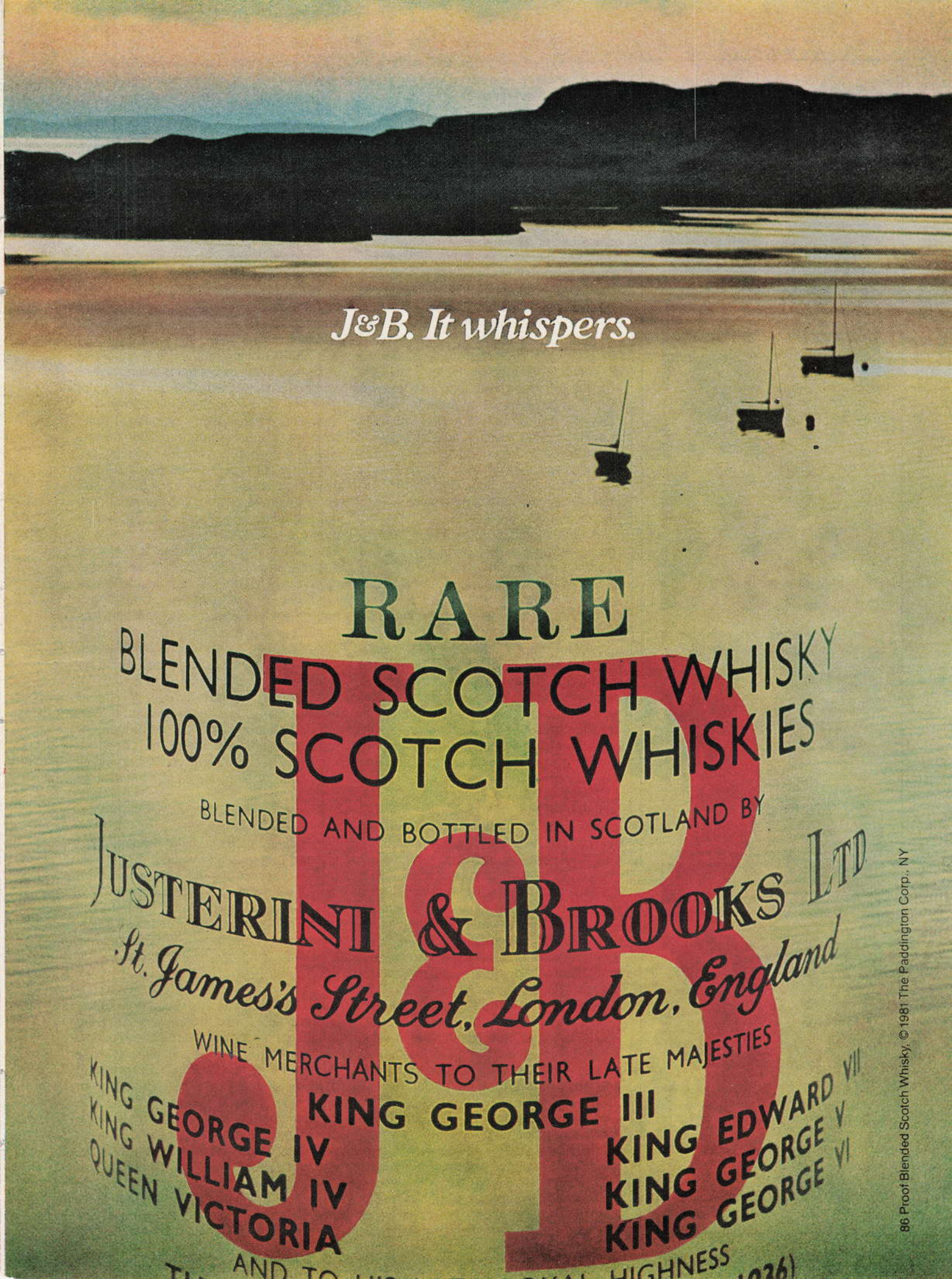
"I've never been hurt around racing—except the time when I broke my foot by falling off the stage with my trophy—but I've seen a lot of others get hurt. The water is like cement at those speeds. Just last week the boat beside me flipped. It went straight up in the air, and I thought it was going to come down on me, but I kept my foot in it and drove right under him. I couldn't have stopped anyway, because there aren't any brakes on these things, but I ducked down a lot when I went under. By the time I looked back from the finish line, his boat had sunk. He got hurt pretty bad.

"But we have chutes to slow the boats down at the end of the run, and there's a chute on my back that's attached to a bracket in the boat; so if I go out, the chute opens automatically and that breaks your fall. Sometimes.

"It would be hard to stop now. I mean, after I've built my speed up from forty-eight miles an hour to over two hundred. We're going to get a new boat that's a pickle fork in front. It's designed so the air will get under it and get it up on top of the water. It should be neat.

"I want to turn about two hundred ten and then back it up for the record—a record that will stand for awhile."

Janet Guthrie has probably gotten more media exposure than any other woman in racing, because she was the first to race in the biggest race in the world, the Indianapolis 500. Her ninth-place finish in the 1978 Indy race, just a shade behind four-time winner A. J. Foyt, would have been considered an accomplishment for any race driver. Period. She was North Atlantic Road Racing champion in 1973 and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won the under-two-liter prototype class at Sebring in 1971. She raced well for years in the major road races of America and in 1980 was elected to the Women's Sports Hall of Fame. She intends to continue her quest for a 500 victory—in either USAC or NASCAR—so long as her sponsorship holds out, which is shaky, because despite her considerable achievements and all the ink, she's a woman.

"I might have tried the big time sooner, but women had always been banned from oval-track racing. It wasn't until 1972 that women were even allowed in the garage area at Indy. But when I finally drove my first Indy car I couldn't believe it. It had seven hundred fifty horsepower and weighed sixteen hundred pounds, and the first time I came off turn two, wound out in second, and stood on it, I thought I was going to the moon. And then I went down to the end of the straightaway, and I thought, 'You're gonna turn *left?*' It's formidable, but like most things, as you become accustomed to it, everything slows down for you, so that when you're driving well and actually turning hot-lap times, everything takes place fairly slowly in your own perception.

"A championship car is a very sophisticated racing machine; everything about it is extremely precise, and the way you drive it is extremely precise. A NASCAR stock car, on the other hand, is relatively unsophisticated in its basic design, although the various racing teams subject it to some sophisticated developments. And the tracks the stock cars run on are quite rough. They would be unacceptable for championship cars, which would simply break to pieces. So this combination of rough tracks and unsophisticated suspension design results in a great deal of thrashing and bouncing around, and you have to chase the car all the time.

"It makes Grand National [NASCAR] quite interesting. In fact, in a race at Talladega I had the most spectacular crash in my racing history. I blew a right rear tire after I ran over something, and the car spun, with poor Jimmy Means collecting the back half of it. This really sent me spinning, and I bounced off the top wall a few times. And I can tell you: you do have time to think. The sound of the tire blowing didn't register until I had started to spin and Jimmy had already hit me, and I thought, 'Boy, I'm really in for it.' So I turned left and locked up the brakes—which is all you can do—and I slid backwards, between cars, which were missing me, to my relief. And then I realized I was scraping the wall with the side of the car, and I had most of the speed burned off, down to maybe one hundred. Then it spun toward the infield grass and I thought, 'Wow, I've made it.'

"There was little fear, because it all happened so fast. I have had more frightening experiences, like last winter, when I didn't think I would get a sponsor for Indy. The thing that keeps me awake at nights is worrying about how to get to the next race. I don't know how long I can find sponsorship. I think it's worth pointing out that in my entire racing career, only three companies have seen fit to sponsor me—Bryant Heating and Cooling, Kelly Girl, and Texaco. I've been in and out of sponsors for my stock car and for my Indy car. I can offer a sponsor a lot of experience and exposure, but yet I have trouble, and, unfortunately, I'm afraid that this is peculiar to being a woman.

"Certain impossible standards are being held up, like in Grand National, where the rule of thumb is that it takes five years before a driver wins a race. Do you know that it took Cale [Yarborough] nine years and fifty-four races before he won, and yet he says of me, 'Well, she's not going to win.' And Brock Yates wrote a couple of years ago, 'Well, she's been driving a year and the novelty's worn off, and she's not a winner.' And even Shirley Muldowney—another woman driver—jumps in. I don't even know the woman, and I don't know what her problem is, but it's certainly becoming quite tedious. She doesn't know anything at all about oval-track racing, and yet she persists in shooting her mouth off. I'm not interested in drag racing. It's all over too quickly.

"I have not yet reached the ceiling of my abilities, and I certainly hope that I get the opportunity to continue, because I believe I can win, or I wouldn't be competing. I mean, look at Richard Petty: his team has about one hundred ten years of experience, and he has about one hundred ten years of driving experience—he's the most successful driver in Grand National history—and you take him out of one car and give him a new one, a car Darrell Waltrip and all those others have proven capable of winning in, and where does he run? Way back. Not everybody can win all the time, not even the best drivers. It all takes time.

"For thirteen years my original profession, physics, supported my racing activities. But, because of racing, I had reached the age of thirty-eight without any assets of any description—no house, no pension, no jewelry, no money, no car, no furs. Zero. Zip. And I was in debt. In fact, my career itself was destroyed. So it certainly hasn't been money or fame that has kept me racing. It's simply a love for the sport."

Kitty O'Neil is a stuntperson, a boat racer, a drag racer, an off-road racer, and the holder of the women's land speed record. She has been deaf since infancy. Kitty plans a two-year program, taking a shot at all major world speed records on land, on snow, on water, and in the air. She holds the overall world record for terminal speed in the quarter mile at 437.129 miles per hour in her rocket-powered dragster and also holds the world record for elapsed time in the quarter at 3.22 seconds. Her ex-husband, Duffy Hambleton, was once her inspiration and assisted her in many of her feats, such as the 112-foot

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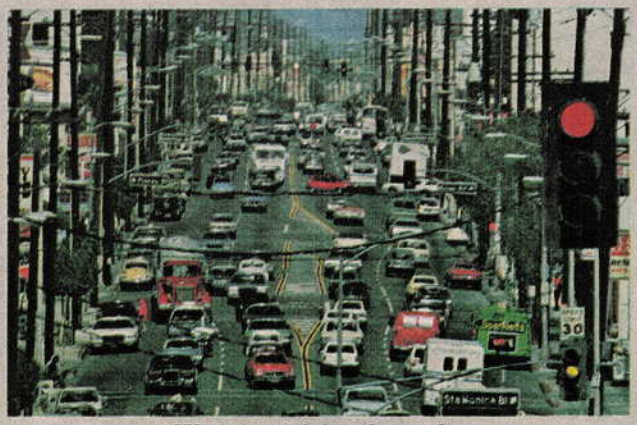

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high fall. On fire. Now she does things like that alone.

"Just because you can't sit and answer the telephone doesn't mean you can't go out and accomplish. I guess I'm a very positive thinker," she says.

"Normal people are intimidated by what other people have to say. Like if you're sitting there looking at a land-speed-record car and some sidewalk mechanic walks up and says, 'Gee, I'd never get in that thing, you should have seen the last guy . . . ' So if you're able to tune that out, and if you have confidence in yourself, then fear is far down the line. You're ahead of the game. I don't relate to fear, but most racers do, because they have heard the dialogue.

"The total isolation is really an asset, because it gives me total concentration. I sit there, and I don't hear the roar of an engine, which people tell me is an intimidating sound, or I don't hear the dialogue from other people that could alienate me into being fearful. So I'm immune to the things that make fear.

"When I started the stunt gags, I wasn't exactly a novice as far as body control was concerned. I had tried Olympic diving and had held the water ski record at one hundred four miles per hour; so I just decided to razzle and dazzle 'em with stunts—as I did with racing—so I could get immediate acceptance. If you don't have acceptance, the internship is the rest of your life.

"I don't feel at all threatened by being in a man's sport or occupation. And I've never had a fear of being hurt or killed. Why should I? I love the thrills. I have a lot of confidence in myself and in my mechanic and in the car. And I can tell if anything's wrong. It's sort of an added sense I have, and I think it more than makes up for the one I don't have.

"The first time I ran the land-speed-record car, I got out of it and said to Bill Frederick, 'Bill, your car doesn't handle worth a shit!' Well, that almost killed him, because he's been building land-speed cars for years. But I told him, 'I'm not getting back into it until you fix it.' He called in John Paxton from San Francisco, under the guise that I had screwed up. Well, John, who is a real expert, didn't even make it to the timing lights. The car was swapping ends and was all over the course. He got out, and his eyes came up two lemons, and he went over and said, 'Bill, why didn't you listen to her? The car doesn't handle worth a shit.' "

Gina Bovaird is the top woman motorcycle rider in the world. That is a fact. In 1980 she became the first woman to qualify for the prestigious Daytona 200—an event that towers above all other bike races in the world. And the stunning brunette qualified well up in the field, hitting speeds exceeding 170 miles per hour on the way. Things have changed a lot since she began her racing career in 1971. For one thing, women were not even allowed in the pits then. In fact, she was ejected from an American Motorcycle Association event in Danville, Va. Now there may be a few men who would secretly chuckle if she were again thrown out, because she is a serious contender for the national championship. And, with the challenge, she brings a new look to the sport. If the blue eyes and long tresses don't dispel the black-leather-jacket image, then her bachelor-of-fine-arts degree in painting from the Rhode Island School of Design should. But it does not make her any more immune to crashes and injury than the men she races against. A crash during the Daytona 200 this year put her in the hospital for surgery on a little finger that was nearly torn off. But at the time of the interview—just one week after she got out of the hospital—she was preparing for a three-month-long assault on the best European bike courses. Her husband, Tom, is her mechanic, and he was simply designing a shorter brake lever so that she could manipulate it with the splint on her hand. You see, you can't count on women giving in anywhere in the world of speed.

"My mother wouldn't let me ride motorcycles when I was growing up. In fact, she wouldn't even let me *date* anyone who did. But I bought a basket case of a Honda 160 when I was in college, and I put it back together and raced it on the streets. I kept falling off; so I decided I needed to be on the track, where there weren't patches of sand and trucks pulling out in front of me and hazards like that. From there I went through a progression of faster bikes until I found myself up there with the big boys.

"It wasn't so much the speed that I liked; I just wanted to go faster than the next guy. I mean, don't get me wrong; the speed of my new 500 Yamaha is incredible. You just get a really neat kind of a rush. But it's the thrill of competition that gets me. Frankly, I don't know why there aren't more women in the sport. I don't think physical stamina has anything to do with it. I don't find it particularly tiring, but then maybe it's the way I ride the bike. I pretty much let it do what it wants to do. I shift my weight rather than try to muscle it through a turn.

"You not only have to have a tremendous desire to race, but you have to have the ability and the money, and you can't let anything else get in your way. Fear, pain, nothing. I know one girl who was quite good a couple of years ago, but she broke her collarbone in one fall and had a couple of bikes break during a race, and she just quit.

"You have to stay with it. And you have to earn what you get in bike racing, because none of these guys are going to *give* you anthing. It's never been a 'don't hit little girls' syndrome. In fact, it's been just the opposite at times. I've passed guys in the straight, and they've driven so hard to get back by me that they've gone right off the course. I don't think it would have been the same if it was a guy who passed them.

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25	up to 200%	60	up to 70%
30	up to 200%	70	up to 50%

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"But once you get used to the speed, it's a really neat feeling, going that fast. When I get the bike set up on the banks [the high-banked turns at Daytona], I just relax and let it go. You go swooping up on the banks and then down on the flats [the tight, infield portion of the course], and everything is just sort of whooshing by. It kind of feels like skiing really fast, charging down the mountain and doing wide, swinging turns.

"There have been unpleasant times. I've broken my collarbone three times and gotten concussions and dislocated my shoulder and gotten lots of bruises, but I've never been frightened. You can't be. I told myself, 'This is where you really want to be; so go out and do it.' There have been times when the bike wanted to walk out to the wall and times when I've hit oil slicks in turns, but I just don't think about it until after the race, when I'm sitting in the pits, drinking a beer.

"If you ride well, the motorcycle is just a part of you. We were doing practice pit stops at Daytona, and when I sat there and thought about it, I couldn't remember which hand I used for the brake and which one for the clutch. But when I get out there in a race, everything is second nature. If a bike goes down in front of me, I just choose a way to go and hope it's the right way. If it isn't, I go down, too. You do a lot of slides in bike racing, but you're usually off the bike, and it's *you* that's sliding. You do a lot of thinking when you're tumbling. At times the slides are so long that you think you've stopped, and you try to get up too soon, and maybe you're still doing forty miles an hour. You can get hurt then.

"At Daytona this year I was really moving up. I had just gotten a pit signal from Tom to come in for fuel next time around, and I was just getting ready to pass another rider when I hit some oil. The front end immediately washed out, and before I knew it, I was on the ground. There was no warning. My hand was caught under the handle bar, and that's what nearly tore off my little finger.

"I would like to think of racing cars someday, and I think I would be good, because bike racers make good car racers. For one thing, bike racers have a better sense of surface. You've got a contact patch this wide [she indicates the width of her Goodyear racing tire—about four inches from her thumb to her splint], and you have to be aware of what's on the ground ahead of you. But, on the other hand, bike racers who have switched to cars have usually been slower in tight corners. That's because in a slow corner a bike doesn't have the gyroscopic stability that it does in fast corners.

"Before I started racing, I was very introverted and shy. I stayed in my studio alone and painted. But bike racing has made me more of an extrovert, more aggressive. You have to be aggressive in racing; otherwise you go nowhere. And it's a very tactical sport. I mean, how you judge the other riders, how you can pick out where on the track they're maybe going a little slower than you are, and how you can psych them. It's an interesting sort of game you play out there. There are all kinds of tricks, like when you come into a corner, and you sit up but don't brake. Well, they think you've braked, and they jam on *their* brakes; so you've picked up some time on them. It's a mind game, and I'm getting better at it. I think I need about two years more experience, and then I hope to be as competitive as, say, Kenny Roberts, who I think is the best. He has those steel eyes and the determination and the self-confidence. And he's absolutely single-minded. That's what it takes to be a great racer.

"Then maybe I'll try racing a car. One thing that appeals to me about automobile racing is that you don't fall down. You don't get all that road rash."

As you can see, these women think and react under extreme pressure no differently than their male counterparts react under the same pressure. And I, for one, think there's good reason to believe women can someday win at Indianapolis or Daytona or Watkins Glen, because they're proving they have what it takes. We just can't call it "balls" anymore.

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Following the publicity of Mr. Falwell's objections, I picked up a copy of *Penthouse* to read the interview. Let me tell you, I was embarrassed and ashamed at what I saw. I was disgusted with the photos of nude women in various stages of masturbation and read one short article that I considered filth!

Even though I agree with many of Rev. Jerry Falwell's beliefs, I do not condone many of his methods. I am neither a follower nor a supporter of the Moral Majority. I do, however, have every respect for Falwell and know he is a good, honest, God-fearing, and God-loving human being. It is my belief that you deliberately attempted to embarrass Jerry Falwell and his group when you published the interview. I think you knew many people would buy the magazine simply to read the Falwell interview, as I did. You attempted thereby to bring Reverend Falwell down to your level.

I am glad that he is filing suit against your magazine. I hope the judge who hears the case will recognize there is a difference between freedom of the press and infringement on one's rights. I hope the judgment will be in Mr. Falwell's favor, and I will pray for this to happen.—*Name and address withheld*

The Moral Majority would, in protecting us from sin, enlarge the powers of the state to frightening proportions. I have heard that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. But until Moral Majority came along, who would have thought a Christian people would lead us there?—*Michael Hureaux, Seattle, Wash.*

Rev. Jerry Falwell has no right to bitch, moan, or sue! Until he decides to start paying taxes like any other normal citizen of the United States, I suggest he sit down and shut the hell up. I've watched Falwell's television services every Sunday for the past nine months, as I'm in prison for theft. After watching and reading about the cash flow of Jerry Falwell, I've decided I'm in the wrong business.—*R. Anderson, Bismarck, N.D.*

I am writing to you about the March issue of *Penthouse*. I got it last week, February 13, at a newsstand in Lynchburg. Ten pages are missing from the magazine. The Falwell interview was taken out. It looks like something he would have done around here.—*Name and address withheld*

Carroll

There was a striking contrast between two of the articles in the March 1981 issue of *Penthouse*. On the one hand, there was the interview with Rev. Jerry Falwell, who preached to us about the sinfulness of pornography, homosexuality, and drugs. On the other hand, in John Milward's "Catholic Boy," we have a poet-musician, Jim Carroll, saying something about compassion—a term that denotes sympathy and understanding, things you can't really feel unless you've been there yourself.

And that's the whole difference between Jim Carrol and the "Reverend" Falwell: one man who has been there and back and another man who's standing on the outside—looking down.—*Jerry Belsak, Lexington, Ky.*

I must compliment John Milward for his article on Jim Carroll and Earl Miller for his beautiful photograph of the "Catholic Boy." Thanks for both of them and, of course, to Mr. Carroll for deciding to put his poetry to music.—*Elaine R. Brutosky, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Cowboys

Your interview with Jerry Falwell may have garnered a lot of publicity and may have been of interest to some readers (not me), and your pictorials are alluring enough, but for my money let's have more articles like "The Lost Frontier" (February 1981).

Both the writer, Peter James Spielman, and the photographer, Jim Smith, did an excellent job. Now, *that* was $2.50 worth of good reading and looking (not that the rest of the magazine was exactly ignored)!

Just, my two cents' worth. Thank you.—*Denis Kitchen, Princeton, Wis.*

Brolin bombs

Ellsworth Toohey lives! The architecture critic whose narrow-minded and parochial views on building and buildings wove like a serpent through Ayn Rand's book *The Fountainhead* has appeared reincarnate in Brent C. Brolin, author of "The Arrogance of Architecture" (March 1981).

Toohey was a man who detested all original thought, as Brolin apparently does. Toohey believed that "the public" should have the final say in all matters of taste, as Brolin does. And Toohey ultimately proves to those who see through his convoluted logic that subjugation to the will of the masses is itself the height of arrogance, assuming, as it does, that the committee (a random collection of random thoughts) is somehow the pinnacle of reason.

One might excuse Brolin's willingness to water all good Scotch to meet the tastes of every drinker if he were an old, bent man past caring about the battle for creativity and original thought, but his photograph is that of a young man—and any young man whose writings appear on the same page as a Ralph Steadman illustration must know that architecture is far more than the slapdash erection of colonial-style ARCO stations. Every building on earth that tries to be something it isn't—from the transvestite Greek of the U.S. Capitol to the clenched-anus pomposity of Buckingham Palace to the pseudo-Williamsburg of Fred's Fast Service—is a blatant lie foisted on us by architects who are too lacking in original thought, too eager to travel through time to borrow facades, pediments, and columns from the ancients, content in the knowledge that "the public" will be happy with another Colonial gas pump and the client will have a check in the mail.

To hell with the review board, that great leveler with its penchant for white tennis shoes and hell-bent preservation of borrowed historical ideas, and to hell with the community's sense of visual or cultural continuity! The community brought us golden arches and PVC shopping centers, Mr. Brolin, and by kowtowing to the opinions of people whose sense of perspective is slightly curved and 26 inches wide, we will all end up in a sea of limestone facades, with "enlightened judges" on hand to rule in favor of limestone facades marching down Fifth Avenue all the way to the sea.

While we're begging, borrowing, and stealing from the past, heed the words of Ayn Rand through the character of Dominique Francon: "Let us destroy, but don't let us pretend that we are committing an act of virtue. Let us say that we are moles and we object to mountain peaks. Or, perhaps, that we are lemmings, the animals who cannot help swimming out to self-destruction."—*Peter Birnie, Edmonton, Alberta*

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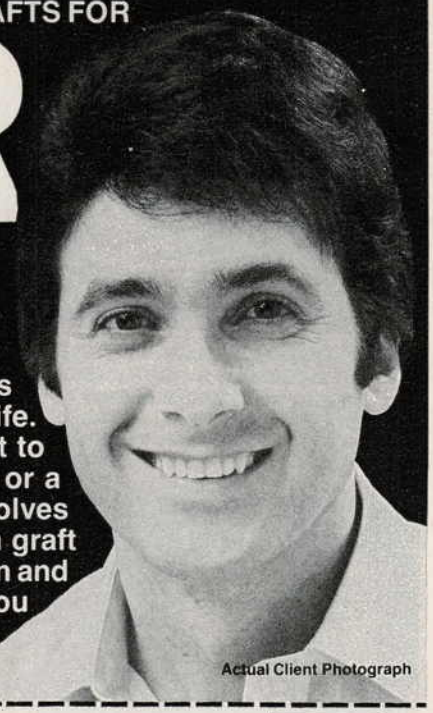

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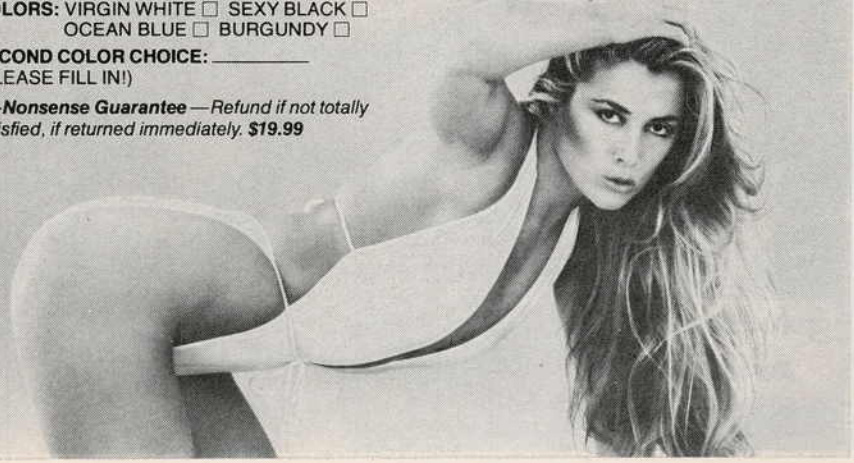

Sweet Chastity
IN THE DISMAL DINING ROOM OF THE DANK AND GLOOMY CASTLE DREER, VINCENT, 13th BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN, BROODS OVER A FRUGAL DINNER WITH MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD
I CAN REKINDLE THE FLAME OF LIFE IN A CORPSE... I CAN RAISE THE DEAD, BUT I CAN'T MAKE A BUCK!!
I WOULD HAVE SOLD MY STORY TO 'THAT'S INCREDIBLE,' BUT THEY REFUSED TO BELIEVE IT!!
NO! NO! NO! NOT THE PLATE!
GASP!
PUFF!
WHEEZE!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

ENTER TOOMBS, ANCIENT RETAINER TO THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY, CARRYING A LETTER...
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE STARTED FEEDING THEM! NOW THEY THINK I'M THEIR MOTHER!
IT'S AN ANSWER TO MY LETTER TO HOWARD HUGE!
?
HE'S INTERESTED IN MY PROJECT! HE'S COMING HERE TO SEE ME! THIS IS IT!! FAME! FORTUNE FOOD...!
AND NOW,,, FOR THE TRUE TEST OF THE PUDDING
ZOMBIES! THERE ISN'T A RED BLOODED MALE AMONGST 'EM!
BEAT IT!

HOW FAR NOW, ODDBALL?
NOT FAR NOW, MR HUGE, SIR!
A SINISTER BLACK LIMOUSINE PURRS IT'S WAY THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS OF TRANSYLVANIA, IT'S OCCUPANT OBLIVIOUS TO THE TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION LEFT IN IT'S WAKE.....
HH1
WHAT'S HAPPENING, ODDBALL? WHY HAVE WE STOPPED?
NOTHING THAT NEED CONCERN YOU, MR HUGE, SIR!
ER..YES! I SAW EVERYTHING, SIR!
HH1
NO PROBLEMS!
LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!
ER...HAVE A NICE DAY!
FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT THEY WERE COMING BACK TO FINISH ME OFF...

SOME HOURS LATER THE CAR ARRIVES AT THE VILLAGE OF DREER (WHICH, INCIDENTALLY, HAS THE HIGHEST MIGRAINE RATE IN EUROPE)
Bela Lugosi Motel
THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN GO BY CAR, MR HUGE, SIR! WE HAVE TO WALK UP TO THE CASTLE!
I BEG YOUR PARDON... BUT WITH RESPECT TO THE PERSON ON YOUR BACK, I THINK A WORD OF CLARIFICATION...
DO SOME-THING, HENRY!
I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD'VE GONE TO ORLANDO!
I WANNA SEE MICKEY MOUSE! YOU AIN'T MICKEY MOUSE!
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE CREDIBILITY!
YOU WANT THE 50 DOLLAR TOUR OF THE GRAVEYARD? OR THE 75 DOLLAR TRIP— WHICH INCLUDES THE CHARNEL HOUSE?
OH NO! NOT PENTHOUSE AGAIN!

HAVE YOU GOT MY MONKEY GLAND PILLS? MY DEPRESSANTS? MY STIMULANTS?
EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL, MR HUGE, SIR!
MONSTER!

WHO ARE THEY?
DUNNO! BUT THEY SURE AS HELL SCARE THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME!

THROUGH FESTERING SWAMPLAND AND UP A TORTUOUS CLIFF PATH TRUDGE THE TWO FIGURES TO THE FORBIDDING GATES OF CASTLE DREER.....
ODDBALL RAISES THE HEAVY IRON KNOCKER AND ANNOUNCES THEIR ARRIVAL.....
BOOM! BOOM!
BOOM! BOOM!
OH NO! NOT THOSE STAIRS AGAIN!
PUFF!
PUFF!
GASP!
PUFF!
BOOM! BOOM!
ALRIGHT!
PUFF!
ALRIGHT! I'M COMING!
WELCOME TO CASTLE DREER, MR HUGE
GASP!
THE BARON IS EXPECTING YOU
HOP TO IT, BOY! OUR LUGGAGE IS DOWN IN THE VILLAGE!
BOY!
SHALL I SHOW MR ODDBALL TO THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS, BARONESS?
NO THANKS, IGOR - I'LL SEE TO MR ODDBALL!

...AND WITH MY †COUGH†: ANCESTRAL :: COUGH, COUGH :: EXPERTISE..., AND THE LATEST TECHNOLOGY IN RECOMBINANT DNA, BIONICS, LASER SURGERY ETC., I COULD BUILD...CELL BY LIVING CELL... THE PERFECT WOMAN!
I LIKE IT! OH, HOW I LIKE IT!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THE PERFECT WOMAN ALL MY LIFE!
SOUNDS LIKE A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS
TOOMBS! TELL MR ODDBALL I WANT TO SEE HIM—NOW!
PUFF!
AT ONCE, SIR!
PUFF!
GRUNT!
GASP!
MR ODD-BALL, SIR!
PUFF!
ARE YOU THERE?
GASP!
MR HUGE WISHES TO SEE YOU!
I'M COMING!
FROM NOW ON "PAVANE POUR UNE INFANTE DÉFUNTE" WILL ALWAYS BE OUR SONG!
YOU SENT FOR ME, MR HUGE, SIR?
YES, ODDBALL. LET THE BARON HAVE SOME PETTY CASH!
THEN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BARON TO HAVE ACCESS TO UNLIMITED FUNDS... AND BOOK ME INTO MADAME TRUSS'S S&M REJUVENATION CLINIC!
THIS IS DYNAMITE! THE ONLY WAY TO FIND THE PERFECT WOMAN IS TO MAKE ONE? STAND BACK, EVERYBODY! PENTHOUSE IS PLAYING WITH FIRE!

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

they would untie me.

Penthouse: Did they accompany you into the bathroom?

Lewis: No, they stood outside the door. If you were in there too long, they'd knock on the door and tell you to hurry up or peek in and make sure you were still there.

Penthouse: Were you aware of what the other hostages were going through at this point?

Lewis: No. I had no idea where anybody else was. I was in a room alone. I just took it for granted that they had them spread around the compound. But I didn't know anything for sure. Then, after that period of isolation, they moved me into a room with four or five others.

Penthouse: Did your routine change much?

Lewis: Not really. We would sleep until breakfast, which was usually between 8:30 and 9:30 A.M. It was usually some bread and cheese. Then we would read until lunchtime, which was about two o'clock. Lunch was a substantial meal—meat and rice and vegetables. Then we'd do the dishes and go back to reading until about 5:00 P.M. I would work out for about two hours, then have the evening meal, which would be something light like soup.

In those first weeks, when we weren't allowed to speak, we went back to reading after dinner until they turned the lights out, at about 11:00 P.M. But then, about 45 or 46 days after we were captured, they said we could speak. So for three or four days we did nothing but talk. Then we fell into an evening routine that would involve sitting around and talking about different experiences here and there—because we were from all over the place.

Penthouse: Who were the others?

Lewis: Jerry Plotkin was the only civilian. The other marines were John McKeel, Bill Gallegos, and Rocky Sickmann. I didn't know any of them, so the first thing I did was to ask them their names, where they were from, and what they did. Especially Plotkin. I'd never even seen him around. He was quite a bit older than us. He grew up in New York and went to California. He'd done a lot of things, and he was a good storyteller, an interesting guy. Since he'd never been in the service, we had a lot of stories to tell him, too, things we'd done here and there. We had him exercising with us—and kind of made him a marine, too.

Penthouse: There also must have been much time for thought. How did you use it?

Lewis: I thought a lot about what I wanted to do with the rest of my life. And, even though it was a lost year, I tried to make the most of it. There was no way I could profit from it, but I was going to try to cut my losses. Not let the time be a total waste. So I looked at myself objectively to see if there was anything I didn't like about

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THE NIGHTMARE:

Hair loss is practically an epidemic these days, and the mental *torture* it causes otherwise strong men is pathetic. Even worse, the misconceptions about hair loss perpetuate the suffering by making it seem *hopeless*. The *worst* of these is the nightmare of MPB—Male Pattern Baldness.

MALE PATTERN BALDNESS:

Most common patterns of MPB.

For decades we have been told that MPB is hereditary and genetic, that it is a result of being male (having male hormones), and that *nothing* can be done to halt and/or reverse MPB. This is needless frustration, turning confident, aggressive men into helpless victims of nature, unable to do anything about their most important (and visible) symbol of virility and pride—their hair.

ARTIFICIAL ALTERNATIVES:

Most so-called hair experts are quick to tell you that your hair loss is due to factors over which you have no control whatsoever. How consoling! Your only alternative is dependence upon the medical and scientific establishments, which offer three choices: (1) resign yourself to your fate, (2) buy a wig, (3) buy a hair transplant. But no man is ever really happy with any of these substitutes for the *real thing*.

SECRET TEARS:

"I remember one of my husband's friends, an athletic hulk of a guy," Margo relates, "who was not one to display his emotions. He was going bald, felt terrible about it, and was searching frantically for a cure. One day he told me that he had never in his adult life allowed himself to *cry* until he began losing his hair. He confided in me that he had shed tears over his hair loss, and I'm willing to bet there are millions of men out there who are crying right now—inside or out—for the same reason."

MARGO

You've seen her on TV and read about her. *Growing New Hair* has created a bookstore sensation for weeks! Hairstylist to some of the nation's leading athletes, show business celebrities, prominent politicians and professionals, Margo is a trichologist specializing in the study of hair and its diseases as well as a master barber who has practiced for thirteen years. Her salons are located in Boston and Newton, Massachusetts.

WAITING PASSIVELY:

None of us really wants the artificial cover-up's, and we *know* that the chemical concoctions (no matter what the ingredients) don't really get to the root of the problem. So, we wait impatiently for medical research to discover an "amazing breakthrough." But since the *cause* of MPB is believed to be *hormonal*, medical science is seeking a cure in the form of an *antihormone*. Margo clearly explains the fallacy of this, and other hair loss theories—*false* theories that leave us standing around waiting for a laboratory miracle that will never come—while every day more precious hair goes down the drain!

Margo explains how hair comes, and why it goes.

MARGO'S METHOD:

What's her secret? It's so simple and logical that you may resist at first. But after you read the entire text, including testimonials from many of the 10,000 men Margo has helped during her 13 years of practice, you will *know* that this is the answer we've all been waiting for! Margo explains *how* hair grows, how hair is nourished and what goes *wrong* to cause MPB. She explains the simple steps by which *you*—NOT SOME HIGH-PRICED DOCTOR—can correct the problem and stimulate new hair growth!

* You've probably heard about the new FDA ruling stating that *all* hair-restoring applications have been proven ineffective and banning future advertising on the basis of fraud. Margo was delighted to hear this news, "I've been crusading against all these phony cures for thirteen years. The FDA is right; none of them work!"

STILL SKEPTICAL?

Make no mistake, this is NOT a "maybe" method. You are not taking another "wild shot in the dark." Margo states plainly, "I can guarantee anyone, without reservation, that if he is in the process of thinning, he can put an end to his hair loss and begin to reverse it the moment he starts following my advice. My goal is to bring an end to MPB, and I know from personal experience that *it can be done!*"

FOR WOMEN TOO:

Although Margo's book is primarily aimed at men, the same basic techniques can be successfully applied to the millions of women in this country who have thinning hair.

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In her book, Margo also takes a serious look at the pro's and con's of *all* the cosmetic and surgical hair replacement methods—from anti-androgen scalp injections to the three transplant systems—and offers grooming advice for the male face and body—advice to keep you looking younger and sexier. It's all here in one of the most delightful books you've ever enjoyed reading.

GETTING "HIGH"

Margo's book will leave you feeling hopeful and "high"—with firm knowledge that you can *solve* your hair problems with your own two hands—permanently! It will change your appearance, your attitudes, and your relationship with yourself and those you love most. You'll *look* better—more healthy and handsome—and you'll *feel* better—more open and dynamic.

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myself, things I should improve. I saw things, and I think I probably made some progress.

Penthouse: What did you decide?

Lewis: Basically, to be more considerate of people. I still like to be direct, but not so blunt. It's easy to say something that will have more impact than you intended. You can say something without hitting a person on the head with it. So even though I still don't like to mince words, I'm a little more considerate about it.

Penthouse: In those first weeks, were you wondering why in the world the marines hadn't landed to get you out?

Lewis: Every day. Every time I heard a helicopter fly over, I thought it was either Iranian security or an American insertion.

Penthouse: What answer did you give yourself?

Lewis: I thought surely there must be negotiations going on, and the administration probably feels that it would be more profitable to talk than to intervene. I was sure there was some sort of communication going on.

Penthouse: How long did you keep thinking that way?

Lewis: The entire time. Since there hadn't been any direct intervention, I felt that the administration must have seen some sort of opening to get us out without using force. I had enough faith to feel they were trying.

Penthouse: Did you ever feel that the administration would regard the hostages as expendable?

Lewis: No, but I—and a lot of others—sort of hoped so. We hoped that the administration would tell Iran to go to hell, just say something like: "Do what you want with those people, because we're not going to talk to you." We were almost hoping that would happen, because we would sometimes read how the Iranians were embarrassing the U.S. over us. But we never really thought the administration would do that.

Penthouse: What did you really want the administration to do?

Lewis: I'm not questioning the way events took place, because we were in a vacuum. But we were hoping that Americans would come over and kick the crap out of them, regardless of what happened to us. The first time we heard Iraqis bombing, we were hoping that they were Americans. We really were not worried so much about what happened to us. We wanted to see the Iranians get theirs.

Penthouse: Do you still feel that way?

Lewis: Well, it's easy for me and a couple of other marines to say we don't care if we get killed. It's different when you've got the lives of 50 people at stake. That's a much more difficult decision, and it's the one President Carter had to make. I'm not going to criticize the way he handled it. In the end, everybody got out alive, and the Iranians didn't get anything from us that wasn't theirs anyway. They didn't get the shah back, they didn't get an apology from us, and they didn't get any ransom.

Penthouse: Did you ever wake up in the middle of the night and wonder whether it all was a bad dream?

Lewis: No, not really. But there was one morning when I woke up after dreaming that I was in a hotel room, talking to McKeel. I woke up, and I saw him lying there, and it still seemed real. And then I rolled over and saw the guard sitting there, and I wasn't any good the rest of the morning. It was very depressing to actually look over, see McKeel, and think the dream was real—and then see this Iranian sitting there.

Penthouse: How did your fellow hostages hold up?

Lewis: For the most part, well. Of course everyone had their bad days, when you just woke up in the wrong mood. But the people I was with were dealing with it well. We helped each other out when we got into a bad groove.

Penthouse: How?

Lewis: You try to cheer someone up; or, if he was getting depressed and lying around, we'd have him get up to exercise with us, joke with him—anything to get him out of the mood. One of the biggest things to me was exercising. If I just lay around, I'd start feeling sluggish and become depressed. I'd get up and work it out—sweat a little bit, run in place, do push-ups; work

out for an hour or an hour and a half. Afterwards I felt invigorated and in a better frame of mind.

Penthouse: It sounds like you handled a nightmare situation rather well.

Lewis: Well, I tried to take it day by day and not let myself get worked up all the time. The fact was, we were there, and complaining about it or feeling sorry for yourself wasn't going to help. So I tried not to. I was determined not to let them beat me, and they didn't. They never really got to me. I never felt I couldn't handle it. It was a matter of pride not to let them drive me off the deep end.

Penthouse: What feelings did you have toward your captors?

Lewis: I suppose you could say if I was ever going to hate someone, it would be them. Sometimes you would really feel some intense emotion about these people, a deep hate. You could hardly bear to look at one of them without jumping on him. But I think now, after it's over . . . well, hate's an intense emotion, hard to maintain. So I think now it's just probably a disgust with these people, that they could be so foolish as to do something like that.

Penthouse: Helpless as you were, how did you deal with them?

Lewis: We laughed a lot, believe it or not. We would joke about them. And, in our way, we tried to harass them somewhat.

Penthouse: How?

Lewis: For example, we would speak English the way they did. Imitate their accent when they came into the room. And when they would stay there with us, we'd try to be obnoxious to get them to leave.

Penthouse: In what ways?

Lewis: We would eat with our left hand, which is a terrible thing to do in their culture. Or we would put our feet up on the table, which offends them greatly, and then clip our toenails.

Also, the bread they served us was very doughy and gave us a lot of gas. Well, we would let it out at them. And one day an Iranian came in and said, "I want to talk to you about the fart." *The* fart. We look at each other, and he says, "Yes, the fart. *F-A-R-T.* Fart." And we said, "We know how to spell it, but we don't know what the hell you're talking about." Then he said that the guards were complaining. "You make everything smell bad," he said. "You must stop this fart." So we said, "Okay, we'll stop."

Penthouse: Did they know when you were making fun of them?

Lewis: No, they never knew when they were being taken. If they have a sense of humor, it's different from ours.

Penthouse: On the more serious side, there have been accounts of mock executions. Did you go through that?

Lewis: Yes, I did, but at the time I didn't think of it as a mock execution. When they took us out and put us on the wall, I thought it was some sort of security raid—that they were going to shake down our rooms and us.

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Then—and I could see where this would frighten a lot of people—they all lined up behind us and started slamming the bolts on their rifles, back and forth, back and forth. But, in my case at least, I noticed that when the guy behind me did that, no rounds ejected from his weapon onto the floor. What's more, you can tell from the sound of the bolt slamming whether or not there's a round in the rifle. And his bolt was making a hollow sound. All of which meant that this joker was standing behind me making all kinds of menacing gestures with a weapon that was empty. I thought the scene was kind of humorous.

Also, even before I found out his weapon was empty, I didn't think there was any real threat of them opening fire because of the nature of the hallway. It was only about six feet wide and made of cement. Anybody firing in that area would probably kill himself too—there'd be so many ricochets flying around.

Penthouse: Do you think they would realize that?

Lewis: Yeah, I think they probably had that much sense. I'm sure there were people with loaded weapons in that hallway, but slamming the bolts home and poking us with the rifles—that was just simple intimidation.

Penthouse: What was your reaction?

Lewis: I was angry. I was just standing in the hallway for a half an hour, against this wall. And it was cold out there. There was a strip search, and then we were taken back to the room, which looked like a tornado had gone through. Everything was just strewn about, where they'd searched through all of our stuff.

Penthouse: Do you know why they searched?

Lewis: No.

Penthouse: It's generally surmised that because of a suicide attempt among the hostages, they were going through everybody's belongings to make sure there were no articles that could be used for another attempt.

Lewis: We thought that someone had stumbled onto something an American had—a razor or lead pipe, something like that.

Penthouse: Did you know that one of the hostages had attempted suicide?

Lewis: Yes, but I don't think it's anyone's business to talk about it. And I'm not.

Penthouse: There have been reports of a mass escape effort being planned. Did you take part in it?

Lewis: Yes. That was supposed to be in February, if we were still there. We were projecting ahead to a time when we thought the whole situation would be virtually hopeless. We picked February because that was after the inauguration and it would have given the elected president, whether Carter or Reagan, time to do something. And if nothing happened, we were just going to do it on our own. The plan was passed by word of mouth, when people were changed, moved from room to room, and also by just a tap on the wall or sending notes. I didn't know an exact date. I heard it was February 12, but the word hadn't filtered down to me yet. I just knew that February was the time that we'd have to start thinking about it.

Penthouse: What was planned?

Lewis: We were just going to knock on the door, grab the guard, tie him up, and take off. And open doors on the way; tell people if they wanted to get out, they could; if they didn't, stay there. We weren't going to ask them what they thought of this or whether they approved.

Penthouse: How many of you were in on this?

Lewis: I know definitely that most of the marines had heard about it, one way or another. And then there were several people in the military advisory group and the defense attaché's office—they would

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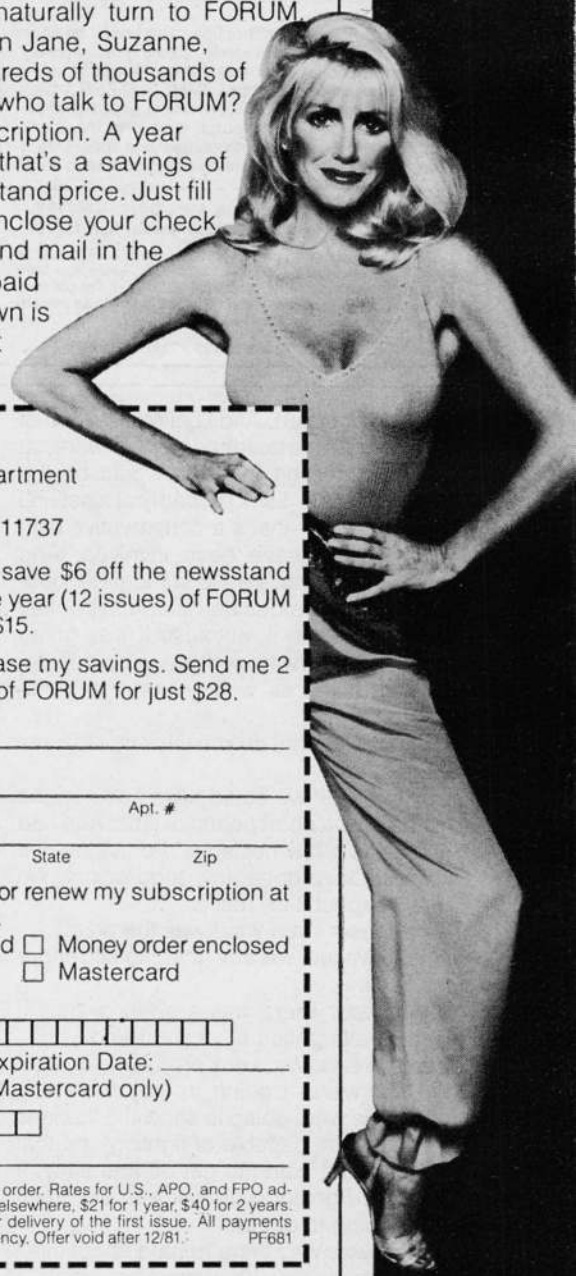

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have participated. And I believe several of the State Department personnel were, at that time, feeling that that would be the thing to do. So I think probably at least half of the people—that's a conservative estimate—would have been involved. And maybe at the last minute some other people would have decided that maybe they better get in on it, because it was going to happen anyway, with or without them, so they might as well get on the bandwagon.

Penthouse: What do you think would have happened?

Lewis: I think we could have secured the building for a short period of time. And had ourselves a few hostages. I don't know if it would have done any good or not. We didn't expect it to, really.

Penthouse: Then what was the point?

Lewis: We just weren't going to surrender this time.

Penthouse: There was a good chance it would have gotten all of you killed.

Lewis: Yeah. We were prepared for that. We just weren't going to stay there any more. We were going to show the Iranians that we were capable of fighting and that they weren't going to get off that easy. If they were going to get us, a few of them were going to go, too.

Penthouse: Was there debate about this? Did anybody say, "You guys are crazy"?

Lewis: Yes, some people said that. We told them, fine, they could think whatever they want, but it was still going to happen. A lot of them didn't believe we'd really do it, and we didn't care about that, either.

Penthouse: When and how did you learn about the U.S. rescue mission?

Lewis: McKeel got a letter during the summer from a sister or a cousin who said there had been an attempt to get us out. I think it was something like, "We tried and failed, but at least we tried. Several men were killed and injured." We talked about that for months, trying to figure out exactly what it meant. We thought that an opposition group inside the country probably had been recruited somehow to run these guys off. We never imagined that Americans actually came in, because we didn't hear any shooting or bombing or anything outside the walls.

But then, in late September, when we were in a prison outside Tehran, they gave us some comic strips that had been sent over. I looked at the back—we always used to look to see if anything interesting was on the back—and there was a full-page article about the rescue attempt and President Carter's television speech about it. So we read it and found out that eight guys had died.

Penthouse: What was your reaction to this news?

Lewis: Well, that was probably the angriest I'd been during the whole situation. And with that was also a feeling of guilt. That these guys had come over and died because we were there. We weren't in danger, and they had taken a greater risk to free us than we were actually taking by being there. I was glad that an attempt had been made, that they thought we were important enough to try to rescue. But I just felt bad that guys had died because of me—directly because of my being there.

Penthouse: Do you think the rescue mission would have succeeded?

Lewis: Yes. I can't see any reason why they couldn't have gotten every one of us out alive. Or, at the most, lost two or three of us during the attempt.

Penthouse: How would they have managed to do that?

Lewis: Well, inside the embassy, we were expecting some sort of an attempt, too, all the time. We were prepared for it. And if we heard the fire, we were going to resist on the inside. As far as we could tell from what we picked up looking under our blindfolds and peeking out the doors, there was only one armed guard in the hallway at a time. So, if we could have gotten to him and taken his weapon from him, we probably could have secured the inside. The only problem would have been wiping out the Iranians in the compound outside—and I don't think that would have been much of a problem, either, because they weren't professionals and had no training. They were just guys who had found a rifle somewhere and were carry-

ing it around. And when the Americans came in, there would have been a maximum amount of violence, and the Iranians would have had their heads pretty low. They could have been taken.

Penthouse: Through the whole ordeal, can you pinpoint a single moment or a single happening that was the absolute worst?

Lewis: Other than the first day, probably the absolute worst for me was when we were moved out in April—after the attempted rescue. We started out with about six of us in the back of a van. We were blindfolded and had wire clamps on our wrists, those plastic wire cables you put on to hold wire together. And then the van behind us broke down, so four or five more people were shoved in. There was no room, and we had no idea where we were going. They guy was driving fast, it was either the foot all the way down on the gas pedal or all the way down on the brake or swaying back and forth. And before we left, they had said, "We're moving you to another room," so no one had bothered to go to the toilet. So after five or six hours, everyone had to go, but they wouldn't stop. We were getting cramps in our legs and backs and arms from being all confined. And then the bumps and the hills. And we had no idea when we were going to stop or where we were going to end up—if we were going to crash and roll around blindfolded and tied up, or what. It was pretty bad.

Penthouse: Did you have any idea about the depth of concern for the hostages throughout the country?

Lewis: No. I didn't think people would forget us, but I never imagined they would be that concerned. Like just the other day, at a shopping mall in Champaign [about 15 miles from Homer]. A woman recognized me, and she was very polite about it. She asked if I was Paul Lewis, and I said yes, and she acted like she'd known me for years and years and was glad to see I'd made it back home. She told me she'd prayed for me, how glad she was that I was back—and she seemed very sincere. It wasn't just to say hello to someone you saw on the TV.

That so many people took it personally—that was the thing that surprised us, that they were just . . . I don't know . . . that outpouring of affection when we came back. It's just hard to describe exactly how we felt about it.

Penthouse: Try.

Lewis: We were moved. We got to Washington and New York, and we had a lump in our throat all the way in the bus. It was just a good feeling. You could feel the sincerity coming out of people. It wasn't anything plastic or showy. The people out there had cared about what happened to us, and there was nothing controversial about it, no politics. The Iranians took us, it was wrong, and our country cared.

Penthouse: How do you explain that outpouring of emotion?

Lewis: I think people needed something to focus on. In the past decade or so, America has been in a state of apathy and has lost a sense of direction. And I think when the Iranians did this, Americans were just outraged. People said, "I'm proud to be an American. What you're doing over there is wrong, and I don't like it." Maybe we got some of the old-fashioned feeling back.

Penthouse: At the parade in New York, Moorhead Kennedy said that if this is what it took to unite the country, it was worth it. Do you feel that way?

Lewis: Yep. If our being there united the country and brought a new sense of patriotism into it, it was more than worth it.

Penthouse: How did you find out that you were going to be released?

Lewis: They moved us in late December to what seemed to be a hotel. So we thought something was up—either a big propaganda show or some sort of breakthrough. And we kept asking about it. "Why are we here? Are we going home?" And then they kept saying, "Soon, soon. You're probably going home soon." But some of them were saying that a year before, so we just didn't know.

Penthouse: Then what happened?

Lewis: After Christmas Day, we saw the Algerian ambassador to Tehran and one of his associates. They told us what the

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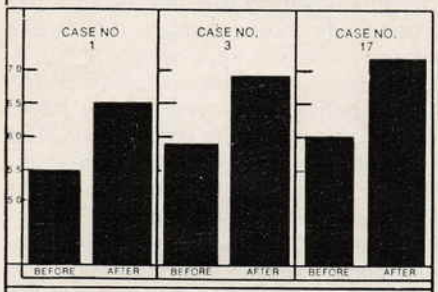

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demands were, that President Carter had met them in principle, and they were hashing out how much money was in the United States and how it was going to be transferred to the Iranians. So we were getting hopeful. But we weren't depending on it. There still were so many things that could go wrong.

Then they brought the Algerian doctors in to give us a physical, and they said it was at the request of the Algerian government, who were the intermediaries—that they wanted to show the U.S. that we were healthy before our release. And then they finally came right out and said, "You're going home in the next twenty-four or forty-eight hours."

But I didn't feel secure, really, even though they told us we were going home and they were giving us stuff like our shoes back. I didn't really feel we were going to get out until the wheels went up on the airplane. And I didn't feel fully secure until we got out of Iranian airspace, because even though we were being turned loose, there was still a war going on over there and Iraqi fighters were flying around.

Penthouse: Was there an announcement made as you left Iranian airspace?

Lewis: Yes. They said, "We just entered Turkish airspace, and two F-4s have picked us up."

Penthouse: What happened with that announcement?

Lewis: They broke out the champagne, and everybody cut loose. The plane was subdued up until that time, really. There was just a lot of small talk and people seeing old friends.

Penthouse: When did it hit you—really hit you—that you were free?

Lewis: When we touched down at Stewart Airfield in New York.

Penthouse: Not until then?

Lewis: Yeah, that's when it really hit, like a hammer. When the plane hit the ground, that was American soil, and we knew we were back. And there wasn't any way in the world anything was going to happen to us then. We were back in the United States, where things are sane and normal. Germany is a staunch ally, but it still isn't the United States.

Penthouse: Did you cry when you met your parents?

Lewis: No, I didn't. I don't do that very often. I guess the closest I came to crying was when I saw the flags, as we were coming back through the crowd after leaving Stewart. That time ... and, of course, in Washington. It made me so proud, to see all the flags and the people out there.

Penthouse: Did anything else about the reception move you?

Lewis: I felt very honored to be at the White House. I kind of had the feeling that someone was going to come back and tell me to get with the tour group. I just couldn't believe that the president of the United States wanted me to come to the White House and be his guest. I just couldn't believe that I was there. You see all this on TV; it happens to other people, not to some marine sergeant from Homer, Illinois.

Penthouse: Have you gained anything from this experience?

Lewis: I think I gained some maturity. I don't think I could ever run into a crisis now that I couldn't handle, that I'd lose my head over. I'm more confident than I ever was. I feel I can deal with anything that ever comes up. And I have no qualms about the future or what I'm going to do, because I think I can handle it. I guess that's something I gained over there.

Penthouse: What did you lose?

Lewis: A year. There's no way you can get that back. I doubt that I'll have any long-term psychological effects; I don't think I have anything physically wrong with me. But it still makes me angry to think that someone took a year of my life that I'll never have again.

Penthouse: Twenty years from now, when you think back on this experience, what image will come to mind?

Lewis: Probably the thing I'll remember best is when I looked out the window at the compound, just before we were taken, and I thought, "That's a bunch of crazy people." There were all those Iranians running all over the compound, helter-skelter, with clubs in their hands. I thought the country must be nuts.

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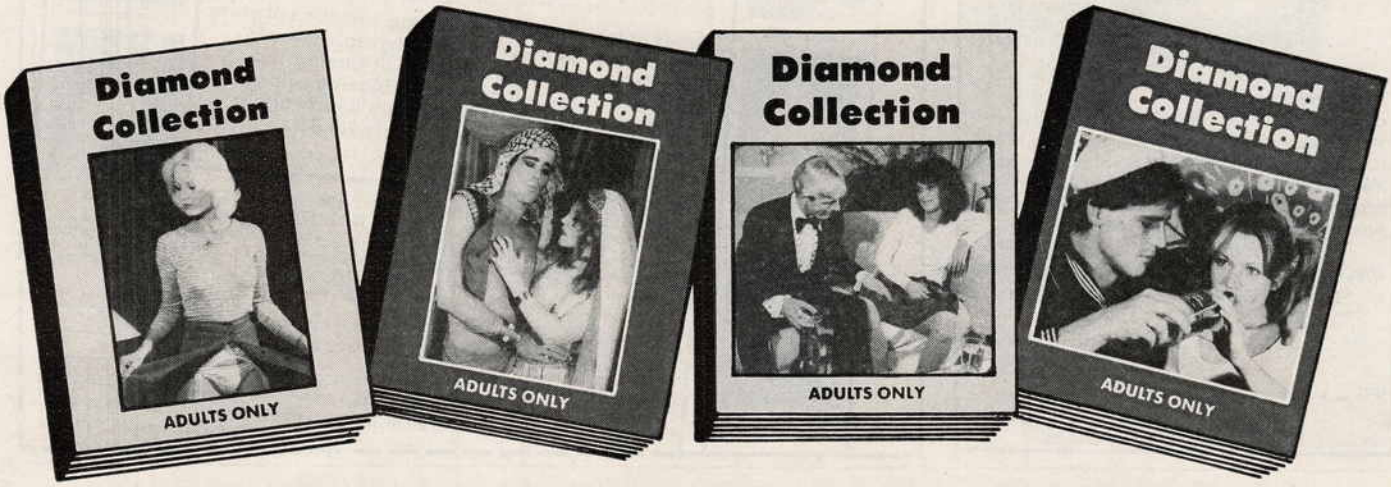

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

He did just that, pumping slowly at first, and I turned my head to see Bill getting blown. Lisa had three fingers crammed up herself. The smell of her juices overcame me, so I reached over and offered my hand, which she humped on delightedly. Then Jeff really started going strong. He saw me giving it to Lisa and panted, "I'm glad to see you two getting to know one another!" I'd never touched another woman before, but I'd never been more turned on either! Bill came first, filling Lisa's cute mouth, and Jeff followed by creaming my cunt. I felt Lisa come next on my pumping hand, and that brought me off splendidly!

Afterward, the two guys went for a swim while Lisa and I relaxed with a joint. "Thanks for helping me come," she said sweetly. "I never knew a woman's hand could feel so good." I admitted it was a first for me, too. "I'd like to return the favor," she sighed, casually nudging one of my heavy breasts. "Is it okay if I suckle your lovely boobs?" All I could do was lie back and groan as her soft hands gently caressed my boobs. Soon we were locked in a wonderful embrace, grinding our tits and cunts together. We took turns sucking each other slowly into oblivion. I just couldn't get enough!

We finished, exhausted and wondering where the guys had gone. Thinking they had swum upstream, we walked naked along the bank with our tits swinging and our arms around each other. I thought nothing could be sexier until I caught a glimpse of two nude bodies huddled together in the woods. "Look," I whispered, "Jeff and Bill are getting it on, too!"

We snuck up behind them, and sure enough, they were sitting close together on some smooth rocks, fondling each other's balls. Jeff's cock was sticking straight out, and Bill's was hanging wet and flaccid. By the sticky white smears on Jeff's face, it was obvious he had just gotten a mouthful from Bill, who was now busy working Jeff's rod with a pumping hand motion. We giggled from our hiding place, palming each other's jugs. Then Bill lowered his head to Jeff's massive hardness and slipped the head into his mouth. Jeff moaned, "That's it, buddy. Now twirl your tongue around it. Yeah, that's better. Now, up and down!" Bill's head began to bob while Jeff kept up the encouragement. "Oooh, that's great . . . now suck harder. Watch out now. I'm gonna give you a load . . . watch out, oooh!"

"Look at Jeff's big balls!" squealed Lisa. "They're getting tighter, about to come!" And she was right. His tennis-ball-size nuts started to shake. Bill kept sucking, then suddenly pulled off to meet shooting gobs of come head-on. Lisa and I kissed with glee, then quickly hurried back to the bank of the stream, afraid that our watching their lovemaking might embarrass the boys.

Lisa and Jeff left that afternoon, but we traded addresses and hope to meet again soon . . . out in the woods, of course!—*Name and address withheld*

Trucker tales

I've been driving big trucks for almost 20 years now. I've been coast to coast and north to south so many times that nothing is new to me anymore. Or so I thought until last night!

It was almost midnight, and there were not many cars on the road at all. Well, I was remembering a tale I had heard over the CB about a year ago. At that time some trucker was telling everyone in range about how a small car pulled up alongside his rig along this same stretch of highway. It wasn't until he looked down at that tiny car that he noticed what was happening.

He said the car's inside light was on, and a beautiful girl in her twenties was laid full back in the passenger seat. He couldn't see her face, but he didn't care because this girl was naked, and she was rubbing her tits and fingering herself. He said the car kept right alongside of his rig for a good two miles before it sped off.

Well, this story seemed like a real bunch of bull, but for some reason it stuck in my mind. Here I was a year later, remembering that story and getting horny. I had

pulled out my cock and was playing with it. I mean, to see such a sight as the girl in the story is every trucker's dream. But after 20 years of seeing no such thing, I thought it was just some guy's fantasy.

Like I said, there I was, rolling down I-84 at about midnight with my meat in my hand when I saw a flash of light in my mirrors. Far back was a small car, and it was coming up quick. I felt my cock harden even more as I hoped beyond hope that this car was the car in the story. "Sure," I said to myself, but I slowed down a little just in case. As I waited for the car, I got so horny that I had to stop beating off, or else I would have come right then.

I could see the headlights getting closer and closer, and finally the small car moved out into the passing lane. My fucking dick was throbbing so hard I thought it would burst my balls. The car pulled up alongside. It was staying even. I thought I'd explode as I looked down. The inside light went on, and there I saw the most beautiful little body I'd ever seen. That trucker hadn't been telling a tale after all. I geared down to about 40 mph.

This girl was in her twenties, and she had the nicest tits I'd ever seen. She had huge nipples that stuck way out, just begging to be sucked on. Her pussy was shaved, and her fingers were busy and wet. I couldn't see her face or who was driving. I reached for the CB and tried to hail her, but there wasn't any response. I grabbed my cock and started rubbing it to hell. By now I could see that her legs were spread wide, and by the way her ass was heaving up and down I could tell she was really getting off.

Just when I was about to spurt my cream all over the cab, the light went out and the car passed by. I let go of my cock and stamped my pedal to the metal, trying to keep up. I thought for sure it was all over, but suddenly I saw the car's taillights heading into a rest area. I thought, "What the hell" and followed the car in. There were only two or three other rigs in the area, and the car passed them all by. It went to the end of the strip and stopped. I couldn't believe this was happening. My cock felt like it weighed a hundred pounds. I thought I'd cream without even touching it.

Well, no sooner did I pull up behind the car then out jumped the most gorgeous-looking girl I'd ever seen. She didn't bother covering up but ran naked to the passenger side of my rig. I moved over and opened up the door. I said hello and asked for her name, but she didn't say a word. She just climbed up and smiled wide when she saw my cock already out and hard. She grabbed it with both of her small hands and started sucking, licking, and squeezing my cock and balls. Like I said, I was real horny and she was so good that I shot a full load of come down her throat in about two minutes flat. She took most of my cream, but some was still on her lips when another surprise shocked me senseless. A blinding flash of light scared me half out of my mind. But it was only this girl's girl friend (fully clothed and just as beautiful) taking a picture of her, with my cock still in her mouth and come at the corners dripping down.

Then, just like that, they both hopped down and raced back to their car. They took off so quick that I never noticed what kind of car it was or even what state the plates were from. All I can say is if that little fox sees this letter, I want her to know that that night was the best thing to happen in my life. Thank you, sweet stuff! I'll never ever forget that night or the best blowjob I ever had. Now, every time I ride that stretch of I-84, I beat off and think of that little girl. God, how I would have loved to suck her big nipples and tongue her dripping pussy! Who knows? Maybe I still will get my chance. Oh, by the way, now I listen a little more closely to truckers and their tales.—*Name and address withheld*

Beneath it all

My girl friend Charlotte and I are both attractive girls living in Boston. She is 21, and I am 22. We have been rooming together for a year and, as we are both highly sexed, have had many exciting experiences with men. Until last week, however, we had not fully realized the extent of our mutual attraction.

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We have both bought many kinds of lingerie, which turn on both our men and ourselves, but we had not yet enjoyed each other's pleasure while wearing (and removing) them. Last week I bought an incredibly sexy G-string. When I got home, I couldn't resist showing it to Charlotte. With a sly look in her eye, she mentioned that I could try it on for her. She added that since I was already wearing such a nice outfit, I really should undress right there in the living room while she watched. I was slightly embarrassed, but a warm rush told me it was what I, in fact, wanted to do. I had stripped for many men and now realized I wanted the same for Charlotte. She sat on the couch while I stood in front of her. I was wearing a tight sweater and even tighter jeans, which highlighted my round ass and outlined clearly the lips of my pussy. As I stood with my legs closed tightly together, I lightly brushed myself in front. I gave a little shudder, and I saw Charlotte lick her lips as she stared between my legs. Slowly I lifted my sweater to reveal my perfectly firmed breasts, the pink nipples standing out from my excitement. I gently rubbed them with my left hand as my right hand began unzipping my jeans.

By now Charlotte, who was wearing a soft, light, nearly see-through dress, started moving her legs and her ass and hips around on the couch. She started rubbing herself with her hands. Neither of us spoke. We were both feeling the heat coming from each other, though, and our breathing became deeper.

As Charlotte lifted her skirt up to her waist, I pushed down my jeans below my knees and stepped out of them. I stared at her long legs wrapped in gorgeous, pink, silky stockings, but soon my eyes locked on the tiny panties she wore. There were several blonde hairs sticking out the edges, and I focused on the lovely feminine bulge pressing against the front. We were both becoming very aroused.

I could feel my own panties becoming wet. My hand reached down between my legs and felt the soft cotton, soaked from my pussy juices. I let my fingers find their way inside and touched the soft, furry lips. My middle finger then worked its way between them. As I did this, Charlotte took the thin sides of her panties and pulled them up tightly between her ass and the lips of her cunt and began rubbing the thin strand of material back and forth between her legs. I let my sweater fall back down over my breasts, though I knew she could see my hardened nipples standing out through the material. I was totally absorbed in watching Charlotte play with her pussy while I played with mine. She then pulled her legs up with her feet on the couch, her legs and knees wide apart, facing me. I saw her lovely wetness running out of her, down the inside of her thighs and between the cheeks of her ass. The couch was getting wet. She gave me a warm smile and asked if I was ready.

Without answering, I moved toward her and went down on my knees, looking at her beautiful, swollen flower. I could smell the lovely juices I would soon be tasting. I kissed her knees and then began kissing her lovely stocking up her legs. After doing this once, Charlotte unfastened them, and I rolled them down, revealing the softest skin as I did this. I then licked my way back up and, avoiding her moist crotch, made my way up to her stomach and then to her lovely face. I unzipped the back of her dress, and together we pulled it over her head. She reached between my breasts to unsnap my bra, and now we were both naked except for the panties covering our pussies. I gently pushed Charlotte down on the couch and had her stretch out for me. Her nipples were so pink and beautifully hard that I had to rub them with my tongue. I reached down to brush her warm thighs. I then took each nipple between my lips and gently sucked each till it seemed ready to burst. I then got up and lay on top of Charlotte. It was the first time we had ever done this, and the feeling was incredible. My breasts and nipples rubbed hers, and I could feel the panties we wore merging together. The warmth of our legs intertwining and thighs and stomachs pressed against each other was causing more wetness to come out of our cunts. Charlotte moaned. So I

kissed her, letting my tongue find its way between her lips. She then began sucking my tongue, letting it slide in and out of her mouth as if it were a man's hard penis. This aroused us both so much that when I ground my pussy into hers, I knew we were both starting to come. Charlotte reached down under the back of my panties and put her middle finger on my soaking-wet ass hole. As she started rubbing me there, I let out a scream. I felt my orgasm surge through me. Charlotte pulled my panties up between my pussy lips and ass as she had done to herself, and the sensation intensified my orgasm so much I thought I would pass out. We both came together in an enormous wave.

After several minutes of near-unconsciousness, I felt Charlotte stroking my hair and head and whispering in my ear. She asked me if I was totally satisfied or whether we should continue with more. As she said this, her hand stroked my back, my sides, and finally found its way between our stomachs. I lifted my bottom slightly so she could rub my stomach, and she gently scratched my tummy with her nails. I then moved my own mouth to her perfect neck and kissed her up to her ear, where I whispered back that she had to describe what she wanted me to do. She then began telling me quietly what her fingers were beginning to do to me. She told me she was going to slip her hand down the front of my little panties until it found its way to my opening. But first she wanted to stroke the fur covering my crotch. As she did this, she told me she then wanted to try to find my pink clit, which she had felt rubbing against hers only a few minutes before. For a minute she pretended she couldn't and instead rubbed around at my wet thighs and bottom. Finally, though, she touched my button and asked me if she'd found it. As she gently pinched my clit, I began to come again with a silent scream, but before I could, Charlotte let go. I nuzzled my face in her hair and breathed heavily around her ear. I told her I was wet and that my cream was pouring out of me and into her pussy. She then said she wasn't sure and had to find out for herself. Her hand then slipped down farther between my legs and found the damp opening. She pressed the material of my panties deep into my pussy and let it slide out again. She then put her fingers under them and cupped my cunt with her hand. It was so divine and warm that I couldn't believe it. Her middle finger pressed its way between the lips of my pussy, and her other fingers stroked my lips and damp hairs. Her finger slid deep into my hole, stroking the inside walls of it, and making small circles around my insides. I bit her ear and said I wanted to drink her wetness.

She said I had to let her do the same, and we positioned ourselves quickly into a 69. As I felt her fingers continue to play with my panties and crotch, I buried my nose and mouth in her snatch. The smell was overwhelming, and the juices from her cunt immediately soaked my face. I sucked on the front of her dripping panties and let the liquid fill my mouth. There was so much of it I literally had to swallow. I then pushed the material to one side and for the first time looked deeply into Charlotte's cunt. It throbbed with a life of its own. The swollen pussy lips begged to be kissed, and the inside of her slit was twitching with desire. Her legs opened ever wider, and I pulled her lips apart and gazed deep into her love tunnel. It seemed almost like a volcano ready to erupt. The juices continued to pour out and soak the ridges and folds of her beautiful pussy. My eyes settled on Charlotte's beautiful pink clit, which glistened with wetness and throbbed with lust. It was crying out to be sucked, and I couldn't resist. I reached out with my tongue and licked it.

When I did this, Charlotte sighed, "Oh, God! Yes!" and buried her own face again in my panties and crotch. As I flicked her clit, she grabbed the top of my underpants and pulled them down my legs. As I was on top, I was even more open to Charlotte than she was to me. She could see everything, and she gently blew warm air all around my wet openings. I felt her hands opening wider the cheeks of my ass and heard her gasp. Her voice was husky and desperate as she told me what she want-

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ed to do. "Oh, yes, I can see your lovely ass hole! How it opens and closes! I want so much now to suck it!" I felt her nose and lips and tongue bury themselves in my most private opening. Her tongue licked at the little hole, and I relaxed more to let it go in farther. She pulled away and gasped, "Oh, Claire, the smell is unbelievable. Your ass hole is so wet." She rubbed her face in my steaming crack.

I knew we were both soon going to explode again, and I knew this time I would have several orgasms. I began licking Charlotte all around her pussy and moved my face farther down to her own slick bottom. I smelled her lovely, wet ass hole and licked and sucked the spot between the two openings. Charlotte began to move violently but kept her own mouth and nose buried in my cunt and ass. I then moved back to her creaming pink slit and let my tongue slide deeply inside. I felt hers do the same, and at the same time she began rubbing my clit with one hand and my ass hole with the other. As her finger pushed deep into my soft ass hole, I began to come and felt a flood begin to pour out of me. Charlotte sucked my pussy, and I could feel her drinking my teeming come juice. My whole body stiffened with my climax, but I kept my mouth on my sweet lover's cunt hole and began fucking her, in and out, with my tongue. Charlotte began to come. As she did, I could feel her juices flow out of her, covering my already drenched face with even more of her cream. She began moaning and crying into my opening, and the vibrations made me come again, as I bucked my hips and rubbed her face with my clit and lips and maidenhairs. Our dripping bodies were on fire as I continued licking and fucking her pussy to more orgasms. I must have come five or six times into the mouth of my lovely Charlotte, and I surely drank her up as many times.

Since this first time with another girl was so wonderful, I'm sure we will continue, perhaps together with other men, or even with another girl friend.

As avid readers of *Penthouse*, we have always loved the pictorials with two women, and I'm sure they inspired us, especially the two girls from *Caligula*. We only wish the shots could capture more graphically how wet one's pussy gets during lovemaking and could also show more actual penetration. This was the most exciting part of the movie *Caligula* and of the pictorial, too. Anyway, we love your magazine and know it will be the first to do this beautifully.—*Name and address withheld*

To the last vivid detail

My roommates and I thought you might enjoy hearing about the experience we had the other night. We had always thought that the letters in "Forum" were a bunch of bull, but not after last Saturday night, when four lovely angels showed us that there are no limits for students.

We attend a small Midwest college where the coeds are especially gorgeous and also especially playful, as we found out. My roommates (Don, Todd, and Tim) and I (Clark) went to a party thrown by the girls in the apartment below us. Early the next morning the party died out, and soon there were only eight of us left, my roommates, the girls that lived there, and myself. And these four girls were luscious pieces of ass. As we talked and worked on our buzzes, they turned the conversation toward our sexual fantasies. One by one my roommates and I described our fantasies in vivid detail.

The next thing we realized, Sara was daring Tim to have his fantasy fulfilled by her. With that she stood up and exposed two of the firmest breasts, with her nipples already standing at attention. Tim responded by speedily taking Sara's left nipple into his mouth and started sucking like a fucking madman, while squeezing her ass cheeks. Not to be outdone, Lucy and Gail took Todd and Don by the hand, respectively, and one couple went to the bathroom, and one couple into a bedroom. By then Jill had my hand and was leading me into her bedroom. By the time I left the living room, Tim and Sara were on the floor, nude and sixty-nining. Tim was getting into it so much that his face was buried up to his ears in Sara's snatch.

I heard various sounds coming from all

over the apartment. But when Jill closed the door to her bedroom, I became oblivious of everything but the two of us. Jill went straight to her dresser drawer and pulled out what she referred to as her "toys." They consisted of a large coil of clothesline, a vibrator, a jar of honey, and two pairs of leather crotchless panties. I sat on the edge of the bed, my cock growing in anticipation. She threw one pair of panties in my face and commanded me to get into them. I really wasn't sure if I should, but my curiosity got the best of me, and I cautiously slipped into them as she undressed and put her pair on. My balls were hanging on the baseboard, and my cock was stiff as a pole.

Then she grabbed me and viciously threw me on the bed, face up. She tied my hands together and tied them to the headboard. She also bound my feet to the baseboard. I just couldn't believe the next thing she did: she covered my cock with the honey. As she started to suck my honey-covered cock, she proceeded to ream the vibrator up my ass. I started to moan and scream, half in pain, half in ecstasy. Within minutes I felt my ass tighten around the vibrator as I shot my load of hot come into her mouth. I had shot so hard I was surprised that I didn't knock the back of her head off.

I'd barely finished when she had her steaming cunt in my face. As I began to use my tongue on her clit, she started to scream insulting names at me, which just made me tease her cunt more. Just as I really started to get going, she grabbed my ears and pulled my face into her puss as far as it could go. After her twat tightened around my head in orgasm, she moved back and lowered herself onto my pink steel and started to ride me like a horse. Within a relatively short time I could feel myself starting to come. She noticed this and started bouncing up and down faster. We both came. Then she untied me and started to suck me to another hard-on. When I was fully extended, she asked me to play with her tits. Of course, I had no objections, for she had great tits.

After three more good fucks we walked into the living room. When we turned the corner into the living room, we got a terrific surprise. The other three couples were having an orgy, right on the floor! I don't know how many times I fucked each girl, but the next morning, when I finally awoke, my prick was as raw as a steak.

When my roommates were all up, we discussed our previous evening. We had all had our fantasies fulfilled plus a little extra. We were all also amazed at how many times we had gotten it up the night before. Maybe it was just the excitement of the evening, but we're all ready to get it up that many times any time we can. Maybe next weekend we'll have another party to go to.—*Name and address withheld*

Dreams

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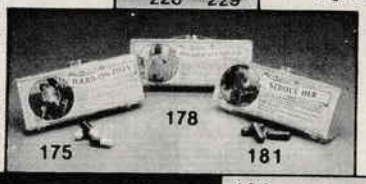

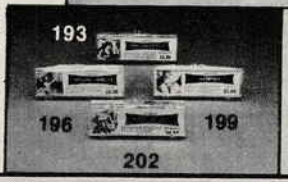

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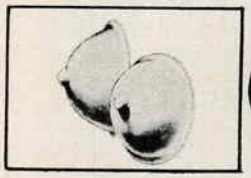

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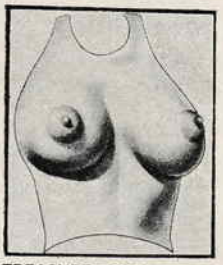

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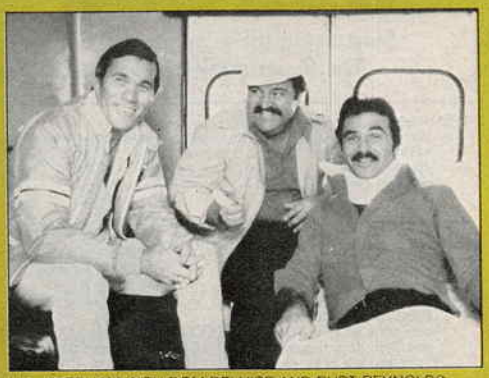

Wide World Photos

HAL NEEDHAM WITH DOM DELUISE AND BURT REYNOLDS

More of the President's Men—In the second of his series of articles on the Reagan cabinet, Washington investigative reporter Jeff Stein profiles our new Secretary of the Interior, James Watt, and the Secretary of Energy, James Edwards. Unless they're stopped, these men will leave America with the same legacy that General Sherman left Georgia, causing even more lasting damage, if possible, than Reagan's mad-dog foreign-policy advisers. Watt, who used to be a "hired gun" for right-wing corporations, is already beginning to give the country away to his former employers. And Edwards, a southern Babbitt who believes that the Three Mile Island disaster "showed that the system worked," has promised to unleash the nuclear industry as his last act before dismembering the department he now heads.

Hostagemania—During the 444-day ordeal there were the fan magazines. *Hostage Monthly* and *Yellow Ribbon News* were most popular in a crowded field. After their release came the games to compete with "Monopoly." Titles like "Rescue Mission," "Canadian Gambit," and "*Keep* the Goddamn Money" could not lose. Books were written about them (*The Hostage Cookbook—Dishes They Missed Most*) and by them (*Pumping Iran*). And they appeared on "The Tonight Show" more often than Johnny Carson. Yes, America loves its former hostages. And our adoration has been surpassed only by our zeal to make a buck off them. Humor by Robert S. Wieder.

Interview with Roy Cohn—Cohn is one of the toughest, most controversial attorneys in America today. His early fame resulted from his role as the brains behind Sen. Joseph McCarthy's 1950s red-hunting Senate hearings. Today he is a jet set lawyer whose clients range from the Main Line to the Mafia. His average client is worth more than $10 million; yet Cohn is a self-avowed pauper who, according to the IRS, owes the government more than $2 million in back taxes. In this exclusive *Penthouse* interview, Cohn discusses how McCarthy was responsible for Jack Kennedy's first Senate victory; the anti-Semitism in the Carter administration; how Reagan's victory is a vindication of McCarthyism; the laziness, incompetence, and fraudulence of the American legal profession. Known for his "go for the jugular" legal style, Cohn gives pointers on how individual citizens can stand up for their rights—and win.

Good Ole Boy Makes Good—He's been a paratrooper, a treetopper, a stuntman, and a second-unit director. And while he's no household name, his films have grossed collectively more than a third of a billion dollars at the box office. "One out of every two people in this country has seen one of my films," says Hal Needham, the director behind such Burt Reynolds classics as *Smokey and the Bandit* (I and II) and *Hooper*. *The Cannonball Run*, his latest opus, is due out this month, and Needham predicts with typical braggadocio that it will "bring the gross on my first five pictures to over half a billion." Will this kind of success spoil Hal Needham? Best friend and roommate Burt Reynolds thinks it might. "Hal's got a great Western inside of him," says Reynolds. "I just don't want to see him going on making *Smokey and the Bandit Meet Myrna Loy in New York for Cocktails* for the rest of his life." So what do the critics know?

Hunted—Lord Nigel Mars was convicted of murdering his mistress. While a massive manhunt was under way to bring him to justice, Mars traveled all over Europe in his own search for the real killer. In this exclusive excerpt from Jeremy Scott's novel (to be published in July by Wyndham Books), Mars is a fugitive, desperately trying to avenge his name.

rum" readers, and this is the most exciting.

We are a romantic trio made in heaven: Carla, a jet-black-haired beauty from Brazil; Anthony, a slim, good-looking American male; and me (Selena), a gender magician who can seemingly change sex in a moment. You see, I was blessed with catlike green eyes, high cheekbones, shapely legs, and beautiful wavy blond hair. When dressed in the finest of feminine fashions, I appear to be a lovely California girl, but when one explores further, there's no mistaking my equipment.

When I was younger, my parents thought I might be a sexless hermaphrodite, but they were so wrong. If only they could see me with my lovers. Dressed in satin, silk, and lace, I'm tasting and teasing Anthony's masculine tool, knowing all the nuances and subtleties of cocksucking. From south of the border, Carla swirls her sensuous tongue around my thighs as her fingers take a firm but tender hold on my eight inches of pleasure. Her recurring dream of being fucked by a woman is about to come true, and I've got the real "thing," not plastic, between my legs.

Entwining our silky legs, we make love with the desire and passion of two lesbians, while my rapidly moving prick reminds us both how wonderful heterosexual lovemaking can be. Anthony, having exhausted his voyeuristic talents, joins in the action by entering me from behind and giving my creamy, smooth ass a joyous surprise. It may seem claustrophobic to be the middle of a sandwich affair, but to my "femme" being, this is the ultimate sexual fantasy. If I imagine my ass hole to be a very turned-on wet pussy, rear entry becomes a delight. What could be more natural? A man, a woman, and a she-male forming a harmonious, loving threesome.

My tongue thrusts deeply into my Latin lover's sensuous mouth, synchronized to the movements of Anthony's all-American member. We head toward an ecstatic climax. Sounds of orgasmic joy come first from Carla, then I take up the love cry, and finally Anthony unleashes a joyful scream as he shoots his male love juice into me, filling up my female well. I follow suit, giving Carla a dose of my masculinity.

Coming down to earth, we lie in each other's arms in perfect silence. There's no need for talk. My mind and body feel completely at peace. The woman in me has found "Mr. Right," and the man in me has discovered "Ms. Right." The romantic vision of this bisexual transvestite has become a beautiful reality. My left hand reaches out to play with Anthony's sleeping penis, my right hand cups one of Carla's breasts, and the fun begins again.—*Name and address withheld*

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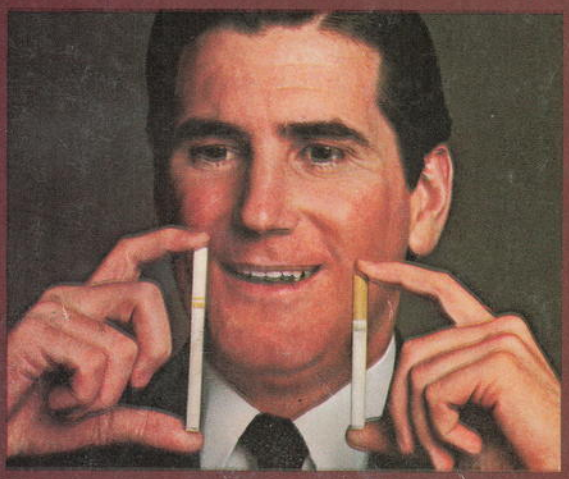

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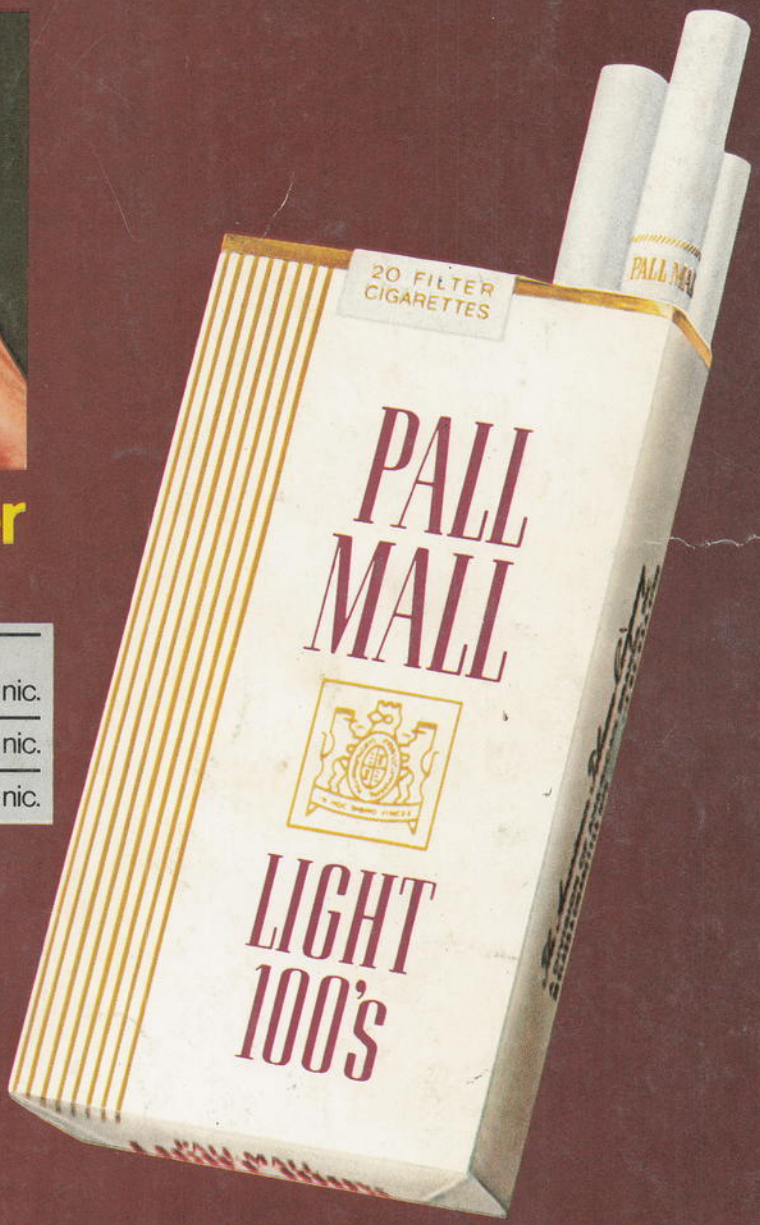

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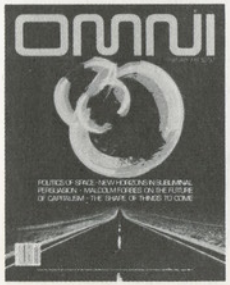

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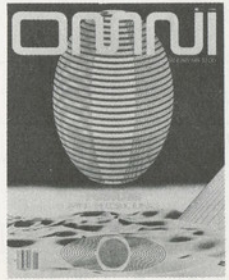

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